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NOBLE WORKERS

NOBLE WORKERS

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JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

NOBLE WORKERS

A Book of Examples for Young Men

BY H. A. [illegible]

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NOBLE WORKERS

A Book of Examples for Young Men

BY H. A. PAGE

AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN LIVES," "FABLES FOR OLD AND YOUNG," ETC., ETC.

"Whose high endeavours are an inward light,
That make the path before them always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What Knowledge can perform, are diligent to learn;
Abide by this resolve, and stop not there,
But make their moral being their prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train,
Turn their necessity to glorious gain."

WORDSWORTH'S "Happy Warrior."

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I.

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, THE MISSIONARY BISHOP.

IN biography there is perhaps nothing more tempting than to trace out traits in remote kindred, and to see them coming forth with new accompaniments in later generations, to work out, as it were, the full story of the race, and probably to mark a climax in some chosen individual. If one were asked for a book of the present day which more than most others suggests and justifies this exercise, one would probably name either Mr. Hare's "Memorials of a Quiet Life," or the "Life of John Coleridge Patteson," in which Miss Yonge has given us a loving account of one of the most "beautiful souls" that Heaven has sent to us in this generation. Not that the problem is directly raised by Miss Yonge: she understands the art of the biographer too well for that; but the slight glimpses we have of Coleridges and Pattesons in earlier times just sufficiently prepare us for the outcome: so that her work, heavy though it be with details and letters, has yet a unity of its own, which is aided by her intimate knowledge, that never impedes such a staid enthusiasm as has been well named the "soul of biography." But comparatively few readers, after all, can find time for such elaborate memoirs as she has produced

in this case; and one justification for our giving the first place in this volume to John Coleridge Patteson, the martyred missionary bishop, lies in the fact that to many of our readers the main points we shall have to present will still be wholly new.

John Coleridge Patteson was the eldest son of Sir John Patteson, who, after a short but successful course at the bar, was raised to the bench in 1830, and of Frances Duke Coleridge, daughter of Colonel Coleridge, elder brother of the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Patteson family thus stood in close relationship to another family which has given judges of highest repute to the English bench; and the pathway to society and to eminence in various walks of life was in this way thrown open to any scion of the house. Coleridge, or "Coley" Patteson, as he was named by his family and friends in boyhood, was born in Bedford Square, London, in 1827. In his childhood he showed great thoughtfulness as well as quickness, being able to read by his fifth year—on his birthday receiving from his father the Bible which was used at his consecration as bishop twenty-seven years afterwards. It is not without a noticeable forecast of his later character, alike in its simplicity, thoroughness, and devotion, that we are told, "He read it eagerly, puzzled his brains as to what became of the fish during the Flood, and, when suddenly called to the nursery, begged to be allowed 'to finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years.'" Even from this early period the desire to be a clergyman was cherished. Saying the Absolution to people, he thought, must make them so happy. And the purpose, we learn, was fostered by his mother. "No thought of a family to be made, and of Coley being the eldest son, ever interfered for a moment. That he should be a good servant at God's

altar was to her above all price." The whole order and spirit of the home, indeed, was calculated to promote devotion and reverence—the mother making the religious instruction of the children her especial care, reading the Psalms and the Lessons for the Day with them every morning immediately after breakfast. "His old nurse (still his sister's valued servant) remembers the little seven-years-old boy, after saying his own prayers at her knee, standing opposite to his little brother, admonishing him to attention with, 'Think, Jemmy; think.' In fact, devoutness seems to have been natural to him." And this devoutness, which his mother's influence was powerful to form and to strengthen in him, remained a notable element in his strong love of home, to the very end of his life.

When eight years old he was sent to school at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, with which the name of Coleridge is so intimately associated; but in spite of the various interests of the place, the beauty of the surrounding country, and the quaint grandeur of St. Mary's Church, Coley longed for home. And this too, notwithstanding that his grandparents lived at Heath's Court, close by, and in the manor-house his uncle, Francis George Coleridge, whose boys were just of the age to be companions for him. His home-sickness was only relieved, indeed, by boy-like failings, of which he has once or twice to make confession. Probably this longing for home had something to do with the "uninterestedness" which his biographer tells us marked his school-life here; but youth is plastic, and, like the plants feeling their way underground to the rain-pools in drought, he now found a means of recovering the balance of character. There can be no doubt that the liking he at this time formed for outdoor games and sports had its

own result in the way of developing a healthy nature, and modifying in many ways the self-conscious introspectiveness to which we soon detect some tendency. The companionship of his younger brother at school in the latter period of his stay at Ottery, furnished him with an interest, and fostered what was always a characteristic trait—kindness and consideration for others. But this consideration for others was accompanied even at this early period with that utter bravery and power of endurance, which is more often formed at a public school than elsewhere. We are told that, "While at Ottery, he silently bore the pain of a broken collar-bone for three weeks, and when the accident was brought to light by his mother's embrace, he only said that 'he did not like to make a fuss.'"

If he did not carry from Ottery the highest attainments in scholarship, he was a strong healthy lad when in 1838 he entered Eton, very soon to get glimpses of the young Queen Victoria, in the first year of her sovereignty, going to Salt Hill to make her youthful contribution to the poor scholars, according to the old custom. At Eton his career is not marked by any special success; he had to guard himself against the love of cricket, in which he continued to excel; but his affections and his spirit were already receiving the first signal determinations towards the course which he finally chose. He hears Dr. Selwyn, the newly-made bishop of New Zealand, preach at New Windsor Chapel, and writes home:—

"It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church, and then die neglected and forgotten. All the people burst out crying, he was so very much beloved by his parishioners. He spoke of his perils, and putting his trust in God; and then, when he had

finished, I think I never heard anything like the sensation—a kind of feeling that if it had not been so sacred a spot, all would have exclaimed, 'God bless him!'"

And then, as Providence would have it, the impression was deepened by an appeal, which, as often as it recurred to the memory of the lad, must have aroused in him new resolution and hunger for spiritual helping. Sir John Patteson had shortly before this bought the estate of Feniton, in Devonshire, and the Selwyns being intimate with the Patteson family, they paid a visit there before leaving England.

"Coley was at home when the Bishop of New Zealand took leave, and half in earnest, half in playfulness, said, 'Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?' She started, but did not say no; and when, independently of this, her son told her that it was his greatest wish to go with the bishop, she replied that if he kept that wish when he grew up, he should have her blessing and consent."

We are therefore not surprised to find him ready to forego the pleasures of cricket rather than identify himself in any shape with what was coarse and degrading:—

"On the occasion of the dinner annually given by the eleven of cricket and the eight of the boats at the hotel at Slough, a custom had arisen among some of the boys of singing offensive songs on these occasions, and Coley, who, as second of the eleven, stood in the position of one of the entertainers, gave notice beforehand that he was not going to tolerate anything of the sort. One of the boys, however, began to sing something objectionable. Coley called out, 'If that does not stop, I shall leave the room,' and as no notice was taken, he actually went away with a few other brave lads. Afterwards he sent word that if an apology was not made he should leave

the eleven, but the feeling of the better style of boys prevailed, and the apology was made."

Soon after Bishop Selwyn's farewell, he was confirmed, and a further impulse to serious thought and self-consecration came that same year in the death of his mother, whose teaching and example had been so benign. All through the Eton period—as, indeed, pretty much through all his life in England—we clearly see two courses of education running alongside each other. One, the formal or merely technical part, to which he never so wholly relinquished himself as many others have done, and with more success; and then, the providential visitations and teachings—turning-points presenting themselves successively, just at the moment when the interior life and conviction needed to be stayed or drawn forward afresh. The beautiful way in which he yielded to them, and brought resolution anew to seal impression and establish it, is the significant fact about the earlier life of Bishop Patteson.

He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1845, and fell into an excellent circle, from which he derived much good. Here he lost any love for general society he might ever have had, and cultivated more and more the companionship that favours full and frank expression of deeper sentiments and convictions. A visit to Switzerland, Rome, and Venice in 1851 gave him much to think of; and in 1852 he obtained a fellowship at Merton College, and went into residence there; but in the long vacation of that year he proceeded to Germany, that he might study Hebrew and other languages more favourably and cheaply. His letters to his family and friends at this time breathe the most exquisite devotion. While at Oxford he had listened, fascinated, to the earnest appeals of Dr. Pusey, which were then stirring

many earnest minds; but he still kept a questioning intellect at work on some of the points involved in the special doctrines presented—a trait which marked him to the very close of life, notwithstanding that all the influence of family tradition inclined to make him lean to implicit acceptance of these views. This is proved by the letters which he wrote to his father from Dresden, where he was busy on languages, but also on theology and points of Church polity. He asks such questions with reference to the divine origin and absolute sanction of Episcopacy for all times and circumstances, the right of private judgment, and such matters, as show that he did not accept truth on mere authority, but needed for it the full acquiescence of his own mind and heart. The doctrine of the Real Presence, he even then saw, was likely to be fraught with danger to the Church of England—and in his far distant sphere of work afterwards he mourned over the persistency with which it was upheld.

In languages he had real aptitude, and now he added Arabic to his list, and soon was proficient in it. He varies his studies with such things as a description of Dresden fair, and long before the time of return home he begins to select presents, acknowledging himself "concerned about getting something for everybody." Returning to Merton College, he remained there till the long vacation of 1853, prosecuting his studies of theology and languages, and forming friendships which till his death remained unbroken. Mr. Roundell says that, by this time—"Self-cultivation had done much for him. Literature and art had opened his mind and enlarged his interests and sympathies. The moral and spiritual forces of the man were now vivified, refined, and strengthened by the awakening of his intellectual and æsthetic

nature." And Principal Shairp thus succinctly indicates the elements that, now prominent in him, gave him such weight and practical influence:—

"It was character, more than special ability, which marked him out from others, and made him, wherever he was, whether in cricket, in which he excelled, or in graver things, a centre round which others gathered. The impressions he left on me were of quiet, gentle strength and entire purity—a heart that loved all things true and honest and pure, and that would always be found on the side of these. We did not know, probably he did not know himself, the fire of devotion that lay within him, but that was soon to kindle, and make him what he afterwards became."

And truly the flame soon leapt forth when the man came face to face with the practical duties for which he had been prepared. He served a rigorous apprenticeship to pastoral work under Mr. Gardiner, in the parish of Alfington, in Devonshire, before taking orders. He found the parish in a mournfully low condition; the morals of the people were such as would only have shocked and disgusted many a young man of high ambition and pure mind, and rendered him wholly helpless. But Coley's practical foresight and tact soon made themselves felt, no less than a faculty for organization such as even his nearest friends had not suspected to exist in him. And he takes very decided measures when he has once estimated the real need of the people. The only efficient means he could light on as a first step towards improvement was the establishment of homes for boys and girls, where they could be preserved from the contamination. His first effort was for a boys' home, in which he had the support of all the more thoughtful people. He thus gives his sister his idea of the project:—

"I shall, of course, begin with only one or two boys —the thing may not answer at all; but every one, Gardiner, several farmers, and one or two others, quite poor, all say it must work well with God's blessing. I do not really wish to be scheming away, working a favourite hobby, &c., but I do believe this to be absolutely essential. The profligacy and impurity of the poor is beyond all belief. Every mother of a family answers (I mean every honest, respectable mother of a family): 'Oh, sir, God will bless such a work; and it is for want of this that so much misery and wretchedness abound.' I believe that for a year or so it will exhaust most of my money, but then it is one of the best uses to which I could apply it; for my theory is, that help and assistance is wanted in this way, and I would wish to make most of these things self-supporting. Half an acre more of garden, thoroughly well worked, will yield an astonishing return, and I look to Mary as a person of really economical habits. It is a great relief to have poured all this out. It is no easy task that I am preparing for myself. I know that I fully expect to be very much disappointed, but I am determined to try it. I am determined to try and make the people see that I am not going to give way to everybody that asks; but that I am going to set on foot and help on all industrial schemes of every kind, for people of every age. I am hard at work, studying spade husbandry, inspectors' reports of industrial schools, &c."

Notice the clear and practical aims of this young man! He cuts to the very root of the matter in these last few sentences, and begins a reform such as should be carried out in every parish. He speaks like a bishop of mature experience, though he is as yet unordained, and is but pursuing, coincidentally with this work, his studies for

ordination. Most readers, we think, will be prepared to endorse the opinion that here we have promise of no common worker, and will follow us onward with the deeper interest.

He remained and ministered as curate at Alfington after his ordination, winning the hearts of the people, so that they came to look upon him as peculiarly their own; the wrench of parting being, of course, all the more painful, when, on the arrival of Bishop Selwyn in England for a short furlough, all Coley's aspirations for missionary life were revived. Opening his mind to Bishop Selwyn on the matter, he proposed that he should not leave England while his father lived. The bishop answered, "You should not put off till you are on in life. It should be done with your full strength and vigour." His father's first exclamation on being told of his son's desire was, "I can't let him go!" but in a moment he added, "God forbid I should stop him!" The matter was discussed by Bishop Selwyn and Sir John, who, notwithstanding the comfort he felt in having Coley near him, said, at length, "What right have I to stand in his way? I may not live another year." And when the conversation was ended the father said, "Mind, I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home to see me." When told of this, Coley said at once that he was ready to go now.

A month later he bade his family good-bye. His sisters stood at the door till he was out of sight; then going in, they found the old judge sitting silent, his little Bible in his hand. Next day Coley wrote from London: "I am, thank God, calm, and even cheerful. I stayed a few minutes in the churchyard after I left you, picked a few primrose buds from mamma's grave, and then walked on."

His family were not alone in feeling as though deprived of the near presence of a son and brother. The Alfington people mourned as they had hardly done before. "Ah, sir," was the schoolmistress's answer to some warm words from Mr. Justice Coleridge in praise of Bishop Selwyn, "he may be, no doubt he is, a very good man. I only wish he had kept his hands off Alfington!" And in this she spoke the feelings of the people, from the old and infirm, whom the curate had attended solicitously, down to the Sunday-school children, who wept when they heard he was about to leave them. "Our Mr. Patteson," the people called him to the last.

His uncle, Sir John Coleridge, writing of Coley's first sermon, had said: "I bless God that he is what he is, and that, at least for a time, if his life be spared, I have secured his services for my poor people at Alfington. Many years I can hardly expect to retain him there; but I feel sure that so long as he is there he will be a blessing to them."

On the 28th of March, 1855, he sailed from England in the *Duke of Portland* emigrant ship. The voyage was not suffered to pass without its own profitable occupations. Of course, Bishop Selwyn and the young missionary were ready to minister in many ways to the wants of those on board, Mrs. Selwyn taking her share in the teaching of the young; but they had their mechanical pastimes too, carpentering being one of the many qualifications required in a missionary bishop. It has been said, that if you wish to know a person, go a long voyage with him. Many voyages went those two together; and, during this first one, Bishop Selwyn set down what he would have warmly endorsed years thereafter: "Coley Patteson is a treasure, which I humbly set down as a recompense for our own boys left at home at school. He

is a good fellow, and the tone of his mind is one which I can thoroughly enjoy, content with the *τὸ ἀεὶ* present, yet always aiming at a brighter and better future."

They arrived at Auckland on the 5th of July, and, reaching the college some six miles distant, at once set to work. Bishop Selwyn's scheme had been to collect young lads from the distant islands of the South Pacific —from Tanna and Nengoné, from New Caledonia, and Lifu, from the Solomon and Banks Islands and other accessible groups—and take them to New Zealand for a period of the year for training at the college, returning them again to their respective homes, in the mission ship, during the season when the climate of New Zealand, as it was found, was too trying for them. Of the college, Patteson says:—

"It is really all that is necessary for a thoroughly good and complete place of education: the hall all lined with Kauri pine wood; a large, handsome room, collegiate, capable of holding two hundred persons; the schoolroom eighty feet long, with admirable arrangement for holding classes separately. There are two very cosy rooms, which belong to the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn respectively, in one of which I am now sitting. . . . Our rooms are quite large enough, bigger than my room at Feniton, but no furniture, of course, beyond a bedstead, a table for writing, and an old book-case; but it is never cold enough to care about furniture. . . . I clean, of course, my room in part, make my bed, help to clear away things after meals, &c., and am quite accustomed to do without servants for anything but cooking."

In fixing the limits of his field of operations, Bishop Selwyn had shown singular wisdom and breadth of character. He had resolved not to preach in any place already occupied by missions, so as not to confuse the

heathen with the sight of variations among Christians. The properly Polynesian Isles had been all occupied by the London Missionary Society, and a few islands had been taken in hand by a Scottish Presbyterian mission; but the groups which seemed to form the third fringe round the north-eastern curve of Australia—the New Hebrides, Banks Islands, and Solomon Isles—were almost entirely open ground, and to these it was that Coley Patteson should especially devote himself.

Some years were spent in preliminary work with Bishop Selwyn, voyaging among the islands in the *Southern Cross* (which, sailing from England on the same day as the *Duke of Portland*, had reached Auckland exactly a fortnight after her), making excursions into the bush; teaching the boys at St. John's College, and later at St. Andrew's, Kohimarama; and learning, practically, the thousand outs and ins of missionary life. A certain docility of mind and a happy temperament helped him vastly. He often thought of home, and father, and friends; but a second thought of God's covenant care sufficed to calm and strengthen him; and whilst it seemed that distance and absence only made him, if possible, more interested in all that concerned home than he had been, he was able to apply himself to his work with complete devotion and oneness of mind.

"I have very little time," he writes, "for indulging in fancies of any kind now—I begin to get an idea of what work is; but in my walks out at night (if I am awake) I think of dear mamma, of your dead father, and others who are gone before, with unmixed joy and comfort. You may be quite sure that I am not likely to forget anybody or anything connected with home. How I do watch and follow them through the hours of the day and night when we are both awake and at our work! I turn

out at 6.45, and think of them at dinner or tea; at ten I think of them at evening prayers; and by my own bed-time they are in morning church or busied about their different occupations, and I fancy I can almost see them. So it goes on, and still I am calm and happy and very well, and I think I am in my place, and hope to be made of some use some day. I like the natives in the school very much. The regular wild, untamed fellow is not so pleasant at first—dirty, unclothed, always smoking, a mass of blanket, his wigwam sort of place filthy, his food ditto; but then he is probably intelligent, hospitable, and not insensible to the advantage of hearing about religion. It only wants a little practice to overcome one's English feelings about dress, civilisation, &c., and that will soon come."

The ascetic side of the religious life, which breeds indifference to common wants and independence of ordinary sympathy and relationship, found no illustration in Bishop Patteson. This is one of the first things we observe in him; it is also one of the last. All his hardships and trials but drew forth his kindliness the more thoroughly. There have been men who have sacrificed themselves in such work as he undertook, who were after all devoted merely to ideas, and had but small power of attracting individuals. It was not so with Bishop Patteson. He soon came to like his New Zealanders and Melanesians as well or even better than he would "English boys, up to all sorts of mischief." "Savages," he said, "are all Fridays, if you know how to treat them;" and he soon came to see that the "menial offices," as they would be called, which he so cheerfully undertook, formed a practice such as could not be matched for working beneficial changes upon their habits. He would have confirmed the declaration of

the Maori—"Gentleman-gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done too mean for him: pig-gentleman never worked." And therefore he would oftentimes write in this strain:—

"The communication of religious truth by word of mouth is but a small part of the work. The real difficulty is to do for them what parents do for their children, assist them to—nay, almost force upon them—the practical application of Christian doctrine. This descends to the smallest matters—washing, scrubbing, sweeping; all actions of personal cleanliness; introducing method and order, habits of industry, regularity; giving just notions of exchange, barter, trade, management of criminals, division of labour. To do all this, and yet not interfere with the offices of the chief, and to be the model and pattern of it, who is sufficient for it?"

And again, with as much infusion of personal experience and conviction:—

"Every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook. Suppose yourself without a servant, and nothing for dinner to-morrow but some potatoes in the barn, and a fowl running about in the yard. That's the kind of thing for a young fellow going into a new country to imagine for himself. If a little knowledge of glazing could be added it would be a grand thing, just enough to fit in panes to window-frames, which last, of course, he ought to make himself. Much of this cannot be done for you. I can buy window-frames in Auckland, and glass, but can't carry a man a thousand miles in my pocket to put that glass into these frames, and if it is done in New Zealand, ten to one it gets broken on the voyage, whereas glass by itself will pack well. To know how to tinker a bit is a good thing, else your only

saucepan or tea-kettle may be lying by you useless for months. In fact, if I had known all this before, I should just be ten times as useful as I am now. If any one you know thinks of emigrating, or becoming a missionary, just let him remember this."

And this from a man who had shown himself not only willing, but singularly ready and versatile—apt at making beds, and mending tea-kettles, and doing odds and ends of joinery, as well as learning languages as if by instinct, and with peculiar power of communicating knowledge to others. He was indeed a typical missionary, and, though what he says of training is true and valuable, his experience sufficiently shows that when the whole heart is in the work, everything yields to loving interest and self-sacrifice.

The peculiar change of habits, the attempting to do so many unaccustomed things, would have been found by many to divert the mind from study; but it was not so in Patteson's case. On the 17th of January, some six months after landing in New Zealand, he is able to compose and preach a Maori sermon, and soon thereafter he commits himself to extempore delivery; and though he has already made some progress with the tongues of the Pacific, his notes of books read are indeed surprising. In all this discipline, hard though it seemed, and though he sometimes confessed that his sensibilities rebelled, he had the judgment to see clearly that it was making him "something different from what I was—*more of a man;* to say nothing of the higher and religious side of the question." Seeing this was the spirit he carried into his work, it is no wonder we find Bishop Selwyn saying, in a note to Sir John Patteson, in 1857:—

"Coley is, as you say, the right man in the right place, mentally and physically; the multiplicity of languages,

which would try most men, is met by his peculiar gift; the heat of the climate suits his constitution; his mild and parental temper makes his black boys cling about him as their natural protector; his freedom from fastidiousness makes all parts of the work easy to him; for when you have to teach boys how to wash themselves and to wear clothes for the first time, the romance of missionary work disappears as completely as a great man's heroism before his *valet de chambre.*"

Lady Martin, who had been absent from New Zealand for three years, and saw much of him on her return, thus gives her impressions:—

"We soon found a great change had passed over our dear friend. His whole mind was absorbed in his work. He was always ready, indeed, to listen to anything there was to tell about his dear father, but about our foreign travels, his favourite pictures, the scenes of which we had heard so much from him, he would listen for a few minutes, but was sure in a little while to have worked round to Melanesia in general, or to his boys in particular, or to some discussion with my husband on the structure of their many languages and dialects. It was then that Bishop Abraham said that when the two came to their ninth meaning of a particle, he used to go to sleep. . . .

"It was very pleasant to see him among his boys. They all used to go off for a walk on Saturday with him, sometimes to town, and he was as full of fun with them as if they had been a party of Eton boys. He had none of the conventional talk, so fatal to all true influence, about degraded heathen. They were brethren, ignorant indeed, but capable of acquiring the highest wisdom. It was a joke amongst some of us that when asked the meaning of a Nengoné term of endearment, he answered naïvely, 'Oh, it means "old fellow."' He

brought his fresh, happy, kindly feelings towards English lads and young men into constant play among Melanesians, and so they loved and trusted him."

But to make in any remote way clear the progress of the mission, it is needful that we give some attention to the efforts made, and the results of the work year by year. Before he had time to receive the first letters from home, he has found interesting work in classes, up-country, and in the hospital. This is how he replies to his sisters :—

"Your first letters upset me more than once as I re-read them, but I think of you all habitually with real joy and peace of mind. And I am really happy; not in the sense that happiness presents itself always, or exactly in the way that I used to feel it when with you all, or as I should feel it if I were walking up to the lodge with my whole heart swelling within me. It is much more quiet and subdued, and does not perhaps come and go quite as much; but yet, in the midst of all, I half doubt sometimes whether everything about and within me is real. I just move on like a man in a dream; but this again does not make me idle. I don't suppose I ever worked harder, on the whole, than I do now, and I have such anxious work at the hospital. *Such* cases, Fan! Only two hours ago I left a poor sailor, by whose side I had been kneeling near three-quarters of an hour, holding his sinking head and moistening his mouth with wine, the dews of death on his forehead, and his poor emaciated frame heaving like one great pulse at each breath. For four days that he has been there (brought in a dying state from the *Merchantman*) I have been with him, and yesterday I administered to him the Holy Communion. He had spoken earnestly of his real desire to testify the sincerity

of his repentance and faith and love. I have been there daily for nine days, but I cannot always manage it, as it is nearly two miles off. The responsibility is great of dealing with such cases, but I trust that God will pardon all my sad mistakes. I cannot withhold the Bread of Life where I see indications of real sorrow for sin, and the simple readiness to obey the command of Christ, even though there is great ignorance and but little time to train a soul for heaven."

In October, 1855, he set forth with the bishop in his first voyage in the *Southern Cross*. How readily he could adapt himself to the sea, and to new circumstances, is seen in the easy way in which he slips into nautical language; his happy ways, both with the sailors and the natives; and his powers of swimming and walking, which astonished them. At Waitoki, in Queen Charlotte's Sound, he is left, while Bishop Selwyn goes inland. This is a description of dinner while on a pedestrian journey through wilds and forests :—

"At noon we dined—biscuit and a slice of bacon, which the two Maories cooked by sticking a piece of wood through the rasher, and putting it on the wood-embers. Like a great light of old, we ate our dinners first, and our plates afterwards, the plate being, of course, a biscuit. The bishop went on at 1 P.M., and I started back with a Maori guide, reaching the beach at 6.30. The people at Waitoki were rather surprised when they heard that I had been at Massacre Hill since seven, and it was a good walk. The wood was fine, some trees huge, the white pines especially. Small green parrots flying actually in coveys, eight at a time, and perching close to me; large red ones in numbers, pigeons innumerable, ducks, &c., not to forget the sandflies and mosquitoes, which indeed take good care

not to be forgotten, though several of the crew are suffering more from them than I am, and I hope to be mosquito-proof some day."

The usual voyage to the Banks and Solomon groups had, in 1855, been intermitted, owing to the bishop's absence in England. Three months usually intervened between the short voyage which was undertaken for the purpose of returning these lads to their several homes, and the regular long missionary cruise which lasted from five to six, or even seven, months, and during which, of course, the college was directed by the bishop's assistants, who had been carefully trained to the work. This long voyage was always taken during the winter, for the sake of the cooler weather, and to avoid the dangerous hurricanes which often arise in the hotter season, and are frequently so violent as to wholly alter the appearance of the land.

The system of education at St. John's College combined agricultural labour and printing with study, and the authorities and the boys shared according to their strength in both, for there was nothing more prominent in the scheme than that the coloured man was not to be treated as a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water.

In 1856, Norfolk Island was visited, and Sydney harbour was touched at; then a landing was made at Pitcairn Island, and, finding that Mr. Nobbs, who had been appointed pastor there, would be glad of help, they remained a short time. Then they made for Anaiteum and the fatal Santa Cruz, where the people at first presented arrows, but afterwards became more friendly, and made presents of yams.

"The people," says Patteson, "came out in canoes with quantities of yams and taro, of which they knew the

full value; but the numbers were so large that no 'quiet work' could be done, and there was little to be done but to admire their costume, armlets, necklaces, plates of mother-of-pearl, but no nose ornaments. They had strips of a kind of cloth, woven of reed, and elaborate varieties of head-gear, some plastering their hair white with coral lime, others yellow, others red; others had shaved half the head with no better implement than a sharp shell, and others had produced two lines of bristles, like hog manes, on a shaven crown."

These Santa Cruz people were, however, very suspicious and unmanageable, with a confirmed bitterness and dislike towards Europeans—the grim legacy handed down for the manner in which, generations before, the Spaniards had treated them. In spite of this, Mr. Whytehead, the second mate of the *Southern Cross*, tells us, that the bishop was wont to say that he was sure he could reach their confidences if he could once induce one of them to spend six months with him.

Bellona was next touched at, and here it was that the bishop and Mr. Patteson had to take off their coats, and with hatchets and adzes, or other things in their hands, take a good header and swim ashore. But this never dulled his eye for the beauty of the scenery, which he ever describes with enthusiastic eloquence:—

"Oh the beauty of the deep clefts in the coral reef, lined with coral, purple, blue, scarlet, green, and white! the little blue fishes, the bright blue star-fish, the little land-crabs walking away with other people's shells. But nothing of this can be seen by you; the coral loses its colour, and who can show you the bright line of surf breaking the clear blue of this truly Pacific Ocean; the tropical sun piercing through masses of foliage which nothing less dazzling could penetrate? . . . I trod upon

and broke flowering branches of coral that you would have wondered at."

Then again, in a like strain, he described Bauro, in the Solomon group :—

"Here were coral crags, the masses of forest trees, the creepers literally hundreds of feet in length, crawling along and hanging from the cliffs, the cocoa-nut trees and bananas and palms, the dark figures on the edge of the rocks looking down upon us from among the trees, the people assembling on the bright beach—coral dust, as it may be called, for it was worn as fine as white sand—cottages among the trees, and a pond of fresh water close by, winding away among the cliffs."

But admiration of the beautiful scenery had to go along with some degree of wariness amid the pleasant exploits of swimming ashore in these regions. Sometimes groups of sharks, of half-a-dozen at least, would be seen, as at Rowa, one of the Banks group, making havoc among the leaping shoals of fish, large and small, in water about four or five feet deep.

Even here, too, the echoes of toils and strifes at home from time to time reached him : we have significant record of the manner in which they affected him in the following letter :—

"My dear father writes in great anxiety about the Denison case. Oh dear! what a cause of thankfulness it is to be out of the din of controversy, and to find hundreds of thousands longing for crumbs which are shaken about so roughly in these angry disputes! It isn't High Church or Low or Broad Church, or any other special name, but the longing desire to forget all distinctions, and to return to a simpler state of things, that seems naturally to result from the very sight of heathen people."

To Miss Neill, who had been his governess, he shows the utmost regard and affection, writing to her often the most touching letters. It is characteristic that to her he speaks fully on some points on which he is silent towards his own sisters; but her keen interest in him, which never abated, is another proof of the power he had of attaching in closest bonds of affection all with whom he came in contact. He writes to her thus:—

"You ask me, dear Miss Neill, where I am *settled.* Why, settled, I suppose, I am never to be: I am a missionary, you know, not a 'stationary.' But, however, my home is the *Southern Cross*, where I live always in harbour as well as at sea, highly compassionated by all my good friends here, from the governor downwards, and highly contented myself with the sole possession of a cosy little cabin, nicely furnished with table, lots of books, and my dear father's photograph, which is an invaluable treasure and comfort to me. . . . . Of course, wherever the *Southern Cross* goes, I go too, and am a most complete skipper. I feel as natural with my quadrant in my hand as of old with a cricket-bat. Then I do *rather* have good salt-water baths and see glorious sunsets and sunrises, and starlight nights, and the great many-voiced ocean, the winds and waves chiming all night with a solemn sound, lapping against my ear as I lie in my canvas bed, six feet by two and a half, and fall sound asleep and dream of home. Oh! there is much that is really enjoyable in this kind of life; and if the cares of the vessel, management of men, &c., do harass me sometimes, it is very good for me—security from such troubles having been anxiously and selfishly pursued by me at home."

It is very surprising, and sometimes it is touching, to come on such confessions from such a man. But now,

as in youth, his distaste for mental exertion was so great that only a sense of duty sustained him in any effort requiring continued concentration of mind. Miss Yonge's remarks regarding an earlier period, are not without reference here:—

"His constitutional inertness rendered it so difficult for him to live up to his own views, that he was continually dissatisfied with himself; and this, in spite of his sweet, unselfish temper, had given his manner at home an irritability and among strangers a reserve, the very reverse of the joyous and merry nature which used to delight in balls, parties, and gaieties."

In the voyage of 1857, he tells us "that they visited sixty-six islands, and landed eighty-one times, wading, swimming, &c. All were most friendly and delightful," he adds; "only two arrows having been shot at us and only one coming near,—so much for *savages*. I wonder what people ought to call sandal-wood traders and slave-masters if they call my Melanesians savages," is the tone in which he closes the record. The Banks Islands, as usual, were the most hopeful, Santa Maria coming first. Canoes came round the vessel, and the honesty of the race showed itself, for one little boy, who had had a fish-hook given him, wished to exchange it for calico, and having forgotten to restore the hook at the moment, swam back with it as soon as he remembered it.

This voyage of 1857 was further memorable for a landing at Guadalcanar, or Gera, which is thus described:—

"I slept on shore about three miles up the bay among a number of natives, twenty-five or twenty-six in the same room with me—at least, I lay down in my things, which, by-the-bye, were drenched through with salt and rain water. They said I was the first white person that had been ashore there. They treated me very well. How,

in the face of all this, could I run the risk of letting them think I was unwilling to trust them?"

The victory of this trustfulness had been proved in the landing at this very place, when the mission ship was, as if though providentially, saved from being stoved on a reef, and where, coming near to the natives, who were there in crowds, he had to choose between standing close in, or letting go a kedge, which might have made them feel "he does not trust us." He declares that, though perhaps the bishop, being an older hand, might think his action rash, the result had fully justified it. "The natives behaved very well. They gave me two pigs, about 500 or 600 cocoa-nuts, and upwards of a ton of yams, though I told them I had only two small hatchets, five or six adzes, a few gimlets, and empty bottles to give in exchange."

In missionary work, as in more secular affairs, it may therefore be said that bold adventure is a needful element to accompany firmness and caution. And still, in the midst of all this labour and excitement, his study of languages did not pause. Nengonese had become almost as familiar to him as Maori, and his Sundays on his return home in this year, 1857, were decidedly polyglot; since, besides a regular English service at Taranaki, he often took a Maori service and preached extempore in that tongue, feeling that the people's understanding went along with him; and there were also, in early morning and late evening, prayers, partly in Nengonese, partly in Bauro, at the college chapel, and a sermon, first in one language and then repeated in another.

Nor were the studies of the sacred text, or the results of later learning in England, wholly neglected. To none of these matters was he indifferent, as some enthusiasts have been. He was intent on being up to the time in

regard to the critical knowledge of the Word of God, and all related questions. He plied his friends with requests for books of value in this kind, and often wrote such letters as the following:—

"Any really good book on the New Testament, especially dealing critically with the Greek text, I certainly wish to have. I feel that *the great neglect* of us clergy is the neglect of the continued study, most critically and closely, of the grammatical meaning of the Hebrew and Greek text. . . . . I fear I shall never be a good Hebrew scholar, I can't make time for it; but a decent Greek scholar I hope to be. I work away, but, alas! only by fits and starts."

In 1858 he writes to his sister:—

"Things go on in a kind of routine. Two voyages a year, five months in New Zealand, though certainly two-thirds of my flock are fresh every year. . . . . And you know, Fan, I can't write for the world at large anecdotes of missionary life, and swell the number of the 'Gems' and other trashy books. . . . . The school is the real work. Teaching adults to read a strange tongue is hard work; I have little doubt but that the bishop is right in saying they must be taught English, but it is so very difficult a language, not spelt a bit as pronounced; and their language is all vocalic, and so easy to put into writing.

"But if you like I will scatter anecdotes about—of how the bishop and his chaplain took headers, hand-in-hand, off the schooner and round-house; and how the bishop got knocked over at Leper's Island by a big wave; and how I borrowed a canoe at Terriko and paddled out yams as fast as the bishop brought them to our boat, &c.; but this is rubbish."

The question of the advantage of forming a school on an island within the tropics was one which often sug-

gested itself to the bishop and Mr. Patteson. The advantages and disadvantages were so nearly balanced, that it was difficult to fix on a decided course of action. First of all, there was the consideration of health—some of the lads were much tried by a residence of any length of time in the cold climate of New Zealand; but then, on the other hand, there was the consideration that in the midst of civilisation the general influence itself was educative. "I can hardly have quite the same control," says Mr. Patteson, "over lads brought to an island itself wholly unconverted, as I can have over them in New Zealand: but, as a rule, Melanesians are very tractable."

At the same time, however, it was thought best to try the experiment, and Lifu was fixed upon in 1858. On June 16, accordingly, Mr. Patteson was landed there, for residence, having with him twelve lads from the north-west islands—from seven islands, speaking no fewer than six languages. He and four boys slept in one of the corner rooms, the other eight lads in another, and the Rarotogan teacher, Tutoo, and his wife, in a third. The central room was parlour, school, and hall, and as it had four unglazed windows and two doors opposite each other, and the trade winds always blowing, the inconvenience may be conceived. Here Mr. Patteson in every respect shared the life of the natives—the main staple of food being yams, with only now and then a fowl or bit of pig for dinner; but, after due trial, in which patience did all that patience could do to overcome nature, it was found that English strength could not be kept up on an exclusive diet of yams. But the Loyalty Islands are not fruitful: "the soil is nothing, indeed, but rugged coral, upheaved, bare, and broken, and here and there with pits that have become filled with soil enough to grow yams and cocoa-nuts."

On August 2, 1858, he preached his two first Lifu sermons—"Rather nervous, but I knew I had command enough of the language to explain my meaning." Constant private teaching to individuals was carried on; 250 copies of the Lifu primer had been dispersed where thousands were wanted, and Mr. Patteson wrote a little book of some sixteen pages, containing a statement of the outlines of the faith, and of scripture history; but this had to be printed in New Zealand.

The many difficulties that had arisen—including those with respect to variety of diet—might have been overcome, had it not been that perplexities began to arise through the French Government occupying New Caledonia, and the nearness of the Loyalty group becoming tempting to them. More and more obstacles were placed in the way of the work. Mr. Patteson soon began to see that the station could not be continued at Lifu, but he wrought on till the time fixed for the appearance of the *Southern Cross*. She was delayed, however, owing to an accident which had befallen her, and he thus wrote, while waiting anxiously for her appearance:—

"The interest of the work is becoming more and more absorbing, so that, much as there is indeed going on in your world to distract and grieve one, it comes to me so weakened by time and distance, that I don't sympathize as I ought with those who are suffering so dreadfully from the Indian Mutiny, or the commercial failure, or the great excitement and agitation of the country. You can understand how this can be, perhaps; for my actual present *work* leaves me small leisure for reflecting, and for placing myself in the position of others at a distance; and when I have a moment's time, surely it is right that I should be in heart at Feniton, with those dear ones, and especially my dear father, of whom I have not heard

for five months, so that I am very anxious as to what account of him the *Southern Cross* may bring."

The *Southern Cross* had run on a reef, and had to be re-coppered; and, owing to this delay, and the bishop's arrangement to start on a confirmation tour among the New Zealanders in November, only a few of the seventy and odd islands could be visited; but they had no fewer than four Pitcairners and forty-seven Melanesians on board, of whom three were young married women, and two were babies—a very large number for the size of the ship; but all were kept in excellent health and order by Bishop Selwyn's arrangements for cleanliness, &c. Mr. Patteson thus describes the style of life during the voyage:—

"One gets so used to this sort of thing that I sleep just as well as I used to do in my own room at home, and by 6·30 or 7 A.M. all vestiges of anything connected with sleeping arrangements have vanished, and the cabins look like what they are—large and roomy. We have, you know, no separate cabins filled with bunks, &c.—abominations specially contrived to conceal dirt, and prevent ventilation. Light calico curtains answer all purposes of dividing off a cabin into compartments; but we agree to live together, and no one has found it unpleasant as yet. We turn a part of our cabin into a γυναικεῖον at night for the three women and two babies, by means of a canvas screen. Bishop looks after them, washes the babies, tends the women when sick, &c., while I, by virtue of being a bachelor, shirk all the trouble. One of these women is now coming for the second time to the college; her name is Carry; Margaret Cho is on her second visit, and Hearore is the young bride of Kapua, now coming for his third time, and baptized last year.

He writes to Miss Neill about the same time :—

"Openings are being made in all directions, and had we men of trust we could occupy them at once. As it is, we keep up a communication with seventy-four islands, waiting, if it may be, that men may be sent, trying to educate picked men to be teachers; but I am not very sanguine about that."

During the summers of 1857-8 and 1858-9, the Loyalty Islanders mustered in great numbers at St. John's College. Mr. Patteson worked very hard these years at translations, and there was an immense enthusiasm about printing; the Lifuites and Nengonese striving each to get the most in their own language.

For the sake of the pupils from tropical islands, the college was in 1859 removed to St. Andrews, Kohimarama, a sheltered bay opposite the entrance to the harbour at Auckland, and Mr. Patteson devoted himself with fresh energy to their training and welfare. A settlement had likewise been made in the Banks group, on Mota, or Sugar-loaf Island, which lies opposite to Port Patteson—named, as it will be remembered, by Bishop Selwyn after Sir John Patteson, Coley's father—and the "first home in Melanesia" built here, "at least a hundred natives coming to help in the building, and pulling down materials from their own houses to make the roof."

Probably the considerations that more than any other determined this settlement were the comparative healthfulness and fruitfulness of the island—the bread-fruit growing profusely—combined with the fact that, whilst the Solomon Islanders were found to be the quickest and most brilliant, they were far less steady and trustworthy and attachable than were the Banks Islanders. But the three months' residence on Mota had its own disad-

vantages, for, during that long period, Mr. Patteson was entirely out of the reach of letters.

The days were laid out thus:—Morning school in the village, first with the regular scholars, then with any one who liked to come in; and then, when the weather permitted, a visit to some village, sometimes walking all round, a circuit of ten miles, but generally each of the two taking a separate village, talking to the people, teaching them from cards and encouraging interrogatories. Mr. Patteson always had such an attraction for them that they would throng round him wherever he went.

He tells us:—"We have seven Solomon Islanders—five from a village at the north-west of San Cristoval, and two from the south-east point of Guadalcanar or Gera, a magnificent island about twenty-five or twenty miles to the north-west of San Cristoval [*i.e.* Bauro]. From frequent intercourse they are almost bilingual, a great 'lounge' for me, as one language does for both; the structure of the two island tongues is the same, but scarcely any words much alike." From Nengoné there were four men and two women.

Here he found much of the rest and quiet of mind for which he longed, and he thus records the benefit of a period of residence:—

"I like quiet and rest, and no railroads, and no daily posts, and above all, no visitors: mere consumers of time, mere idlers and producers of idleness. So, without any post, and nothing for a cart on wheels, save a wheelbarrow, and no visitors and no shops, I get on very happily and contentedly. The life here is to me, I must confess, luxurious, because I have what I like—great punctuality, early hours, regular school work, regular reading, very simple living; the three daily meals in hall

take about seventy minutes, all put together, and so little time is lost; and then the climate is delightful."

In 1859, he had written :—" With the languages of four groups we are now fairly acquainted, besides some of the distinguishing dialects, which differ very much from one another; nevertheless I think that by-and-by we shall connect them all, if we live; but as some dialects may have dropped out altogether, we may want a few links in the chain to demonstrate the connection fully to people at a distance."

Every day, indeed, afforded illustration of his remarkable aptitude in following up difficulties in language; and had he been spared there can be no doubt that he would have made substantial contributions to philology. As it is, he has done more than any other to compare and co-ordinate the various tongues and dialects of the South Pacific.

But amid all this his interest in home and his old friends was, if possible, intensified by absence and distance. How he loves to snatch a half-hour to think of them and to write to them! Scarcely a chance was missed by him for sending a dispatch home, and other friends were often pleasantly surprised to find they were remembered, by a note which was utterly unexpected. Near the close of his life—in a time of peculiar perplexity—he wrote to Principal Shairp, thanking him for the teaching embodied in his " Religion and Culture," &c. His relations to his aged father were quite unique. He was the eldest son, but no consideration that was in the remotest alien to the work in which he was engaged was allowed to intrude for a moment. The mutual renunciations of father and son, for the sake of Melanesia, from first to last are indeed very beautiful to read of. How the ties of kindred and affection seemed to grow closer and closer the more

that Mr. Patteson became engrossed in his work, affording him 'sweet relief' in brief moments of leisure or weariness! and how, on the other hand, the aged judge became, if possible, more reconciled to his son's absence the more that nature would have urged the necessity of his having Coley beside him, to support him in the midst of growing infirmities! Thus the son writes in July, 1859:—

"Of course it is useless to speculate on the future, but I see nothing at all to make it likely that I shall ever revisit England. I can't very well conceive any such state of things as would make it a duty to gratify my constant inclination. And, my dear father, I don't scruple to say (for you will understand me) that I am happier here than I should be in England, where, even though I were absent only a few months, I should bear about with me the constant weight of knowing that Melanesia was not provided for. And, strange as it may seem, this has quite ceased to be a trial to me. The effort of subduing the longing desire to see you is no longer a great one; I feel I am cheerful, and bright, and light-hearted, and that I have really everything to make a man thankful and content. And if you could see the thankful look of the bishop, when he is again assured that there is no item of regret or desire to call me home on your part, you would feel, I know, that colonial work does require an unconditional, unreserved surrender of a man to whatever he may find to do."

And this was the tone in which, amid failing faculties, the old man was wont to write concerning Coley; he is addressing Bishop Selwyn:—

"You write most kindly touching him, dear fellow, and truly I am to be envied, *qui natum haberem tali ingenio præditum.* Not for a moment have I repented of giving my sanction to his going out to New Zealand;

and I fully believe that God will prosper his work. I did not contemplate his becoming a bishop, nor is that the circumstance which gives me the great satisfaction I feel. It is his devotion to so good a work, and that he should have been found adequate to its performance; whether as bishop or as priest is not of itself of so much importance."

The reference to the bishopric is explained by the fact that gradually, during the last two years, Coley had been more and more working independently, opening up new paths, and attesting not only a power of marking out available lines of enterprise, but giving ample proof of the desirability of having a fresh sphere of labour, into which he would feel more free to carry his remarkable organizing gift. Not that he himself had ever felt in any way hampered by his association with Bishop Selwyn; wholly the reverse. He was rather inclined to regard himself as disqualified to assume a position of authority, as the following quotation from a letter referring to the very first hint of his appointment to a Melanesian bishopric will show:—

"Seriously, I am not at all fitted to do anything but work under a good man. Of course, should I survive the bishop, and no other man come out, why it is better that the ensign should assume the command than to give up the struggle altogether. But this, of course, is pure speculation. The bishop is hearty, and I pray God may be Bishop of Melanesia for twenty years to come, and by that time there will be many more competent men than I ever shall be to succeed him, to say nothing of possible casualties, climate, &c."

But the counsel and opinion of others prevailed in this matter. He was consecrated bishop in February, 1861, and in April was installed at Kohimarama. No

sooner was the installation ceremony over than he wrote thus to his father:—

"How can I thank you for giving me up to this work, and for all the wise and loving words with which you constantly cheer and encourage me? Your blessing comes now to cheer and strengthen me, as work and responsibilities are fast accumulating upon me. I thank God that He enables us at the two ends of the world to see this matter in the same way, so that no conflict of duties arises in my mind. . . . I almost fear to write that I am a bishop in the Church of Christ. May God strengthen me for the duties of the office, to which I trust He has indeed called me! . . . What some of you say about self-possession on one's going about among the poor people being marvellous, is just what of course appears to me commonplace. Of course it is wrong to risk one's life, but to carry one's life in one's hand is what other soldiers besides those of the Cross do habitually; and no one, as I think, would willingly hurt a hair of my head in Melanesia, or that part of it where I am known.

"How I think of those islands! How I see those bright coral and sandy beaches, strips of burning sunshine fringing the masses of forest rising into ridges of hills, covered with a dense mat of vegetation! Hundreds of people are crowding upon them, naked, armed, with wild uncouth cries and gestures; I cannot talk to them but by signs. But they are my children now! May God enable me to do my duty to them!"

His next seven months' trip among the islands was delayed owing to the difficulty of finding a craft to take the place of the *Southern Cross*, which during the former voyage had run on a shoal called the Hen and Chickens, at the head of Ngunguru Bay, and had speedily broken

up, after full five years' good service. There was nothing to approach, not to speak of equalling her. "Vessels built for freight," says the bishop, "are to the *Southern Cross* as a cart-horse to a thoroughbred steed, and we must have some vessel which can do the work quickly among the multitude of the isles, and many other reasons there are which *we seamen* only perhaps can judge fully, which make it quite essential to the carrying on of this peculiar mission that we should have a vessel of a peculiar kind." The best that could be done meanwhile, however, was to charter the *Dunedin*—a vessel not in the best repair, "the pumps going every two hours," to carry them to Mota, after having undergone some preliminary "caulking."

Off Erromango, on the 4th June, he thus writes to his old tutor:—"Naturally I think of Eton, and of you especially, to-day. I hope you have as fine a day coming for the cricket-match, and for Surley, as I have here. . . . How I shall think of you all seven days hence, meeting in Stephen Hawtrey's house! How you will wonder at the news of my consecration, and well you may! I would, indeed, that there were a dozen men out here under whom I was working, if only they were such men as the primate would have chosen for the work." And surely nothing could more than this conclusively prove what we said a moment ago of his thoughtful remembrance of old friends and old associations.

At Erromango, the bishop heard of the mournful deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, the Scotch missionaries, who had become victims to the wild superstitions of the people. But Bishop Patteson had full faith in his own safety. Indeed, very shortly after this, as we have been informed by one who knows well, he landed on Erromango, and made his way to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon,

and read over them the funeral service *as a mark of his respect* for these his brave and martyred fellow-workers in the South Pacific.

Reaching Mota, and finding the home that had been erected on a former visit all secure, he soon set out in an open boat to pay a round of visits to the other islands of the Banks group, returning to their homes such of the Banks Islanders as he had had with him. "As we pulled away from Aruas," he tells us, "one elderly man drew his bow, and the women and children ran off into the bush, here, as everywhere almost in these islands, growing quite thickly some twenty yards above water-mark. The man did not let fly his arrow. I cannot tell why this small demonstration took place." Probably the reason that the man desisted as he did was simply that the bishop, when an arrow was pointed at him, was wont to look the archer full in the face with his bright smile, and the look of cheery confidence and good-will made the weapon drop. When another time, at Ambrym, an incident of the same sort took place—a man raising his bow and drawing it, then unbending it, and finally bending it again, as others were apparently dissuading him from letting fly the arrow—the bishop simply regards this as a result of not landing oftener, and writes: "We must try and make more frequent landings."

H.M.S. *Cordelia*, under Captain Hume, which took him off Mota on this occasion, and carried him to the Solomon Islands, for his next visitation there, brought him word of the serious illness of his father; so that it was hardly a shock to him when on reaching Norfolk Island, on his return, he learned the first news of the judge's death from the Sydney papers. He took it as though it had been long prepared for; and the

only evidence of change towards those about him was, if possible, a greater sweetness in his manner and ways towards them.

It was during this voyage that Bishop Patteson so engaged the interest of Lieutenant Capel Tilly, R.N., that that officer undertook to return to England with the *Cordelia* to watch over the building of the new *Southern Cross*, and return again with her to the South Pacific, to act as her commanding officer.

On his return to Kohimarama in the end of the year the old life was resumed, and Lady Martin thus sketches the settlement at the time:—

"The new settlement was then thought to be healthy, and he and his boys alike rejoiced in the warmth of the sheltered bay after the keenness of the air at St. John's on the higher ground. The place looked very pretty. The green fields, and hawthorn hedges, and the sleek cattle reminded me of England. As a strong contrast, there was the white shelly beach and yellow sands. Here the boys sunned themselves in play-hours, or fished on the rocks, or cooked their fish at driftwood fires. On calm days one or two would skim across the blue water in their tiny canoes. One great charm of the place was the freedom and naturalness of the whole party. There was no attempt to force an overstrained piety on those wild fellows who showed their sincerity by coming with the bishop. By five in the morning all were astir, and jokes and laughter, and shrill, unaccountable cries, would rouse us up, and go on all day, save when school and chapel came to sober them.

"The bishop had not lost his Eton tastes, and only liked to see them play games, and the little, fat, merry-faced lads were always on the look-out for a bit of fun with him. One evening a tea-drinking was given in the

hall in honour of us. The Mota boys sung in the twilight the story of the first arrival of the mission vessel, and of their wonder at it. The air, with a monotonous not unpleasing refrain, reminded us of some old French Canadian ditties. I remember well the excitement when the bishop sent up a fire-balloon. It sailed away towards the sea, and down rushed the whole Melanesian party, shrieking with delight after it. Our dear friend's own quarters were very tiny, and a great contrast to his large airy house at St. John's. He occupied a corner house in the quadrangle, to be close to the boys. Neither bedroom nor sitting-room was more than ten feet square. Everything was orderly, as was his wont. Photographs of the faces and places he loved best hung on the walls. Just by the door was his standing desk, with folios and lexicons. A table, covered with books and papers in divers languages, and a chair or two, completed his stock of furniture. The door stood open all day long in fine weather, and the bishop was seldom alone. One or other of the boys would steal quietly in and sit down. They did not need to be amused, nor did they interrupt his work. They were quite content to be near him, and to get now and then a kind word or a pleasant smile. It was the habitual gentle sympathy and friendliness on his part that won the confidence of the wild, timid people who had been brought up in an element of mistrust, and which enabled them, after a while, to come and open their hearts to him."

Mr. Whytehead has given the following graphic picture of the bishop and his scholars at this period, which may well supplement Lady Martin's description :—

"On proceeding down to Kohimarama to join the vessel, I found her moored off the station, and preparations being made for the voyage. Spars were being sent

aloft, gear was being rove, and sails bent. All day the boats, manned by pupils in charge of teachers, were bringing off stores, personal effects, &c. It was then that I first saw some of the natives of the Western Pacific. Very intelligent-looking, bright-eyed little fellows were these boys, and exceedingly nice they looked in their loose shirts, straw hats, and canvas trousers. They worked heartily too, and seemed to enjoy the bustle of preparation, no doubt anticipating the joys of once more seeing their friends and homes, and relating the wonders they had beheld in the white man's country. The first time I saw Bishop Patteson I was struck with the wonderful power of attraction which he seemed to possess. It was not in his face alone, but in his whole manner that this force was to be found. I was walking on the beach one evening after working hours, a day or two after joining, when he came out of his rooms, which formed part of the main building of the school. The boys were all playing on the grass before the doors, but his appearance was the signal for them all to leave off their various little amusements and run clustering round him. Some seized his hands, others the skirts of his coat, and all had a word of happiness at seeing him. The scene reminded me of nothing so much as a hen gathering her chickens under her wings. He passed each arm round the neck of one of the taller boys, and with the rest tripping along like a body-guard on all sides of him he slowly advanced towards the beach. I stood smiling at the spectacle. The group neared me, and the bishop, remarking my expression, said that he supposed I had never seen anything of the kind before. I confessed that I had not, but that it was very delightful to see such intelligent and affectionate-looking boys. He asked me how I liked the place, if

things were comfortable on board the vessel, and other questions, showing that he took a kind and lively interest in the comfort and happiness of every one of his party. It was this kindness in little matters of detail which always gained for Bishop Patteson the love of those with whom he came in contact. I do not believe there was a man belonging to the ship's company who would have hesitated at anything to serve the bishop. He was thoroughly respected and looked up to, and yet at the same time he was loved by those around him in such a way as few men ever have the happiness to be."

This was the summer of his year, during which he enjoyed the peaceful sunshine of society with minds, so far, congenial; it was different when he was on his voyages, exposed to all sorts of perils. He thus indicates one class of these in writing to Mrs. Martyn:—

"Those nights when I lie down, in a long hut, among forty or fifty naked men, cannibals—the only Christian on the island—that is the time, Sophy, to pour out the heart in prayer and supplication, that they—those dark wild heathens about me—may be turned from Satan to God."

The year 1862 was remarkable for a voyage in a chartered vessel, the *Sea-breeze*, in which various islands of the Solomon and New Hebrides groups were visited, and frequent landings made on the island of Santa Cruz at points where they had not landed before. The natives are very ingenious—carving elaborate arrows and as elaborately poisoning them; but the bishop met only with kindness and attention.

"Two or three of the men took off little ornaments and gave them to me; one bright pretty boy especially I remember, who took off his shell necklace and put it round my neck, making me understand, partly by words,

but more by signs, that he was afraid to come now, but would do so if I returned, as I said, in eight or ten moons. Large baskets of almonds were given me, and other food also thrown into the boat. I made a poor return by giving some fish-hooks and a tomahawk to the man whom I took to be the person of most consequence. On shore the women came freely up to me among the crowd, but they were afraid to venture down to the beach. Now, this is the island about which we have long felt a great difficulty as to the right way of obtaining any communication with the natives. This year, why and how I cannot tell, the way was opened beyond all expectation."

At Leper's Island and Malanta, at Misial and at Ysabel, such pleasant days were likewise spent; and even at Tikopia, where the people are very powerful in person and unmanageable in spirit, a good impression was made. In November the bishop returned to Kohimarama, and immediately set about the work there. He congratulates himself on the increased openings for mission stations, and though he felt the lack of workers, he was full of hope that the Banks Archipelago would soon supply a working staff. One of his great ideas, indeed, was to form centres for independent native missionary effort—having become more and more convinced that the Melanesians would be the most efficient missionaries to each other. Hence the concern with which he now warned those at home about the "right men" for his staff, knowing that any false ideas imported from home would have a very alien influence on the natives. Here is one passage in which we gather up his oft-repeated convictions on this head:—

"You know I have long felt that there is harm done by trying to make these islanders like English people.

All that is needed for decency and propriety in the arrangements of houses, in dress, &c., we must get them to adopt, but they are to be Melanesian, not English, Christians. We are so far removed from them in matters not at all necessarily connected with Christianity, that unless we can denationalise ourselves and eliminate all that belongs to us as English, and not as Christians, we cannot be to them what a well-instructed countryman may be. He is nearer to them. They understand him. He brings the teaching to them in a practical and intelligible form."

And the practical side of the matter he illustrates by this confession :—

"We make no distinction whatever between English and Melanesian members of the mission as such. No Melanesian is excluded from any office of trust. No classification is made of higher and lower kinds of work, of work befitting a white man and work befitting a black man. English and Melanesian scholars or teachers work together in the school, printing-office, dairy, kitchen, farm. The senior clergyman of the mission labours most of all with his own hands at the work sometimes described as menial work. . . . . Young men and lads come to us and say, 'Let me do that. I can't write the language, or do many things you or Mr. Pritt or Mr. Palmer do, so let me scrub your floor, or brush your shoes, or fetch some water.' And, of course, we let them do so, for the doing it is accompanied by no feeling of degradation in their minds; they have seen us always doing these things, and not requiring them to do them as if it were the natural work for them because they are black, and not proper for us because we are white."

On another occasion, on the eve of leaving New Zealand, he breaks out with confidence :—

"I solve the difficulty in Melanesian work by saying, 'Use Melanesians.' I tell people plainly I don't want white men. . . . I have no intention of taking any more from England, Australia, or New Zealand. I sum it thus: they cost about ten times as much as the Melanesian (literally), and but a very small proportion do the work as well."

The carrying out of this principle of equality, however, was one so surrounded with difficulties that only a man like Bishop Patteson—patient, trustful, affectionate, and winning men by his affection—could possibly have succeeded in it; and it was above all necessary, in view of this, that he should be supported and assisted not only by men like-minded, but men constitutionally gifted with patience, prudence, and common sense, almost equal to his own. Hence it was that, in writing home, he got into a habit of discouraging the sending out of helpers; but still, at the same time, urging on his friends the peculiar qualities required in any who should come.

"You know the kind of men who have got rid of the conventional notion that more self-denial is needed for a missionary than for a sailor or soldier, who are sent anywhere, and leave home and country for years, and think nothing of it, because they go 'on duty.' Alas! we don't so read our ordination vows. A fellow with a healthy, active tone of mind, plenty of enterprise, and some enthusiasm, who makes the best of everything, and, above all, does not think himself better than other people because he is engaged in mission work—that is the fellow we want. . . . A man who takes the sentimental view of coral islands and cocoa-nuts, of course, is worse than useless; a man possessed with the idea that he is making a sacrifice will never do; and a man who thinks any kind of work 'beneath a gentleman' will

simply be in the way, and be rather uncomfortable at seeing the bishop do what he thinks degrading to himself."

In another place he thus signalises other qualities most necessary in the men who should be chosen to join such a work as his. And his words may be held to have a value for all missionaries at work amongst the heathen :—

"Men are needed who have what I may call strong religious common sense to adapt Christianity to the wants of the various nations that live in Melanesia, without compromising any truth of doctrine or principle of conduct; men who can see in the midst of the errors and superstitions of a people whatever fragment of truth or symptom of a yearning after something better may exist among them, and make that the *point d'appui* upon which they may build up the structure of Christian teaching. Men, moreover, of industry, they must be, for it is useless to talk of 'picking up languages.' Of course, in a few days a man may learn to talk superficially and inaccurately on a few subjects; but to teach Christianity a man must know the language well, and this is learnt only by hard work."

He was harassed with the idea that his perpetual voyaging from place to place was a great cause of loss of influence with his boys; and on this point he thus touchingly expresses himself:—

"The main difficulty remains of retaining our hold upon boys. Oh, that I could live permanently in twenty islands at once! But I can't do so on even one; and all the letter-writing and accounts, and worst of all, the necessity for being trustee for matters not a bit connected with Melanesia, because there is no one else, interferes sadly with my time. I think I could work away with the languages, &c., and really do something with these

fellows, but I never get a chance. I never have two days together which I can spend exclusively at Melanesian work. And I ought to have nothing whatever to distract me. Twenty languages calling for arrangement and comparison causes confusion enough."

But, in spite of all this, he is able to record as the result of the work of 1862:—

"We have never had so satisfactory a set of scholars. Out of twenty-eight (exclusive of three native teachers), only one, who has been an invalid almost all the summer, is unable to read and write. The first class (which indeed should, by rights, be subdivided) consists of nine. All may be regarded as catechumens. I should not hesitate to baptize them at once, if attacked with sudden illness, for example."

Another confession of a somewhat singular kind we also came on at this time, of which some record may here be made, for it is exceedingly characteristic of the bishop.

"I am less shy than I was, and with real gentlemen feel no difficulty in discussing points on which we differ. It is the vulgar, uneducated fellow that beats me. The Melanesians, laugh as you may at it, are naturally gentlemanly and courteous and well-bred. I never saw a 'gent' in Melanesia, though not a few downright savages. I vastly prefer the savages."

He found so many demands made on his time by indifferent matters while in New Zealand, that already he felt, as a strong inducement to transfer the school from New Zealand within the tropics, the hope of escaping from some of the unnecessary worry and consultation. What he wrote later, in 1865, would so far express the feeling that very often visited him now.

"Sometimes I do feel tempted to long for Curtis

Island, merely to get away from New Zealand. I feel as if I should never do anything here. Everything is in arrears. I turn out of a morning, and really don't know what to take at first. Then just as I am in the middle of a letter, down comes some donkey to take up a quarter of an hour (lucky if not an hour) with idle nonsense; then in the afternoon an invasion of visitors, which is worst of all. That fatal invention of 'calling!'"

But, in the midst of all this bustle and waste of time, he found leisure to write home letters full of interesting accounts of his work, but abounding also in side-glances at events or tendencies in England; or in discussions on Capital and Labour and their relations, and the evils incident to a luxurious society, especially penned for his father's eye. This is how he deals with Ritualism in a communication to his cousin:—

"It is difficult without much more time at command to write on the Ritualist question. I believe that the best men among them are actuated by the desire for unity of which you speak. To me it seems that such unity is not to be secured by vestments, incense, &c., and an approximation in ceremonial (and I fear, in some cases, in doctrine) to Mediævalism, which is a departure in so many points from antiquity."

Of his manner of life at Kohimarama at this time, he thus tells his sisters, with a little of the quiet humour that he was wont to throw across dull and ordinary routine:—

"Up at five, when I go round and pull the blankets, not without many a joke, off the sleeping boys; many of the party are already up and washing. Then just before prayers I go to the kitchen and see that all is ready for breakfast. Prayers at 5·45 in English, Mota, Bauro, &c., beginning with a Mota hymn, and ending with the

Lord's Prayer in English. Breakfast immediately after: at our table, Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, and young Atkin, who has just joined us. At the teachers' table, five Norfolk Islanders, Edward (a Maori), five girls, and two of their husbands, and the three girls being placed at the table because they *are* girls; Melanesians at the other three tables indiscriminately."

The new *Southern Cross*, procured mainly by the efforts of Mr. Keble and Dr. Moberly, arrived on the 28th of February, 1863, and was found every way well suited for her purpose. He thus announced her arrival to Miss Yonge:—

"The *Southern Cross* arrived safely this morning, thanks to God! What it is to us even you can hardly tell; I know not how to pour out my thankfulness. She seems admirably adapted for the work. Mr. Tilly's report of her performance is most satisfactory: safe, fast, steers well, and very manageable. Internal arrangements very good; after-cabin too luxurious; but then that may be wanted for sick folk, and as it *is* luxurious, why I shall get a soft bed, and take to it very kindly."

It must have been a proud moment to the bishop when he set out in his first trial voyage in the new ship, bearing his own flag—the mitre and Southern Cross constellation in gold on a blue field—an ensign the natives soon began to know and welcome and look for.

But the joy that was felt over this event was soon dashed by a distressing visitation which carried off several of the native lads. Miss Yonge thus indicates its nature:—

"Whether it was from the large numbers, or the effect of the colder climate, or from what cause could not be told, but a frightful attack of dysentery fell upon the Melanesians, and for several weeks suffering prevailed

among them. How Bishop Patteson tended them during this time can be better guessed than described. Archdeacon Lloyd, who came to assist in the cares of the small party of clergy, can find no words to express the devotion with which the bishop nursed them, comforting and supporting them, never shrinking from the most repulsive offices, even bearing out the dead silently at night, lest the others should see and be alarmed. Still no mail, except during the voyages, had ever left New Zealand without a dispatch for home; and time was snatched in the midst of all this distress for greetings in the same beautiful, minute, clear hand as usual."

In a letter home, at this trying time, he says: "Since this day fortnight I have scarce slept night or day, but by snatching an hour here and there; others are working quite as hard, and all the good points of our Melanesian staff are brought out, as you may suppose."

Six of the children were taken thus—the last one Sosaman—"a dear lad, one of the Banks Islanders, about ten or twelve years old." By him at the last Bishop Patteson knelt, closing the eyes in death. "I can see his mother's face now," he writes. "What will she say to me, she who knows not the Christian's life in death? . . . . I washed him and laid him out as usual in a linen sheet. How white it looked! So much more simple and touching than the coffin—the form just discernible as it lay where five had lain before."

It can easily be imagined how severe would be the trial of visiting the relatives of the deceased islanders on the next voyage; but that was got over with less pain than might have been expected; for in the hearts of most of them the seed of Christian faith had struck root and grown—one father at Mota saying to him, "It is all well, bishop; he died well. I know you did all you

could; it is all well." And fresh scholars came from these islands in plenty.

"At Aruas, the small island close to Valua, from which dear Sosaman came, it was just the same," he tells us; "rather different at the west side of Vanua Lava, where they did not behave so well, and where (as I heard afterwards) there had been some talk of shooting me; but nothing occurred while I was on shore with them to alarm me."

Their landings, never wholly without risk, now became at some points so dangerous that many men would have altogether desisted from going ashore. Mr. Whytehead thus describes the system adopted in these landings:—

"There was much risk connected with these boating trips. The mode of procedure was for the schooner to stand into the smooth water, on the lee side of the island to be visited. The bishop's whale-boat was then lowered and manned by his own volunteer crew. The bishop and his coxswain having taken their seats, the boat would dash off shorewards, whilst the schooner's foretopsail was laid aback, and she would remain hove to, about a mile or so from shore, watching the boat. The latter would coast along from village to village, the bishop landing here and there, the vessel following, keeping a safe offing; and at the conclusion of the day, or when the boat gave a signal, standing close in to pick her up. But the difficulty, first of all, lay in landing. Even on the lee side of these islands there is often much surf, and in smooth water the coral reefs with which they are surrounded are dangerous neighbours for a boat's planking. And so it often happened that the boat remained outside the reef at a safe distance, whilst the bishop jumped overboard and swam or waded ashore, as the case might be. And here again were new and still more

terrible dangers which that undaunted hero faced with extraordinary calmness and intrepidity. Perhaps, as was often the case, he desired to effect a landing at a new place, a village with which he had never previously held communication, of whose language he knew nothing. On the beach he would be met by a party of wild and fearful-looking savages, stark naked, all armed with their cruel-looking clubs and spears, chattering, yelling, and brandishing their weapons like so many demons. I have frequently, whilst on duty, watched the bishop from the schooner's deck with a glass, landing under these circumstances, his clothing dripping with water, his hands open and held up to show that he carried no weapon. I have seen him under such circumstances calmly advance up the beach into the very midst of such a party of ferocious beings. As he would advance, they would close round him; his black coat would be lost to sight among their brown bodies; nothing could be seen but a brown mass and a vision of waving arms and ponderous clubs, whilst a chorus of horrible yells would awake the echoes of the shores. Then, after an interval, the brown mass might be seen steadily and slowly creeping towards the green skirting of scrub which backed the coral sands: one or two of the nude figures would dash out from the group and disappear, shouting, amid the tropical foliage. Additional forms could be observed emerging from behind bushes and trunks of trees, many of them women and children; then, for a while, all would be quiet. Perhaps in half an hour the brown fellows would begin to assemble again on the beach, then more shouting, then the bishop would come into view, leading by each hand a tiny brown boy, then the brown mass, as before, gesticulating and shouting. Then the farewell: the bishop, turning, would make his last presents, shake

hands with all who desired, and plunge into the surf with the two boys. 'Brace up the foreyard; let draw; up with your helm, and get way on her;' and away would tear the gallant schooner on a wind, standing as close in shore as possible. 'Hard a-lee;' the vessel is round, and hove to on the other tack, the boat is alongside, and first the bishop hands up his new acquisitions. They are the first thought; the boys already on board gather round them in curiosity. This rather increases the alarm of the already nervous little fellows. The older boys have matriculated; they have experienced the delights of ship's bread and nicely boiled yams; the new-comers know not what is in store; already they half repent their rashness in coming, and wish they were safe ashore. The bishop meanwhile has dived below into his cabin, and brought up a couple of shirts, and soon the youngsters find themselves adorned in a manner to them so novel as to absorb all their present attention. Probably half the day has thus been expended: in this case the bishop and his party have some dinner preparatory to their afternoon expedition. Perhaps the evening has already arrived; and if so, the boat is hoisted up, sail is either made or reduced, as circumstances or the state of the weather demand, and all is snug for the night. Many such days as this have I seen on board the mission yacht, and this was the usual way in which the bishop obtained his new pupils. But there were many islands at which he was well known, and at these he could usually obtain as many pupils as he desired. In fact, frequently he was compelled to refuse the applications of boys who desired to accompany him, since the accommodation of the vessel, and of the mission buildings, and the state of the funds, would not permit of as much extension of the work as could have been desired."

The death of Sosaman and the other scholars practically re-opened the question whether New Zealand would be a safe residence for the great body of Melanesian youth, and it was decided in the negative. A visit to Melbourne, Sydney, and other places, enabled the bishop to make appeal for aid towards establishing another station, which did not pass without response; and plans were formed to transfer the school to a healthy and well-watered part of Curtis Island, east of Queensland. This was mainly fixed on with the idea of native Australians also being taken to the mission station. But though Curtis Island was visited, it was not found possible to leave a party there then to try the experiment; and the *Southern Cross* sailed to Santa Cruz, to meet that fatal attack in Graciosa Bay, which in its results stands out a mournful episode in the life of Bishop Patteson. The party were shot at, and three of them severely wounded with arrows.

Mr. Whytehead thus describes the appearance of the boat when it reached the vessel:—

"Stretched beneath the thwarts, his face looking deathly white, and with the broken end of a large arrow protruding from his bare breast, lay poor Pearce, groaning heavily. On one thwart sat Edwin Nobbs with another broken arrow sticking in his cheek; whilst Fisher Young tried to smile, in spite of the agony of an arrow which had transfixed his wrist. Atkin and Christian, the uninjured ones of the crew, were working the boat, whilst Bishop Patteson, a look of inexpressible grief upon his beautiful features, was directing the proceedings."

Tetanus or lock-jaw supervened, and Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs died in great agony; whilst Pearce, whose wound had been the worst, completely recovered. Young and Nobbs were Norfolk Islanders, "two of the

most beautiful characters," says Mr. Whytehead, "I ever met; and were to the bishop as the apple of his eye. For the former, indeed, the bishop had all the affection of a father; he loved all the scholars, but he loved Fisher Young in quite a peculiar way, as he thus indicates in a touching note to his sister:—

"But, my dear Fan, Fisher most of all supplied to me the absence of earthly relations and friends. He was my boy; I loved him as, I think, I never loved any one else. I don't mean *more* than you all, but in a different way; not as one loves another of equal age, but as a parent loves a child. I can hardly think of my little room at Kohimarama without him. I long for the sight of his dear face, the sound of his voice. It was my delight to teach him."

And shortly afterwards he wrote in this strain:—

"Oh, how I think with such ever-increasing love of dear Fisher and Edwin! How I praised God for them on All Saints' day! But I don't expect to recover spring and elasticity yet awhile. I don't think I ever shall feel so young again."

It was a relief to the bishop on this occasion to reach home, to find some rest and recruitment; for the unusual strain and incessant tax on his energies had tried him greatly. And well pleased he must have been to find that his helpers were always so assiduous in his absences. During the year 1865 a great advance was made in the industrial department of the mission work. About seventeen acres of land were taken in hand and worked by Mr. Pritt, with the Melanesian lads. "We have our own dairy of thirteen cows," he says, "and, besides supplying the whole mission party, numbering in all seventy-seven persons, with abundance of milk, we sell considerable quantities of butter. We grow, of

course, our own potatoes and vegetables and maize, &c., for our cows. The farm and dairy work affords another opportunity for teaching our young people to acquire habits of industry."

In the end of 1865 an official offer of a station on Norfolk Island was made; and though Curtis Island had not ceased to be thought of, the offer was all the more readily embraced in that the bishop's mind had for some time been made up on the expediency of a change to a place which was likely to suit both English and tropical constitutions alike, and he hoped to make the experiment the ensuing winter with Mr. Palmer and a small body of scholars; Norfolk Island being not only six hundred miles nearer to the Melanesian Islands than Auckland, but these the six hundred cold and boisterous miles that must be weathered at the end of each return voyage.

This change to Norfolk Island was charged with great issues for the mission; and on going back there the bishop must have been delighted to see the progress that had been made in the way of clearing and preparing by the party who had been left under Mr. Palmer: and, the time being come, he proceeded on to the Mota settlement, full of hope. Here he was absorbed in the scheming out of a Christian village—a long-cherished idea of his own, which had been happily met by a suggestion of George Sarawia, one of the earliest and best of the Banks pupils who had been ordained; and this was varied by quiet work of several kinds. "How he read, wrote, or did anything, is the marvel, with the hut constantly crowded by men who had nothing to do but gather round, in suffocating numbers, to stare at his pen travelling over the paper. . . . It is useless," he says, "to talk about it, and one must humour them, or they will think I am vexed with them. The scholars,

neatly clothed, with orderly and industrious habits, were no small contrast, but I miss as yet the link between them and the resident heathen people."

He has, however, one cause for gladness that might well surprise students and dignitaries at home. He can congratulate himself that now he does not need to take any trouble about cooking, having got from England a supply of preserved meats, which leaves him freer for the pleasant occupation, for an hour or so each day, in clearing away the bush, that in one year grows up surprisingly here. But he adds quaintly, "I can make myself all sorts of good things, if I choose to take the trouble, and some days I do so. I bake a little bread now and then, and flatter myself it is uncommonly good." A beautiful property, between Veverao and Maligo, of some ten acres, was chosen for the site of the village; and the intricate affair of settling with some sixteen different owners having been got over, the business of clearing and building was set about energetically. Then, having seen a start made, with George Sarawia established as head of the village, he departs on his voyage among the islands; and now we first get definitive hints of the evils being done by that semi-legalised slave-trade between the South-Sea Islands and New Caledonia and the white settlers in Fiji. The bishop writes:—

"I have made a little move in the matter. I wrote to a Wesleyan missionary in Fiji (Ovalau) who sent us some books. I am told that Government sanctions natives being brought upon agreement to work for pay, &c., and passage home in two years. We know the impossibility of making contracts with New Hebrides or Solomon natives. It is a mere sham, an evasion of some law—passed, I dare say, without any dishonourable

intention—to procure colonial labour. If necessary, I will go to Fiji or anywhere to procure information. But I saw a letter in a Sydney paper which spoke strongly and properly of the necessity of the most stringent rules to prevent the white settlers from injuring the coloured men."

Though Bishop Patteson had followed his own judgment on two decided points—the removal to Norfolk Island, and the use of the Mota language instead of English, and did not repent having done so—yet still the being left with none to whom to look up to as an authority was a heavy trial and strain on mind and body, and brought on another stage in that premature age that the climate and constant toil were bringing upon him when most men are still in the fulness of their strength; and this notwithstanding that the party were in excellent health, and the land found to be so productive that it was hoped they would very soon have an export; whilst, as to the adoption of the language of Mota, he could say that it was beginning to be a very fair channel for communicating accurate theological teaching, they having to a large extent made it so by assigning deeper meanings to existing words.

Other departments of mission work did not pause. In July, 1868—though an outbreak of typhus in several of the islands had given great concern, carried off some of the scholars, and tried the bishop much—he tells us "they have now in Mota, in print, St. Luke and the Acts, and soon will have St. John, which is all ready; the Prayer-Book, save some of the Psalms, and a few other small portions; and in manuscript they have a kind of manual of the Catechism, abstracts of the books of the Old Testament, papers on prophecy, &c. All this work, once done in Mota, is, without very much labour, to be

transferred into Bauro, Mahaga, Mara, &c., as I hope, but that is in the future."

The stations on Norfolk Island and at Mota formed excellent resting-points for the bishop, and lightened his labours materially, so far as the sea-voyaging was concerned. But he knew no real rest. Wherever he was, there were others to be cared for, and he was instant in season and out of season. What ominously varies the record of his work during the last two years is that running protest against the nefarious kidnapping which went on more and more as the demand for labour increased in Fiji and Queensland, and toward which Government seemed to be supine, or indeed wholly indifferent. In November, 1869, the bishop writes:—

"I know of no case of actual violence in the Banks Islands, but in every case they took people away under false pretences, asserting that the 'bishop is ill and can't come, and he has sent us to bring you to him;' or 'the bishop is in Sydney, he broke his leg getting into his boat, and has sent us to take you to him,' &c. In most places, where any of our young people happened to be on the shore, they warned their companions against these men, but not always with success."

The knowledge of this must have added considerably to the bishop's sense of danger; but he had self-control enough to exhibit no trace of fear, and went from island to island with the same frank, trustful bearing as before. Some time before this he had written these words, which now required strictest practical illustration, though it was wonderful how he still managed to restrain all show of suspicion or timidity:—

"I must not forget that I have some islands to visit in the next month or two where the people are very wild, so that I, of all people, have least reason to speculate

about what I may hope to do a year hence. The real anxiety is in the making up my own mind whether or not I ought to lower the boat in such a sea-way; whether or not I ought to swim ashore among these fellows crowded there on the narrow beach."

There can be no doubt whatever that the additional anxiety which these circumstances caused him did much to bring on such depression and ill-health as led his friends, who deemed that his case was worse than he had represented it, to urge him to come home to England for a short furlough, that he might procure proper medical advice. But to this he would not listen, and replies:—

"I should gain nothing by having medical advice there. I am quite satisfied that I know what is the matter with me, and the way to treat my malady; and the voyages and the life in England, and the climate, would be all much against my health. And I get on very well again now. Humanly speaking, I may do a good deal of work yet, rather in a quieter way perhaps than of old; but then I need not have any more adventures, except in one or two places perhaps like Santa Cruz. That stage of the mission is past in a good many islands, and I can devolve some part of it on my really excellent and very dear friends and helpers in the other islands. Brooke and Atkin (both in priests' orders) spend three months in their respective fields of work on the Solomon Islands, among wild fellows (still practising, at times, cannibalism); and when you can get fellows to do this cheerily and making nothing of it, doing it as a matter of course, you may feel pretty sure you have fellows of the right stuff."

So he went on, pursuing his regular round of work, now at Norfolk Island, teaching theology and aiding in the various crafts there practised; again at Mota, and

helping in farm work, and once more moving from island to island and reef to reef, bringing off his boys, and later in the year landing them again; whilst his helpers were finding access to Tikopian giants, who had visited them at Mota, and otherwise forwarding the work. Santa Cruz caused him much concern; but at Nukapu, in 1870, he is well received, the women dancing in his honour and giving small presents. The people, when they came on board, asked, "Where is Bisambe?" He replies, "Here I am." "No, no," say they; "the Bisambe *tuai* (of old): your *matua* (father). Is he below? Why doesn't he come up with some hatchets?" —showing that they well remembered Bishop Selwyn and the former visit.

On October 11 he makes this record:—

"A topsail schooner in sight between Ambrym and Paama—one of those kidnapping vessels. I have any amount of (to me) conclusive evidence of downright kidnapping. But I don't think I could prove any case in a Sydney court. They have no names painted on some of their vessels, and the natives can't catch nor pronounce the names of the white men on board."

On April 27, 1871, he started on his last voyage. Mota was visited; then came a cruise among the islands of the New Hebrides group; after that a few weeks back at Mota, baptizing children, &c.; and then on to the Santa Cruz group. Almost everywhere were tokens of the kidnapper—some of the islands were half depopulated; and now the bishop began to realise the necessity and the prudence of "not going near the islands, unless we have a good breeze, and can get away from the fleets of canoes, if we see reason for so doing." As they approached Nukapu, that "lay with the blue waves breaking over the circling reef, the white line of

coral sand and the trees coming down to it," the bishop had spoken to them on the death of St. Stephen. He had collected many presents to take ashore, and, going into the boat, pulled towards the canoes. The men in them seemed undecided what to do. When, however, he offered to go ashore they assented, and the boat having gone on to a part of the reef, some of the men proposed to take the bishop into their canoe. As he found the entering of their canoes a good means of disarming suspicion, he complied; but soon after he heard the ominous word *tabu*, or warning, and yams and fruits were presented to him, no doubt in the hope that he would, according to their superstition, touch something *tabu*, and justify their striking him. The bishop, having waded through the surf, landed on the beach, and he was lost to the sight of the crew of the boat, which was now drifting about among the canoes. But suddenly a man in one of the canoes stood up and shot one of their yard-long arrows toward the boat, and his companions in other two canoes immediately did the same, calling out as they aimed, "This for New Zealand man! This for Bauro man! This for Mota man!" Before the boat could be pulled back all were wounded, and with difficulty they made their way to the ship. No sooner, however, had an arrow-head been extracted from Mr. Atkin's shoulder, giving him intense pain, than he, as being the only one who knew the way by which the reef could be crossed in the rising tide, went with some others in search of the bishop. As they were trying to cross the reef a canoe came towards them, "with a heap in the middle," and when they met it the two words "the body" passed, and it was lifted into the boat, rolled in the native mat. "The placid smile was still on the face; there was a palm-leaf fastened over the breast, and

when the mat was opened there were five wounds—no more,"—these having been given by clubs.

Joseph Atkin, the son of a settler, who was only twenty-nine, but had already done great service, and Stephen Taroniara, a native of Tanna, who was twenty-five, followed their master; but it was their lot, unlike his, to pass through prolonged tortures before death delivered them.

So passed Bishop Patteson and his followers, martyrs to the woeful cupidity of civilised men! From the wounds and other indications on the bishop's body it was clear that his death was the vengeance for five of the natives carried away. But it may be that his mournful death will further the Gospel in Melanesia more than his life would have done. Year by year the scholars he taught will return to tell what his objects were; what he wrought and prayed and died for; and his story, in not far distant days, when communication between the islands shall have become easier, will work as with a charmed power upon the hearts of the people. "Poor Santa Cruz people!" said Fisher Young when dying; and may we not say of the bishop what he then said to his disciple,—"My dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives"? And yet how can we but mourn the close? He seemed as if born for the work he had undertaken. He was so patient, so humble, with such power to elicit the best in those he came in contact with, and, above all, so full of faith and hope. In him what is best in the English gentleman had received consecration: he was manly, catholic-minded, and with that pre-eminent care and consideration for others, which, apart from Christian influence, is so apt to degenerate into sentimental weakness. He was at once tender and self-reliant,

scorning all noise and pretence so sincerely that, though "they bothered him to put anecdotes of adventures into his Reports, he could not do it;" yet so appreciative was he of good intentions in those by whom he was surrounded, that soon in his honest conception they came to surpass him. Any little narrowness that may be detected in him, he may be said to have inherited, and, with genuine Christian manliness, he rose above most of these, realising an ideal of priestly service such as has been exhibited by only a few men in any generation.

His character is not of the kind that tempts to analysis. His greatness lay in a few very simple elements. He was above all sincere, and whilst he held the faith fast, he never subsided into the mere dogmatist. His humanity was too broad, and his heart too tender for that. His respect and love for the missionaries—Presbyterian and other—who had found a sphere in the islands of the South Pacific, and his brotherly conduct towards them, will mark him out with the greater honour the more that his contact with them is made known. Besides his kind attentions to Mr. Paton at Tanna, to Mr. Geddie at Anaiteum, and to the poor bereaved women at Fate, which Miss Yonge has recorded, there is that striking incident at Api which surpasses them all. Two Raratongan teachers and their wives had been settled on that island, and had fallen under the anger of the fierce shore tribes. The men died or were put to death, and the women escaped to the hills. Bishop Patteson, touching at the island and hearing of their fate, made his way to the hills, and, in face of risk and danger, found them out, offering them a passage in his vessel. This they unwisely declined, fearing that the crew of the *John Williams*, when she came, would be disappointed at not finding them. They

had suffered much already, the bishop urged that they might suffer more and worse trials: but they would not go with him. And they did suffer. They lived as they could for a while on yams and taro or such fare as they could find, and then they sold garment after garment to the natives for food, till only one was left, and with that they would not part, to go dressed in the mat of the native women—they said they would die rather. They were reduced almost to skeletons before they were relieved by their own mission-ship.

This incident brings out Bishop Patteson's rare sympathy and fearlessness in the strongest light. To do such a thing was with him a matter of every day, was felt by him to be no more than duty, and it has found no record in his life; but it was a piece of heroism such as has made many men famous, and such as there is but occasional room for even in a soldier's life.

In thinking over the main details of such a life—filled with constant effort and self-denial, one is apt enough unconsciously to fall into the idea that much must have been owing to mere strength of constitution—to good spirits springing from abounding health and muscular strength. But it may surprise some to know that in spite of fine physical development, Bishop Patteson was never what could be called strong. He often suffered; and was very sensitive to colds, as Miss Yonge incidentally tells us in her very striking portrait of him:—

"He was tall and powerful of frame, broad in the chest and shoulders, and with small neat hands and feet; with more of sheer muscular strength and power of endurance than of healthiness, so that, though seldom breaking down, and capable of undergoing a great deal of fatigue and exertion, he was often slightly ailing, and was very sensitive to cold. His complexion was very

dark, and there was a strongly marked line between the cheeks and mouth, the corners of which drooped when at rest, so that it was a countenance peculiarly difficult to photograph successfully. The most striking feature was his eyes, which were of a very dark, clear blue, full of unusually deep, earnest, and, so to speak, inward yet far away expression. His smile was remarkably bright, sweet, and affectionate, like a gleam of sunshine, and was one element of his great attractiveness. So was his voice, which had the rich, full sweetness inherited from his mother's family, and which always exerted a winning influence over the hearers."

We may well conclude our sketch in the words of one of the New Zealand friends who knew him best: "Fearless as a man, tender as a woman, showing both the best sides of human nature, always drawing out the good in all about him by force of sympathy, and not only taking care that nothing should be done by others that he would not do himself, but doing himself what he did not like to ask of them, and thinking that they excelled him."

II.

CHARLES KNIGHT, THE PUBLISHER.

THE remarkable impulse to the diffusion of cheap literature—which has done so much to prepare the way for the social legislation of the past forty years—was mainly due to the indefatigable exertions of two men, who have both recently passed from among us—Charles Knight and Robert Chambers. England claims the one; Scotland the other. Both were gifted with rare literary powers, and they were alike in this also, that they drew their real influence from their keen interest in the social and moral condition of the people; and while keeping themselves aloof from the noisier currents of political partisanship, did much to infuse into political thought the sentiment of a common good, rising high above all the temporary expedients propounded by political agitators, and furnishing ground for a truer basis of union than could be found in *mere* political enfranchisement. Charles Knight never forgot the lessons of the Windsor bread riots, which he witnessed when yet a boy, and Chambers's "Tracts for the People" (not to mention other works) abundantly proved that the proprietors of them had penetrated to the real principles that lie at the root of national welfare, and had found them to be really social. Embue the masses, they said,

CHARLES KNIGHT.

with the sense of a true and intelligent self-interest, founded on a regard for the demonstrated laws of political economy; raise them above the narrow ignorance and the prejudice which now combine to fix them fatefully to one spot, and to make them more like so many automatons, or like the gin-horse driven in a stereotyped round—and you have done more for the stability of England, and her constitutional forms of government, than any sudden political change could possibly accomplish.

Literature for the people, in the eye of these men, was thus saturated with *ideas*. It has often been said of our cheap literature of the more wholesome kind, that it is either too solid, too much a mere gathering of facts, or else it is a congeries of wild improbabilities: these men showed a high standard, and infused into cheap literature, at its very first outset, certain high, practical aims. Not that this was done in set formal fashion. It lay rather in a spirit which dictated the choice of theme; in a tone which communicated itself to the whole, and which might not inaptly be called the tone of "benevolence;" it did not despise amusement either, but it sought to use it to the furthering of economy, self-restraint, and self-respect. "Cautions, prudent self-control" was with them the foundation of wisdom as with Robert Burns, and they held out all incentives to the practice of it as the first step towards that "fraternity" which, ever since the time of Rousseau and Tom Paine, had laid hold of the minds of the lower orders with a vague but powerful attraction. The men who were thus the chief agents in guiding up to, and starting on, a right road the Spirit which European Democracy, in its first fire of youthful zeal, had conjured up but could not lay again, deserve kindly recognition in these days, when political rights are being more and more secured as the peaceful outcome of much silent

effort and suffering in past times. They were more than mere publishers, they were social reformers, using every fresh addition to their influence in conciliating the various classes, and demonstrating, by their own rise in the social scale, the possibility of a rise for any honest hard-working man who chose to use faithfully the same means as they had used. In this point of view we can profitably regard these two men for a little while; their projects, if not always successful, have lessons; and as the best interpreters to English young men of the only element in the revolutionary programme which deserves permanence or can secure it, their biographies, when once written faithfully from this point of view, will be full of fine teaching and examples. There were some respects in which Charles Knight and Robert Chambers differed, and these we may speak of before we have done: enough has been said to indicate generally how we regard them, and have come to consider ourselves justified in treating of them here. We shall sketch first the career of Charles Knight.

Charles Knight was born at Windsor in 1790. His father became a widower shortly after this event; and it is with a certain consciousness of its meaning, as regards deep and lasting results upon his own character, that he tenderly pictures "the unjoyous head of the desolate household; his passionate caresses of his boy; and his long fits of gloom and silence." From this father, who seems to have all along jealously cared for his child, although seldom or never unbending to anything like childish talk or amusement, Charles Knight inherited some of his finest traits of character—the patience, the mingled cheerfulness and gravity, and the concentration of purpose which so distinguished him. Not only did Charles Knight the elder possess literary tastes, he was

also a man of wide sympathies, though of a nature singularly still and reserved. While full of schemes, which would have absorbed all the energies of another, he was active in public affairs connected with the parish or the corporation, and took an interest in many benevolent objects. He added to his bookselling business that of printing; and published a "Windsor Guide," and also a magazine—the *Microcosm*, conducted by Etonians, to which his son refers with pride, as having brought the old man into communication with George Canning.

In these circumstances it was inevitable that the boy, though tenderly loved, should be left very much to himself. He early formed a taste for reading, and found relief in books, with which luckily his father's shop abundantly supplied him. Perhaps this, combined with his readiness and quick apprehension, tended to make the rote-work of school most distasteful. That this was his experience of his first school, he has himself given very plain testimony. But if school, with its tasks, was irksome, there was plenty of food for the reflecting mind of the boy outside. One evening, as he returns home from the park, a furious mob has gathered in the market-place, and has already smashed several of the bakers' windows. This bread-riot sets him thinking in a very serious manner for a boy of his years; and onward to his old age, the concern for the poor and ignorant then first awakened, seemed to mingle itself with all his plans and efforts.

He sees a deal of royalty and of great folk—gets a glimpse of Pitt, and rubs clothes with Miss Fanny Burney—but that does not brush the painful impression from his mind produced by the riot. He begins to take note of the evils arising from the easy sluggish life of the trading class, and is astonished beyond measure at the

corruption which had become a legitimate trade, with the court for its source and centre. Perhaps it was well for the boy, who was now in some danger of becoming the slave of dark thoughts and morbid fancies, that in his twelfth year he was removed to school at Ealing, under the Rev. Dr. Nicholas. Here, for the first time, he had a real object set before him; he was drawn out of himself, and had his ambition stimulated. His stay here he characterizes as days of "real happiness." Had he been allowed to remain, he thinks he would have fought his way to some solid scholarship. But at the end of two years he was "uprooted from the congenial soil, to be planted once more in the arid sands of Windsor," as his father's apprentice. In this capacity, uncongenial though it was, he had put into his hands tools more fitting for the work he was to do than Ealing, with all its promise of scholarship, could probably have supplied to him. The first effect of the narrow dreary life, however, was desultory reading, day-dreaming, indulgence in morbid fancies, and new reflections upon the defects in the political and social system. He found some relief in learning the printer's trade, and in the cultivation of a passion for rare books—one of his self-imposed tasks, and a characteristic one, having been to restore a very old and mutilated copy of Shakspere.

In his Reminiscences, he has pictured with almost idyllic simplicity this period of his earlier life, which, though dull, was not without its bits of bright colour. Very vividly he recalls and sets down the boyish journeys to and from London; the holiday rambles; the news then stirring the great town, and, wave-like, beating resonant upon Windsor as with slow stage-coach pace they travelled past; the local chatter; the multifarious projects; and the court-gossip, which seems to have

excited most those who were almost daily beholders of royalty—familiarity not in this case breeding contempt. We can trace clearly the effects of the influences among which he passed his earlier days. No doubt some of his unflagging resolution was due to the narrow hampering conditions which surrounded him at the period when his ambition and hunger for a wider sphere began to assert themselves, and to make provincial life dry and irksome; while his repeated disappointments doubtless did something to teach him patience, contentment, and self-control. If his father's shop proved a dull class-room, it at least impressed on him; in the most forcible way, the wisdom of availing himself of the little light that penetrated through stray chinks.

He had at one time entertained a desire to study for the Bar, but his father, under the advice of a friend, made him relinquish the idea; and being thus shut out from any profession, the hill-side road of journalism seemed more and more to open itself out before him. He set earnestly about studying such subjects as would enable him to take a position as a journalist. Meanwhile, being much impressed with the ignorance that prevailed in Windsor, he formed, in conjunction with some dozen young men, a Reading Society, whose influence seems to have been beneficial, though it did not last long, owing chiefly to the general prejudice against adult education. On the failure of this society, his disgust at the dreariness of life in Windsor seems to have risen to its height, and he therefore welcomed with delight an opportunity to go to the metropolis as a reporter on the *Globe*. Here he remained for some months, seeing much of London at an exciting time, and carrying back to Windsor fresh projects and enlarged intellectual vision.

Then came the establishment of the *Eton and Windsor*

Gazette, and the many difficulties in publishing a newspaper with the double burden of stamp-duties and such rigid censorship as made it unsafe to utter an honest opinion—William Cobbett, in 1810, having been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £1,000 for speaking too plainly about flogging in the army. The editing of this newspaper had several good effects upon the mind of Charles Knight. He was brought to see with his own eyes things which before he had only looked at through books. He rode about a great deal, and came often to London, where he received impulses to renewed effort. It was at this time that he first began to interest himself in the Poor Laws, to the improvement of which he contributed not a little. At this time, too, he married, thus "incurring new responsibilities and receiving new motives to exertion."

But this journalistic experience in Windsor was useful in another respect. It tended to direct and modify his schemes of books which he believed the world wanted. In the midst of his many other duties, private and public, he was constantly projecting great works; and it was perhaps all the better that he was not able immediately to carry out his ideas, but that they had to wait and mature themselves slowly. Day by day he was gaining knowledge of men as they are, and, as a result, knowledge of what they needed, and what they could best receive and be interested in. "I may truly say it," he writes, "and I say it for the encouragement of any young man who is sighing over the fetters of his daily labour, and pining for weeks and months of uninterrupted study, that I have found through life that the acquisition of knowledge and a regular course of literary employment are far from being incompatible with literary pursuits. I doubt whether, if I had been all author or all pub-

lisher, I should have succeeded better in either capacity."

Nothing is more noticeable in the career of Charles Knight than the facility with which one thing is made the easy pathway to others. His newspaper at this time was every now and then "opening subjects of a new and interesting character," and these again suggested extensive ramifications of wants in the way of instructive and attractive books. In this respect, indeed, he strikingly resembles Friedrich Perthes, the regenerator of the German book trade, who thus writes of himself in connection with one of his enterprises :—"I have the gift of uniting the dispersed, bringing the distant near together, and tuning any discord of the heart and mind among right-feeling men. This is the plough I have ploughed with all my life." So, without qualification, may we say of Charles Knight. He is a builder and restorer—a patient worker upon scattered, doubtful materials, yet always tuning out from the heap a compact and serviceable whole. In this lies his rare gift: this it was that made him the first great publisher for the masses in this country. Though full of schemes, he is never overridden by ideas; as he says of himself, "the practical and the ideal had possession of my mind at one and the same time, and had no contention for superiority."

But he resembles Perthes in other respects; and since we have coupled them together, we may here follow out the comparison. Not only is Charles Knight lucky as a mere bookmaker; he has what Perthes congratulated himself upon possessing in such a pre-eminent degree—the power of interesting others in his schemes, and of making the staff that breaks in his hand still serviceable, by knowing how to bind it up with others, so that he may contrive in some measure to continue to lean upon

it. Both combine something of the enthusiast with the calm, tempered wisdom of the man of business and of the world; both have large faith, at once in the high possibilities of man and in the grace of God; and both are men of tender hearts, large charity, and childlike hopefulness. Both hold lofty views of the ends literature should always have in view, and are steadfast in keeping their hands pure; and though Charles Knight has not the lofty religious fervour, and the pervasive Christian faith of Perthes, like him he firmly refuses, even for the prospect of a fortune, to ally literature in any manner with what is trivial and dissipating—not to speak of what is in itself low and degrading. Both, too, possess the happy knack of at once seeing the useful side of a man, setting him to his work, and keeping him happy and interested in it. If to Perthes we are indebted for Neander's "Church History," and some of the best of Tholuck's works, then to Charles Knight we owe a debt of gratitude for setting John Kitto on his happiest vein in the "Deaf Traveller" and the "Pictorial Bible;" and for indicating to Professor Craik that pleasant field, which we now regard as pre-eminently his, by right of original occupation.

Another point of resemblance which might be noted is, that when once an idea is seriously entertained, both hold to it with a tenacity which nothing can shake or overcome. Had it not been so with Charles Knight, he had certainly soon retired from a battle, which, from the first, seemed absolutely hopeless, if he had even had the temerity to enter on it. For it must be remembered that at the time when the great idea of reforming literature, and bringing it home to the houses and hearts of the poorest, arose in his mind, books were so scarce that even the middle-class were more ignorant than the

poorest now are; that there were no circulating libraries; that newspapers were four times their present price; and that the only reading within reach of the masses were some old relics of the chap books, embellished with pictures of the coarsest and most grotesque description, and a kind of translations from low French literature, skilfully adapted to the English taste by a hot spice of the seductions and excesses then too common in high life, of which we still have the legitimate continuators in one or two cheap weekly journals of fiction. Along with this ragout of incident and monstrosity there were served up the most truculent and insidious invectives against Crown and Church—the most sacred relations and the most venerable institutions being held up to ridicule. The History of Witchcraft, the Lives of the Highwaymen, the Book of Dreams, and the Newgate Calendar were the only elements of variety the hawker's pack afforded. And even where some love for instruction had been awakened by the increase of books during the previous few years, it had been taken advantage of by the anarchists to instil sentiments the most immoral and unchristian—to elicit discontent, and to imbue youthful minds with the most disastrous ideas of social order and authority. There was positively no good and useful reading within reach of the great crowd, who for the most part spent their leisure time in the tap-room and the skittle-ground, went to see a dog-fight, or amused themselves with waylaying and piteously pelting old women, when there was the least chance of their doing so with impunity. Nothing in fact had been done to draw the humbler class out of the slough of despond in which drunkenness had landed them; the upper classes rather exulted in the example they gave of hard-drinking; and the result was a society sharply divided

into classes with directly opposing interests, all alike given up to sensual indulgence, heartily hating each other, and with no common ground on which they could meet, or common object in which they could join. Mr. Charles Knight, with some humour, describes the volunteers of those days; but even the constant rumours of invasion failed to unite the citizens in anything like a firm and prevailing bond. What he says of his own position with regard to cheap literature, is therefore far from an exaggeration: "I had to estimate what popular literature was at a period when the majority looked upon books for the many as a very dangerous experiment, in giving a direction to the newly-diffused art of reading."

In the midst of all this Charles Knight was constantly revolving schemes for the mental and moral improvement of the people. Never from his boyhood had he ceased to aspire to become a popular educator. "But I felt that one must be content for a while to shut one's eyes to the necessity of some salutary reforms, in the dread that any decided movement towards innovation would be to aid in the work of lopping and topping the sturdy oak of the constitution, till its shelter and its beauty were altogether gone." Under the conviction that the time had come for action, he wrote in the *Windsor Express* of December 11, 1819, an article headed "Cheap Publications," in which he said: "There is a *new power* in society, and they (the vendors of cheap low-class literature) have combined to give that power a direction. The work must be taken out of their hands. . . . . Knowledge must have its worldly as well as its spiritual range; it looks towards heaven, but it treads upon the earth. The mass of useful books are not accessible to the poor. Newspapers, with their admixture of good and evil, seldom find their way into the

domestic circle of the labourer or artisan; the tracts which pious persons distribute are exclusively religious, and the tone of these is often utterly fanatical or puerile. The 'twopenny trash,' as it is called, has seen further, with the quick perception of avarice or ambition, into the intellectual wants of the working-classes. It was just because there was no healthful food for their newly-created appetite that sedition and infidelity had been so widely disseminated."

This article led to Mr. Knight's introduction to Mr. Locker, and the result was that on February 1st, 1820, the first number of the *Plain Englishman* appeared. This was carried on for fully three years, and during that period Mr. Knight thus early learned, in the kind of countenance he received from several quarters, how inadequate was either patronage or the aid of societies to meet the wants of the working classes. The title page of this *Plain Englishman* described the work somewhat too prominently as "comprehending original compositions, and selections from the best writers, under the heads of 'The Christian Monitor,' 'The British Patriot,' 'The Fireside Companion.'" Mr. Knight adds that he looks back upon this strict division of subjects as a mistake, and refers to the fact that Dr. Arnold afterwards spoke in terms of somewhat extravagant commendation of a short article he had written on Mirabeau, in which the error of so distinctively separating the secular and sacred was skilfully avoided. As in the then state of wood-engraving illustrations were not to be thought of, and as the exciting events of the time gave supreme interest to the newspaper, casting such a magazine into the shade, it was found necessary to abandon the *Plain Englishman* on the completion of the third volume in 1822. Mr.

Knight, though he felt that he had aimed too high, failing to hit the exact mean between the useful and the light, had learned a lesson which would enable him to embark with more success in a new scheme for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which, significantly enough, had been the exact title of one of the articles in the *Englishman*.

This connection with Mr. Locker led Mr. Knight to undertake the editorship of the *Guardian*, into which he introduced many new features. But a man like Charles Knight was not likely to settle down contentedly as a newspaper editor. He was haunted by schemes of new magazines. He would profit by the lessons of the past, and win reputation, and perhaps wealth, while realising his desire of educating others. The great object which filled his whole mind so early as 1814, was still present with him with all its force :—"I want to consult you," he then wrote, "about a cheap work we think of publishing in weekly numbers for the use of the industrious part of the community, who have neither money to buy nor leisure to read bulky and expensive books. It will consist of plain essays on points of duty, the evidences of Christianity, selections from the works of the most approved English divines, abstracts of the laws and constitution of Great Britain, history, information on useful arts and sciences, and select pieces of entertainment."

Mr. Knight remained stanchly faithful to his programme; and thus, being embarrassed between two interests, he retired from the *Guardian* and took a shop in Pall Mall East. The *Etonian*—which, in conjunction with his father, he had carried on for some time—had drawn round him a circle of gifted young men, of whom he now bethought himself, as he sat busy planning his new adventure. To them he proposed the publication

of a *Quarterly Magazine*, and they went into it with such good heart, that even before the title was fixed upon, many contributions had reached the editor. This knot of celebrated men, whom it was Mr. Knight's lot to influence, even more deeply perhaps than they influenced him, comprised Macaulay, Praed, Sidney Walker, Henry N. Coleridge, Derwent Coleridge, Henry Malden, and George Moultrie—a cluster likely to loom the larger in significance as we recede further and further from them. The magazine, full of clear and earnest thinking, rich in humour, and pervaded by a most refined spirit, was carried on for some time with great energy. But though it met with hearty welcome from the educated classes, its circulation was not sufficient to render it remunerative, and, in addition to the cares and troubles of the publisher from this source, some misunderstandings arose among the contributors, and it was discontinued after the sixth number. In its pages are to be found Praed's richest wit, and Macaulay's earliest and most spirited ballads, as well as some of the choicest of Moultrie's poems. That it did not succeed seems a grave reflection upon the intelligence of the time; and so the publisher seems to have felt when he announced its discontinuance.

For a short period Mr. Knight was occupied in editing and publishing versions of French memoirs, and doing work of a like character, giving patient ear to complaining authors, and at the same time quietly elaborating another scheme with which to go before the public. This was the "National Library," a cheap series of books, which in a hundred volumes should condense the information only contained in very voluminous and expensive works. In conjunction with Colburn and Whitaker this undertaking was gone into with ardour. But general commercial distress supervening upon bank

failures "stifled the project almost before its birth." Mr. Knight was busy reorganizing his scheme, and bringing it within more manageable limits, when Lord Brougham was engaged in establishing the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. His lordship sent for Mr. Knight, and the result was that the "National Library" was taken over by the Society, and Mr. Knight's business merged into that of Mr. Murray. But differences of opinion about the editorial work soon arose, and "heart-sick at last, I abandoned the whole scheme, leaving it for the imitation of others of more independent means."

But Mr. Knight was never at a loss for something to which he could turn his hand. He once more fell into newspaper editing, assisting Mr. Silk Buckingham on the *Sphinx*—a task which soon became distasteful to him—and editing annuals—a work which was made all the more pleasant by Praed and Moultrie, his old friends on the *Quarterly Magazine*, lending their aid. But this was only a kind of temporary refuge from his own feelings of vexation and disappointment. In July, 1827, he took a step fraught with the greatest importance to himself and to others—he assumed the superintendence of the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The success which had attended the "Library of Useful Knowledge," in its first stages, especially Lord Brougham's introductory manual, encouraged the issue of another series, and accordingly Mr. Knight threw himself into the production of a "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," with all his energy and resolution. In the interests of that and other publications of the Society, he undertook a tour through the busiest portions of industrial England, showing at once his faculty for interesting others in what he had at heart, and in profiting from all he saw of new and strange. But the schemes of the Society increased

to such an extent that Mr. Murray took alarm, and the Society and he parted company. Mr. Knight found a capitalist to bear his part in the new venture, and once more we find him a publisher in Pall Mall.

The great and perhaps the chief advantage Mr. Knight had in this connection with the Society was the men of varied talents to whom it introduced him. Not to mention Brougham, Sir John Herschel, Mr. Spring Rice, and men of this class, he was thus brought into contact with Professor Craik, whose name is now so intimately associated with his as the author of the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," and several other volumes in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge."

While Mr. Knight was busy elaborating these libraries, his eyes were fully open to the great movements going on outside; and in spare moments his pen was ready in communicating practical information and removing the prejudices of the poorer orders. His masterpiece in this respect was the little book upon machinery, of which Mr. Spring Rice said that it had done more for the repression of outrage than a regiment of horse would have effected in any disturbed county. This book brought him once more into direct relation with the Society.

Had Mr. Knight consulted his personal ease, or sought merely that quietude which is the *summum bonum* of the literary aspirant, he certainly would not have declined the offer which was made to him at this juncture by Lord Auckland, of the new office for digesting and arranging Parliamentary and official documents. But he had been for some time busy projecting the *Penny Magazine*, and his anxiety for the education of the masses was too keen to allow him to divide his forces. Still, it was not without difficulty that the aid of the Society was gained, which Mr. Knight in his present

position found to be essential. Some of the hesitant members thought a penny weekly sheet beneath their dignity, and others, secure in their own immunity from danger, opposed the publication of works of fiction as stoutly as if they had been "budge doctors of the stoic fur." But Lord Brougham was accustomed to carry anything that he had resolved upon: and in March 31st the *Penny Magazine* appeared. Mr. Knight, however, had undertaken to bear the risk of publication, and was to act as editor.

Of this adventure Mr. Knight writes:—

"The success of the *Penny Magazine* was an astonishment to most persons; I honestly confess it was a surprise to myself. At the end of 1832 it had reached a sale of 200,000 in weekly numbers and monthly parts. In the preface to the first volume, under the date of December the 18th, I thus wrote:—'It was considered by Edwin Burke, about forty years ago, that there were 80,000 *readers* in this country. In the present year it has been shown, by the sale of the *Penny Magazine*, that there are 200,000 purchasers of one periodical work. It may be fairly calculated that the number of readers of that single work amounts to a million. If this incontestable evidence of the spread of the ability to read be most satisfactory, it is still more satisfactory to consider the species of reading which has had such an extensive and increasing popularity. In this work there has never been a single sentence that could inflame a vicious appetite, and not a paragraph that could minister to prejudices and superstitions which a few years since were common. There have been no excitements for the lovers of the marvellous; no tattle or abuse for the gratification of a diseased taste for personality; and, above all, no party politics.'"

The appearance of the *Penny Magazine* distinctly marks an era in our social history. Together with the "Penny Cyclopædia," to which it directly gave rise, it forms the first instalment of the Poor Man's Library, to complete which so much has since then been accomplished. Though this last was the least successful of Mr. Knight's adventures in a pecuniary point of view, there can be no doubt that these two penny issues were by far the most fruitful of his works with regard to intellectual and moral results. The enterprises he had previously engaged in were to a considerable extent preliminary experiments to guide him, or buttresses to afford leverage in effectively applying this, his great idea.

Though the literature of the *Penny Magazine* was not all original, the selected portion was of a most varied and attractive character, and no pains were spared with the illustrations of the later numbers. Mr. Knight calculated on a sale of upwards of two hundred thousand copies weekly, and this was actually for a short time realised. So great indeed was its success that in the following year the "Penny Cyclopædia" was commenced. But this, perhaps, because it addressed itself to a limited, though increasing, class of readers, already engaged with the magazine, did not itself succeed, and we fear tended to injure the magazine somewhat also. At all events, the sale of the magazine declined, which Mr. Knight accounts for by the taste for garbage having returned. This led to the issue of a new series, which, although in many respects superior, and less ramble scramble (as Dr. Arnold had said of the first numbers), did not maintain the place of the former. Mr. Knight had the magazine wholly turned over on his own hands in 1847, the Society having intimated suspen-

sion of its operations three months before he ended his part in it. All the character of the man comes out in the manner in which he intimates his determination not to continue its publication: "The editor leaves this portion of popular literature to be cultivated by those whose new energy may be worth more than his old experience. The *Penny Magazine* shall begin and end with him. It shall not pass into other hands."

Of the Cyclopædia Mr. Knight writes:—

"The committee had the honour of the work in its extended form, but without incurring any of the risk or contributing one shilling to the cost, the literary expenditure alone having reached nearly £40,000. Upon the completion of the Cyclopædia, 'the balance upon the outlay, above the receipts, was £30,788.' The regular decrease in the sale was very marked. While it continued to be published upon its original plan of one number weekly, the sale was 75,000. The instant there was an issue of two numbers a week, it fell to 55,000, and at the end of its second year it had fallen to 44,000. When the twopence a week became fourpence, the rate of diminution became still more rapid. The sale of the first year was double that of the fourth. The sale of the fourth year doubled that of the eighth year. It then found its level, and became steady to the end—the 55,000 of the latter months of 1833 having been reduced to 20,000 at the close of 1843. The committee of the Society, when the original project had been departed from, and they saw that the undertaking had become to me a burden and a loss, passed a resolution that no rent be paid upon the first 110,000 of each number of the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' Rent was then to commence, and to continue till the work had reached a sale of 200,000, when the Society would no longer ask for a remuneration

for its superintendence. The chronic loss for eleven years which was induced by the Cyclopædia, and which fell wholly upon me, absorbed every other source of profit in my extensive business, leaving me little beyond a bare maintenance, without the hope of laying by for the future."

In his pamphlet, "The Struggles of a Book," Mr. Knight gives a detailed account of his efforts in connection with these publications, and makes an appeal on the basis of his peculiar theory that the paper-tax made competition as regards pure literature wholly impossible. Of this we shall have a word to say afterwards; in the meantime we may merely note the gist of Mr. Knight's complaints. The "Penny Cyclopædia" was commenced in 1833 and finished in 1846. During this period Mr. Knight states that the sum of £16,500 had been paid to the Excise—"an excessive sum, surely, when set against the total cost of literature and engravings—£42,000." He goes on to reckon that the interest and compound interest on the tax makes a charge against the book of £29,000, this charge being increased of course by the demand falling—a circumstance directly attributable to the increase of the tax. The result of all was, in Mr. Knight's opinion, that so long as the tax existed—that is, while high-class and low-class literature are put on the same footing as regards taxation—any great effort for the popularization of literature was impossible. Whatever fallacy may have been wrapt up in the reasonings by which Mr. Knight reached this conclusion, there can be no doubt that his failure was undeserved, and that it was a misfortune for the country that he did fail.

Our excuse for having spent so much time over these two publications, and given so many figures in connection with them, is that they remain *the* great works of Mr. Knight, into which have gone most of his character

and thought. And they have a value in yet another respect. All his later works relate themselves to these two, as the affluents are related to a great stream, or the cells to a Gothic cathedral. His main idea permitted many ramifications, and was constantly suggesting new works. Our belief is that most of Mr. Knight's schemes arose out of his perpetual elaboration of his great idea of a *Penny Miscellany*. We have seen that the "Penny Cyclopædia" was suggested by the first success of the *Penny Magazine*, and we know that his three later Cyclopædias—the "National," the "Imperial," and the "English"—were expansions or condensations of it. All these are great works; like the man who made them, they are solid, firm, complete; you seldom find them tripping. Of the "English Cyclopædia" the *Quarterly Review* said truly:—"It is a work that, as a whole, has no superior—very few equals of its kind; that, taken by itself, supplies the place of a small library, and in a large one is found to present many points of information that are sought for in vain in any other cyclopædia of the English language." And if we are right in this idea of ours as to the original source of Mr. Knight's projects, it would hardly be too bold to suppose that, while he was making the excellent historical sketches and portraits of great men for the *Penny Magazine*, he was laying up materials for his popular histories. Throughout all these there runs clear evidence of his original purpose—to educate the people by showing them their own likeness at different periods. Of the "Popular History of England," which was published in monthly parts at 6*d*., he himself says, "My object was really to write a history in which all the movements that had gone to form the characters of the people should be traced out and exhibited." This work was beautifully illustrated, being

specially meant to secure the attention of the young, and, according to the *Times*, is probably the very best History of England that we possess.

The following sentences from the prospectus of this History are so significant here that we will quote them :—

"The people, if I understand the term rightly, means the commons of these realms, and not any distinct class or section of the population. Ninety years ago, Goldsmith called the middle order of mankind the 'people,' and those below them the 'rabble.' We have outlived all this. A century of thought and action has widened and deepened the foundations of the State. These people then want to find in the history of their country something more than a series of annals, either of policy or war. In connection with a faithful narrative of public affairs, they want to learn their own history—how they have grown out of slavery, out of feudal wrong, out of regal depression, into constitutional liberty, and the position of the greatest estate in the realm."

And again :—"One of the most satisfactory results of educational improvement has been that the great body of the people have learnt better how to take care of their own happiness; with diffused wealth accompanying diffused knowledge, the grosser vices of the middle-class have vanished. The riot and indelicacy that characterized the so-called enjoyments of too many of the trades at the beginning of the century have given place to the tranquil pleasures of home, with some taste for art and literature. The reform of manners began somewhat earlier with the higher class. In the same way, whatever coarseness and profligacy may still exist in the lower, drunkenness, and blasphemy, and indecency are not the habits of the artisan class, but are the exceptions."

And we think it can scarcely be doubted that the marked success of the *Penny Magazine*, through its illustrations, gave Mr. Knight an impulse to energetically work the series of his pictorial books. Merely to name the chief of these is to catalogue their merits. There is the "Popular History of England," already mentioned, which was wholly written by himself, and which alone would have made the fame of any other man: the "Pictorial Bible," into which went the richest of Kitto's thoughts and fancies; the "Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature," the "Pictorial Shakspere," the "Pictorial Gallery of Art," and "Pictorial Half-hours with the Best Authors." To have projected these alone, and to have written a great portion of them, would have been a pretty fair life-work; but, besides these, there is a long list, so long that it would almost weary one to read: there are Libraries for the Times, Pocket Libraries, Stores of Knowledge for all Readers, and Libraries of Entertaining Knowledge; for Mr. Knight's mind did not circle through the narrow orbit of single volumes, but swept through the sphere of complete libraries.

But although our purpose is to paint Charles Knight the publisher, yet it is impossible to look upon him as a publisher merely. He is, as we have said already, emphatically a social reformer. He has always ends beyond those of literature itself. He walks in a patriotic sphere; and it is from this that his highest impulses are derived. His mind, as we have seen, was first directed to cheap literature of a sound and healthy nature in seeking a panacea to the discontent and disorganization which in his youth prevailed among the working-classes, issuing in riots and sedition, and direct assaults upon the throne itself. And this patriotic idea did not lose but gained force from being viewed in relation to religious

wants. We may therefore regard him as moderating effectively between the poorer orders and the literary class, then rising into influence, and threatening to be removed in real sympathy at least from what has been called "the great unwashed," mainly owing to the clamour and excess into which heavy pressure from many causes had driven them. Importing into every subject an immediate human interest, he softens political differences, and almost unconsciously unites in the most permanent and effective manner the different classes of society, by awakening ideas round which common activities may circle.

That his exertions were directed, and his purposes deepened, by the warm interest which from his early manhood he took in the social difficulties then perplexing all politicians and good men, there can be no doubt. The matter for surprise is that his keen interest in all these questions never tended to make him drift away from literature. During the last period of his stay in Windsor, he was connected with nearly all the societies of a benevolent and religious character in the place—from the Auxiliary Bible Society to the committee for relief of the poor. His appearances at the meetings of the latter were by no means inspiriting to some of the members who were inclined to get over matters easily. We should like to have been present that night when he came forward as a declared innovator, by making the startling proposal that the members of the committee should visit the out-door poor in their own homes. Was ever such a thing heard of? How the Jobsons would stare, and the Joneses sneer! But Knight was fixed in his purpose and carried his point. He was firmly convinced that the members knew nothing of the actual state of things, and that even the assistant over-

seer was totally ignorant of the real condition of the one hundred and fifty recipients of weekly relief. And the results were such, we believe, as justified the innovation. He went deeply into the question of the poor-rates, and offered some suggestions for the improvement of their administration, which were full of practical value.

Even on the men of thought and culture who were brought into association with him, his influence in this direction was most marked. And the result was, that they all came to view literature more or less in its relations to moral and religious progress—to look on it as a means to an end; a great educational instrument, to be dealt with seriously. Even about the lighter efforts of Praed and Moultrie, in the *Quarterly Magazine*, there is an atmosphere of earnestness and purity, which, doubtless, owes something to Knight's presence behind the individual author as he writes. We can even believe that Macaulay's liberalism took some tone from his relations with Charles Knight, and it would furnish a good subject for political speculators, how far thoughtful liberals of to-day, in their efforts for the advancement of the working-classes, are still wielding his instruments, running on rails which he long ago laid down. Thus, on all that comes from Knight there is the stamp of a lofty tone; it has the ring of true metal, and will bear the keenest scrutiny. His lively interest in political and social questions, which had stirred his heart to its depths in his young days at Windsor, remains with him to the end. He never acts without some more or less conscious reference to the effect he will produce upon the great mass of the people.

Yet the very loftiness of his regard for literature and its possibilities tempted him sometimes to be unjust to those whom he so devotedly sought to benefit. His

failure at the very points where he most deserved to win, led him to look on the tastes of the masses as so depraved that elevation through literature, however good and however cheap, seemed hopeless, unless legislation could contrive some means of setting a premium upon the good. A man who has devoted his energies towards raising those who have lapsed below citizenship to some sense of their responsibilities to the State, may be excused if, in the bitter moment of disappointment and loss and failure, he thinks that burdens, equally imposed, press with a special weight on those who have the loftiest aims. No doubt, this is not unfrequently the case; but it certainly is not the business of the State to set itself up as a literary censor, simply as such. Literature, like art, provides a police of its own, who alone, in the last resource, can be efficient. If the lines are drawn tight, there is a danger that literature may suffer more from the precautions taken to guard it than from any possible license that could have been permitted to it. Lord Chamberlains have not achieved much; and such an act as Lord Campbell's is, after all, a mere measure of police, passed to put down nuisances. Every piece of legislation framed in the interest of "pure" literature, whether or not with a "fiscal" suppressive look towards certain sections of it, is sure to be only a source of confusion and evil, unless it can justify itself as mere matter of police—which means, of course, peace and "good order."

It is all very well to say that a certain style of publication can only presumably breed thieves and blackguards; but it is a different matter to "prove it," as was required by the cool, self-sustained Scotchman, of whom Dean Ramsay tells, when he was called a liar and a scoundrel.

Mr. Knight, as we have seen, attributed his failure with

the *Penny Magazine* and "Penny Cyclopædia," to the increase of a taxation which, however, was equally levied on good and bad alike. The correctness of Mr. Knight's principle has not been demonstrated by the stern logic of events. Wholly the reverse, indeed. The tax of which he complained so bitterly, and to which he attributed his lack of success, has been repealed, but the "blood and thunder" penny weeklies still issue forth in tons. Before the law both classes of publishers stand equal in exemption now as in burdens then. The advantage which Mr. Knight grieved to find so entirely on the side of his opponents, so far, remain with them still. They sell largely; their vendors, many of them, flourish and retire with fortunes. Facts are open to any one who looks carefully into the matter which prove that the fiscal changes which have enlarged the field for cheap high-class literature, have also operated in an equal ratio in enlarging what Mr. Knight has called "the garbage field, or stream of sewer, literature."

In the concluding address to the *Penny Magazine*, Mr. Knight wrote: "I rejoice that there are many in the field, and some who have come at the eleventh hour deserve the wages of zealous and faithful labourers. But there are others who are carrying out the principle of cheap weekly sheets, to the disgrace of the system, and who appear to have got some considerable hold upon the less-informed of the working people, and especially upon the young. There are manufactories in London whence hundreds of reams of vile paper and printing issue weekly; where large bodies of children are employed to arrange types at the wages of shirt-makers, from *copy* furnished by the most ignorant at the wages of scavengers. In truth, such writers, if they deserve the name of writers, *are* scavengers. All the garbage that belongs to

the history of crime and misery is raked together to diffuse a moral miasma through the land in the shape of the most vulgar and brutal fictions."

The years that have passed since these words were written do not rob them of truth and exactitude. The increase of this garbage literature was so great that, in the early part of 1870, the very Post Office, groaning under the infliction, rebelled. In the month of April the quantity of garbage literature sent for transmission to the colonies was so tremendous that the Postmaster-General, in spite of his desire to aid in the circulation of good literature, resolved to withdraw cheap postage to the colonies from all magazines alike—thinking it better to shut out the good than to foster the worthless. From the depository of one publication, which must be ranked with the garbage, if not even the sewer, class, were sent to the Post Office no less than three tons in one day. Ominous facts truly, in view of the much-vaunted improvement we hear of constantly. Have we then any hope at all for better things? We believe a great reform is imminent. Firstly, the Education Act, for which Charles Knight and his fellow-labourers did so much unconsciously or half-consciously to pave the way, we believe will prove a quick and efficient process of transforming one class of readers into another class; and, with its manifold related influences, it must soon change the whole aspect of the field of cheap literature. What Charles Knight hardly dreamt of, though he was a silent agent in bringing it to the birth, will soon be a "potent minister," preparing the way for other Charles Knights, who will look back to him as their great exemplar. And then, we must remember that, vile though it may seem from certain standpoints—that are, after all, more or less arbitrary—we get in this literature, bad though it be,

occasional glimpses of the better side of human nature. The very existence of it, indeed, is a witness to one of the deepest and most hopeful needs of man—a real interest in something beyond the limited circle of hard daily routine; and the self-denial undergone by the vast majority of the poor in order to the gratification of this appetite, is a fact on which Charles Knight, had he only been less soured and depressed by successive failures where success had been so well-deserved by him, might have relied for the ultimate victory of the side on which he fought. Without any positive legislation of repression, legislation, in obedience to the demand of a wise and enlightened opinion, is, by slow degrees, yet not the less surely, achieving the revolution so much desired. The hunger for vivid pictures of human life—for incidents that bring near to jaded minds the sense of a freer, if a wilder and more unfettered, mode of existence than they have any direct knowledge of—for passion, and power, and morality bound up with overdone sentiment and wild improbabilities, is not evil in its origin, but only in its perversion, and when these are dissociated from all trace of real literary art. It is much when it can be said of Charles Knight that while, up to his death in 1871, he never ceased to wage unyielding, scornful war against the garbage-literature, he has yet shown the most efficient means of superseding it, notwithstanding the hopeless tone in which he allowed himself latterly to speak. Those who are to follow up the social measures of the past few years by sowing, in the prepared furrows, the seeds of a true popular literature, must not forget to acknowledge, in the most practical way, the great wisdom, and forecast, and devotion of Charles Knight; and in so doing they may justly feel that they are thereby aiding to erect for him a true memorial, and one such as he would himself have

heard of with unqualified delight. Let him be remembered as the first who, in face of gigantic difficulties, and with hardly a prospect save that of personal loss, aimed at providing a genuine people's literature in England.

III.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, THE EDITOR.

"I LOVE a sufficient man; he meets my need," says Emerson. He does not, however, exactly define what the word "sufficient" is meant to cover; but we have no difficulty in getting very near to his meaning. To be sufficient is to give to the spectator, whether the most inquisitive or the most casual, the idea at once of fitness for the place held, and yet of a sympathy and capacity for something beyond it. But, indeed, the one implies the other. Where was the mere pedagogue ever found really in place—ever felt to be *sufficient?* He would govern by inch measure, by simple rule of thumb; and men will not long contentedly conform to such a standard as that, whether in great things or small—the conduct of a village or of a great State. The sufficient man must sympathize, be ready to see where the shoe pinches; to lighten the burden of others, even when he helps himself. From this he gains his authority; even when he seems to defy conventional standards and accepted modes, he has yet touched a deeper string; and the unrecorded suffrages of the mass go with him, and, at last, justify him, meeting him with the flower of success.

Self-respect is thus a first element in sufficience; for no man's sympathy is worth much which is not qualified

and directed so far by a sense of his own due. Without this, emotion, however noble in object and intent, soon becomes weak and mawkish. A man must estimate his own due in the current coin of the realm sometimes, however willing he may be to forego it again in a moment of great peril, and look higher. About the sufficient man there is, therefore, a sense of the possibility, at least, of self-sacrifice; of seeing in emergencies beyond the want and the charge of the moment. Hence, as we have said, there comes *contented* conformity to his requirements and his ways, because of faith in his will as strong enough to rise above circumstances. All greatness, in truth, lies here; and the sufficient man is so, not because he abstracts himself from the needs and claims of feeling, but because he controls and directs it with such self-possession, that he is always felt to have a reserve upon which he can draw. He must have real objects; he must have true occasion before he will yield himself to impressions which, acting on the emotions, keenly absorb the strength that should be husbanded. In this point of view, William Wordsworth was, perhaps, the most *sufficient* poet since Shakespere.* And this reference may, perhaps, be pardoned when, to bring the matter to the practical illustration we have promised, we have to deal with literary men. And let it be said at once that the mere literary man, as commonly conceived of, that is, as a shy, recluse, practically helpless student, is never a sufficient man. He is dependent. He allows his need of sympathy to make him subservient to the individual opinion with which the most accidental circumstances bring him in contact; whereas the true man of letters believes, and must believe, in a general sentiment with which, if he is in accord, individual

* See Mr. R. H. Hutton's Essays. Vol. II., p. 102.

judgment, *per se*, will be of no account. "Never mind the light on your statue now," said Michael Angelo to his young friend; "the light of the public square will test it." And so it is in a thousand things. It is the light of the public square which searches and tries; it is the final element, the atmosphere, which you want to enclose in your work, assured that to it the external will answer—educing fitness, proportion, harmony.

Literature, therefore, as little as any other great interest of life, can stand apart as a mere organ of expression, existing only by the polite rules to which expression may, for its own sake, conform. It must everywhere touch life, enclose, and represent it; and the greatest literary men must of necessity be, and have been, sufficient men apart from it. We have seen how Charles Knight—to go no further, for instance, though names by scores rush to the memory—after a long experience, held that his being both publisher and author had been in his favour; that if he had been all the one or all the other, he could never have gained the influence he did gain, or have done the work he did. A full-hearted interest in the main currents of life and opinion; a ready sympathy for all that is strong and genuine in individual character, and a willingness to serve the weak and suffering, and to make it evident to those who, because of elevated position, are not *en rapport* with the baser conditions amid which others live, that their true interest is bound up in the elevation of all, at least, to a level where intelligent obedience to law is possible for them; such an interest as this, we say, it is one of the main businesses of literature to awaken and to sustain. And certainly society owes no slight debt to the men who have endeavoured faithfully thus to let the two extremes of the social scale know about each other,

through the only medium possible to either of them—print.

Looked at in this point of view, literature, as a noble interpreter between naturally opposing spheres of life, is, in its social aspect, conservative of necessity; in its individual aspect, it is as much of necessity radical. It will, from the side of poetry, seek to sanctify and elevate the past, and draw traditions of conduct and self-denial from it which, however, it cannot, by possibility, set down in hard and fast rules; and it must at the same time assert the dignity of manhood—"the rank" as "but the guinea stamp"—and hold forth everything as, in effect, possible to perseverance, self-restraint, the "cautious, prudent, self-control" that is wisdom's root.

Many and vexed have been the discussions over what constitutes genius—and very little practical result has come of them. Definitions, however fine, are indifferent or inadequate; but it is clear that genius can never serve itself heir to its true estate apart from industry and gigantic perseverance. We will not reopen the discussion here, but content ourselves with saying that a certain touch of genius must always accompany sufficience. The sufficient man does not look at things as other men do, does not think exactly as others do; but that is not because he assumes himself to be more primarily gifted, but rather because he has had more patience in making sure of his mental footing at every step he has taken. Sir William Thomson is not wrong when he says, great discoveries are the result of exact measurements, though his words look extreme. The true worker can trust results. He is not impatient: he labours on, and waits well. He is healthy, if he may seem self-contained, and is seldom a grumbler. His gift, whatever it may be, acknowledges its cousinship to labour; and

brow-sweat, brain-sweat, do not cause him repugnance. He abstracts himself, and yet he practically confesses in every determination that the moral elements cannot be developed save by quiet application.

Happy inspirations may come; they need labour to give them adequate setting. After all, then, is it not plain that what is demanded for literature, as for other departments of life, is less self-conceit of genius, which soon leads to isolation, and more of the humble qualities of patience and industry which as assuredly lead to new virtues—love of order, prudence, economy, and self-respect? Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry, has, in a recent lecture, so well brushed away some of the misconceptions that surround the subject into which we have, with full intention, drifted, that we cannot help quoting his words here:

"That theory is false and mischievous which represents the child of genius as a being above common moral rules, a thing of impulses from heaven or otherwise, without industry or regularity. It is not the teaching of a Puritan, but of Diderot, that even the painter's work is deteriorated by his life. Speaking of a painter of talent, he says: 'Degradation of taste, of colour, of composition, of design, has followed, step by step, the depravation of his character. What must the artist have on his canvas? That which he has in his imagination? What can he have in his imagination? That which he has in his life!' The noblest passages in 'Don Juan' are marred by the sudden sneer with which the profligate imagination turns upon its higher self. Richard Savage and Edgar Allan Poe represent the highest point which a poet, working upon the sensational theory, is likely to attain. The man who has force and genius enough to perform any work of transcendent excellence, is possessed by a yearning after an unattained and unattainable ideal. He *must* toil;

and toil is generally moralizing. The star of the Ideal scarcely ever shone out full and clear before the eye of any soul who had not searched for her carefully, almost with tears. True genius is not apt to be eccentric or haggard. Feverish debauchery, the access of *delirium tremens*, is inconsistent with it. Inspiration, no doubt, is apparently capricious. It is our *hap* to find the moments, which are called *happy* because there is no clock by which we can keep an appointment with them. But there is one indispensable condition for inspiration, which will not, indeed, ensure it, but without which it will never come. When the preliminaries are completed, when the education is over, when the brain and hand have done enough in the way of preparation—then genius writes the lines which the world will not willingly let die; and paints, or carves, or speaks, with a masterful spontaneousness. But it is the spontaneousness of a second and disciplined nature. The orator is *made*. The master of style has formed and fashioned his implements. Until that is done, extempore writing is as pointless as extempore speaking. Even the poet, whose gift comes more directly to him—who might appear neither to toil nor spin—whose creative exuberance seems innate—is using materials which have been laid up by careful processes. Shakespere must have watched the bees, and learned the great leading principles of human society, before he could have drawn out the marvellous analogy from the bee—

> 'Those singing masons building roofs of gold.'

No considerable speech was ever delivered but by a man who knew its subject-matter well enough, at least, to catch its more passionate expressions, and to present it to others with clearness and animation. And so inspira-

tion does not drive forth the artist panting and dishevelled. It is not his irregularity which is the condition of his inspiration, though the two things may, of course, co-exist."

Sufficience, which we regard as, at least, one practical expression of genius, is thus, in one point of view, the capacity to look on the outward facts of life, and to read them as clearly as if emotion did not exist; and then, in a moment of sudden access, to discern through them the possibility of union, and take advantage of it by simple means, as round the thread the sugar-crystals obediently and easily take form for daily use. Perseverance that qualifies itself for this illuminating process at every step which it takes—full of faith in the future, and snatching a peaceful satisfaction from the present, this is its mark and benison; and it matters not in what department of activity it may be thrown, the master qualities will still assert and adequately support themselves.

To justify our having chosen to write in this manner by way of introducing Robert Chambers, who exhibited the qualities we have dwelt upon in no common measure, we shall quote an anecdote, and then proceed to a simple outline of his life and doings, assured that our readers, young and old, will follow us to the end. This is the anecdote which ought to have had, though it certainly does not have, a place in Dr. William Chambers's sketch of his brother, with whom he was so closely identified through a long life:—

"In the year 1824 there was commenced in the town of Dysart a library under the designation of the 'Trades' Library.' In these days, books were not to be purchased at anything like the prices of the present time, and as the sum at the disposal of the committee was limited, it was resolved that second-hand books were to be procured

with which to start. For the purpose of making a suitable selection, a few gentlemen proceeded to Edinburgh—a journey and a voyage combined. At the head of Leith Walk the late Dr. Robert Chambers had commenced business in a small way, and, like many others who afterwards became heads of great publishing houses, did not disdain to deal in second-hand books. Among other books selected as deemed suitable for quenching the thirst for knowledge in the Dysart folks, was a volume entitled 'Travels in Italy, by John Moore, M.D.' In the centre of the book, however, it was discovered that four leaves were amissing, which rendered it unsaleable. Determined to effect a sale, Chambers told them that if they took it he would make it complete. And neatly, too, he did it. With a crow quill he printed the eight pages, and rebound the book. The printing is quite as easily read as the rest of the text, and the whole transaction is a good example of that energy of purpose and indomitable perseverance which enabled him, along with his brother, to found the vast publishing and printing concern of to-day."

A friend of ours tells us that he has seen the book and admires the neatness with which the inserted part had been put in.

The brothers Chambers were both born in Peebles on the Tweed—William in 1800 and Robert in 1802—and came of people of substance on both sides. But the father was a man of over-pliant disposition, always talking about independence, yet day by day selling or rather giving away his children's birthright, without due regard for the mess of pottage. He was intelligent beyond his position; social and with many attractive qualities; but he lacked the shrewdness and suspicion and firmness which shine so conspicuously in most of those who make money in a

small way in a small town. So, when the weaving trade failed, his already stinted resources threatened to dry up, and his folly in implicitly trusting to the honour of a set of French prisoners of war, who made large promises, but of course never paid him, brought affairs to a crisis; and his acting on the advice of a relative, who had his own interests to serve in the matter, ruined him altogether. Clearly an intelligent, conscientious, good, but foolish man, who, as the world says, is his own worst enemy; but who, in his foisonlessness and want of practical foresight and energy, sadly injured those nearly connected with him. It was lucky for the boys that this crisis was warded off, by the mother's great tact, till they were eleven or twelve years old. They seem to have enjoyed so thoroughly the freshness, the freedom, the unconventionality of that old Peebles life. All its odd ways; its yet odder "characters" —many of them the very originals from whom Scott painted his immortal creations—seem to have been endeared to them. Willie Paterson, with his tasselled top-boots; "Daft Jock Grey"—possibly the original of "Davie Gellatly"—with his jingling ballads; Laird Baird, from whom Scott got a touch or two for his Habakkuk Mucklewrath; Davie Loch, and Drummer Will the constable; Miss Ritchie (of whom Meg Dods, in "St. Ronan's Well," is a rough and strong portraiture); and Tam Fleck, who went the circuit of Peebles with his tome of Josephus to entertain family after family with his readings therefrom. "Weel, Tam, what's the news the nicht?" would be asked him. "Bad news, bad news," Tam would reply. "Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem, and it's gaun' to be a terrible business." The women still span all the clothing for the household use—linen and woollen; there was only one bookseller in Peebles, and his back-shop was a cow-stall; the strict

division of society in classes had not come into vogue; and the quaint old Scotch customs were still duly observed.

Mr. Robert Chambers himself thus describes his native town:—

"There was an old and a new town in Peebles, each of them a single street, or little more; and as even the new town had an antique look, it may be inferred that the old looked old indeed. But it was indeed chiefly composed of thatched cottages, occupied by weavers and labouring people—a primitive race of homely aspect, in many instances eking out a scanty subsistence by having a cow on the town common, or cultivating a *rig* of potatoes in the fields close to the town. Rows of porridge *luggies* (small wooden vessels) were to be seen cooling on the window-soles; a smell of peat-smoke pervaded the place; the click of the shuttle was everywhere heard during the day, and in the evening the grey old men came out in their Kilmarnoch night-caps, and talked of Bonaparte, on the stone seats beside their doors. The platters used in these humble dwellings were all of wood, and the spoons of horn; knives and forks rather rare articles. The house was generally divided into two apartments by a couple of *box-beds* placed end to end—a bad style of bed prevalent in cottages all over Scotland; they were so close as almost to stifle the inmates. Among these humble people all costumes, customs, and ways of living, smacked of old times. You would see a venerable patriarch making his way to church on Sunday, with a long-backed, swing-tailed, light-blue coat of the style of George II., which was probably his marriage coat, and half a century old. His head gear was a broad-brimmed blue bonnet. The old women came out on the same occasions in red scarves, called

cardinals, and white *mutches* (caps) bound by a black ribbon, with the grey hair folded back on the forehead. There was a great deal of drugget and huckaback and serge in that old world, and very little cotton; one might almost think he saw the humbler Scotch people of the seventeenth century before his eyes."

Of the customs and superstitions of the people, he adds:—"Although the belief in witchcraft had died out generally, it was still entertained in a limited way by the less enlightened classes. I have a recollection of a poor woman being reputed as a witch, and that it was not safe to pass her cottage without placing the thumb across the fourth finger, so as to form the figure of the cross. This species of exorcism I practised under instructions from boys older than myself. I likewise remember seeing salt thrown on the fire as a guard against the evil eye, when aged women suspected of not being quite *canny*, happened to call at a neighbour's dwelling. The aged postman, as was confidently reported, never went on his rounds with the letters without a sprig of rowan-tree (mountain ash) in his pocket, as a preservative against malevolent influences. There was no police. Offenders against the law were usually captured by a town-officer, at the verbal command of the provost, who administered justice in an off-hand way behind his counter, amidst miscellaneous dealings with customers, and ordered off alleged delinquents to prison, without keeping any record of the transaction. Dismission from confinement took place in the like abrupt and arbitrary manner."

And then what a picture of rustic simplicity and content we have in this:

"A considerable number of persons, as has been said, kept a cow. The going forth of the town cows

to their pasturage on a neighbouring hill, and their return, constituted leading events in the day. Early in the summer mornings, the inhabitants were roused by inharmonious sounds blown from an ox-horn by the town herd, who leisurely perambulated the streets with a grey plaid twisted round his shoulders. Then came forth the cows deliberately, one by one, from their respective quarters, and took their way instinctively by the bridge across the Tweed, their keeper coming up behind to urge forward the loiterers. Before taking the ascent to the hill, the cows, in picturesque groups, might have been seen standing within the margin of the Minister's Pool, a smooth part of the river, which reflected on its glistening surface the figures of the animals in various attitudes, along with the surrounding scenery; the whole—river, cows, and trees—forming a tableau such as would have been a study for Berghem or Wouvermans."

So that it was not an utterance of mere individual conceit on the part of that good old burgher, who, enabled by some strange chance to visit Paris, was questioned eagerly on his return as to the character of that capital, but only replied, "Paris, a' thing considered, is a wonderfu' place—but still, Peebles for pleesure!"

For "pleesure," doubtless, to the boys also; for, although in most towns the burgh school was excellent, not unfrequently with a master in it who had passed through the prescribed curriculum and taken licence, that is, become a clergyman, and was an able teacher, yet the inferior schools were too often indifferent. This was the case with the first school to which the Chamberses were sent, in which Kitty Cranston, a poor old widow, when her pupils were reading the Bible in class, would

tell them to leave out the difficult words, such as Maher-shalal-hash-baz. "These," she told the children, "might be a passover." When, however, Robert Chambers was transferred to the burgh school, he was in better hands, and William has to confess that his younger brother soon outstripped him. He thus informs us regarding the education imparted:—

"Laying aside any consideration of the elementary branches and the classics, the amount of instruction at these schools was exceedingly slender. At not one of them was there taught any history, geography, or physical science. There was not, in my time, a map in any of the schools, in which respect the place had fallen off; for at the sale of the effects of Mr. Oman, a previous teacher, my father had bought a pair of old globes, and it was chiefly from these that my brother and I obtained a competent knowledge of the terrestrial and celestial spheres. I finish with stating that my entire education, which terminated when I was thirteen years of age, cost, books included, somewhere about six pounds. So little was taught in the way of general knowledge, that my education, properly speaking, began only when I was left to pick it up as opportunities offered in after-life."

It is astonishing how much men often owe to their defects, or what in an ordinary view would seem drawbacks. Robert Chambers was burdened with a deformity which rendered him from boyhood totally unable to share in many physical exercises; and his father's intellectual aspirations, which certainly did not help him in his worldly prospects, yet was the means of putting in the way of his sons books which, in such a quiet, humdrum corner as Peebles, they might not otherwise have seen. William Chambers says:—

"Robert and I had a strange congenital malformation.

We were sent into the world with six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot. By the neighbours, as I understand, this was thought particularly lucky; but it proved anything but lucky for one of us. In my own case, the redundant members were easily removed, leaving scarcely a trace of their presence; but in the case of Robert the result was very different. The supernumerary toes on the outside of the foot were attached to, or formed part of, the metatarsal bones, and were so badly amputated as to leave delicate protuberances, calculated to be a torment for life. This unfortunate circumstance, by producing a certain degree of lameness and difficulty in walking, no doubt exerted a permanent influence over my brother's habits and feelings. Indisposed to indulge in the boisterous exercise of other boys —studious, docile in temperament, and excelling in mental qualifications—he shot ahead of me in all matters of education. . . . . Though not disposed to be so sedentary as my brother, I had scarcely a less ardent attachment to books. These, however, I possessed no means of purchasing. To procure the object of my desire, I executed with a knife various little toys, which I exchanged for juvenile books with my better-provided companions. The room occupied by my brother and myself was more like a workshop than a sleeping apartment, on account of the disorder which was caused by these mechanical operations."

And, most wonderful fact for Peebles, that queer old bookseller, Sandy Elder, had had the enterprise to buy a copy of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" and one of the few good investments old Chambers made was to take it off Sandy's hands. It lay in a big old chest in a garret in their house, where Robert Chambers found it. But so important was the bearing this Encyclopædia had

on his mental formation and future career, that we must allow him to tell the story of it.

"It seems a curious reminiscence of my first bookseller's shop that, on entering it, one always got a peep of a cow, which quietly chewed her cud close behind the book-shelves, such being one of Sandy's means of providing for his family. Sandy was great in Shorter Catechisms, and what he called *spells*, and school Bibles and Testaments, and in James Lumsden's (of Glasgow) halfpenny coloured pictures of the 'World Turned Up-side Down,' 'Battle of Trafalgar,' &c.; and in penny chapbooks of an extraordinary coarseness of language. He had stores, too, of school slates and *skeely*, of paper for copies, and of pens, or rather quills, for made pens were never sold then, one of which he would hand us across his counter, with a civil glance over the top of his spectacles, as if saying, 'Now, laddie, see and mak' a gude use o't.' But Sandy was enterprising and enlightened beyond the common range of booksellers in small country towns, and had added a circulating library to his ordinary business. My father, led by his strong intellectual tastes, had early become a supporter of this institution, and thus it came about that by the time we were nine or ten years of age, my brother and I had read a considerable number of the classics of English literature, or heard our father read them. . . . . When lately attending the Wells of Hamburgh, I had but one English book to amuse me, Pope's translation of the 'Iliad,' and I felt it as towards myself an affecting reminiscence, that exactly fifty years had elapsed since I perused the copy from Elder's library, in a little room looking out upon the High Street of Peebles, where an English regiment was parading recruits raised for Wellington's Peninsular campaign.

"There was something considerably superior to the

common book-trader in my friend Alexander Elder; for his catalogue included several books striking far above the common taste, and somewhat costly withal. . . . . In a fit of extraordinary enterprise, Sandy had taken into his library the successive volumes of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and had found nobody but my father in the slightest degree interested in them. My father made a stretch with his moderate means and took the book off Sandy's hands. It was a cumbrous article in a small house; so, when the first interest in its contents had subsided, it had been put into a chest (which it filled), and laid up in an attic beside the cotton wefts and the meal ark. Roaming about there one day, in that morning of intellectual curiosity, I lighted upon the stored book, and from that moment for weeks all my spare time was spent beside the chest. It was a new world to me. I felt a profound thankfulness that such a convenient collection of human knowledge existed, and that here it was spread out like a well-plenished table before me. What the gift of a whole toy-shop would have been to most children, this book was to me. I plunged into it. I roamed through it like a bee. I hardly could be patient enough to read any one article, while so many others remained to be looked into. . . . . What a year that was to me, not merely in intellectual enjoyment, but in mental formation. I believe it was my eleventh, for before I was twelve, misfortune had taken the book from us to help in satisfying creditors. The themes first presented to the young mind certainly sink into it deepest. The sciences of which I obtained the first tracings through the Encyclopædia, have all through life been endeared to me above the rest. The books of imagination which I first read from Elder's library have ever borne a preference in my heart, whatever may

be the judgment of modern taste regarding them. It appears to me somewhat strange that, in a place so remote, so primitive, and containing so little wealth, and at a time when the movement for the spread of knowledge had not yet been thought of, such an opportunity for the gratification of an inquiring mind should have been presented. It was all primarily owing to the liberal spirit of enterprise which animated this cow-keeping country bookseller."

And he might almost have added "to the odd intellectual curiosity of my father, which unluckily, as is so often the case, did not consist with the hard, shrewd common-sense, without the exercise of which success in any calling is hardly possible." But surely this is a beautiful pendant to the above: "I raise statues in my heart to Fielding and Sterne, who lent such a charm to years during which intellectual enjoyments were few; and to many others who nowhere have statues of bronze or marble; and I likewise deem it not unfitting that there should be flower-crowned miniatures in my bosom of James Sloan [his teacher] and Sandy Elder."

On coming to Edinburgh, in 1813, the world looked very hard to them. The father found people too sharp for him. If it had not been for the patient, discreet tact of the mother—eternal honour to her!—the family would assuredly have gone down. She planned, she pinched, she yielded wisely to the inevitable, saved, and worked, but kept them all respectable. William, who had a decided leaning to literature and would even have thought it gratified by becoming a bookseller's apprentice, is at first disappointed and has to trudge down to Leith, seeking a situation, only to be scowled at by a vulgar grocer, who looked at him as he would at a beast of burden, and declared him too weakly to be a grocer.

But, returning home, he sees in a bookseller's window a ticket—"An apprentice wanted." He applies, and obtains the place—his wages being four shillings a week. Robert was still at school. This went on for fully a year, when the father procured a situation at the salt-pans at Joppa, Robert walking up and down from there to Edinburgh daily. William, however, was now, at fifteen, thrown entirely on his own resources. "From necessity, no less than choice, I resolved at all hazards to make the weekly four shillings serve for everything. *I cannot remember the slightest despondency on the subject.*"

He found lodgings in the house of a Peebles woman; and as he could not afford light, would read in the evenings at the kitchen-fire, with the book quite close to it, there being no other light available. "My landlady," he says, "had the reputation of being excessively parsimonious, but as her honesty was of importance to me in my position, and as she consented to let me have a bed, cook for me, and allow me to sit by her fireside—the fire, by the way, not being much to speak of—for the reasonable charge of eighteen-pence a week, I was thought to be lucky in finding her disposed to receive me within her establishment." In the evenings, he used to haunt the book-auctions held in Edinburgh at night, as he had done before he became apprentice; and by this means he extended his knowledge of books. He gives us some odd details of his domestic life then:—

"The charge made for my accommodation in these quarters left some scope for financiering as regards the remaining part of my wages. It was a keen struggle, but, like Franklin, whose autobiography I had read with avidity, I faced it with all proper resolution. My contrivances to make both ends meet were in some degree amusing. As a final achievement in the art of cheap

living, I was able to make an outlay of a shilling and ninepence suffice for the week. Below that I could not well go. Reaching this point, I had ninepence over for miscellaneous demands, chiefly in the department of shoes, which constituted an awkwardly heavy item. On no occasion did I look to parents for the slightest pecuniary subsidy. Was there none, all this time, to lend a helping hand to the struggling bookseller's apprentice? I did not put any one to the test. My mother had some relations in town moving in respectable circles, but they were connected with the worthless personage whose conduct had insured my father's ruin; and, passing over any unpleasant recollections on this score, I felt disinclined to court their intimacy. Admitting that I may in this respect have acted with unreasonable shyness, I am inclined to think that the policy of keeping aloof was the most advantageous in the end. Isolation was equivalent to independence of thought and action. Contact with the relatives I speak of would have been subjection."

Though his master was on the whole kind, he was terribly put to it by overwork. The business embraced a State-lottery agency as well as a circulating library; and William had to deliver books and look after lottery tickets. It tried his powers of endurance, but gave him rare opportunities of studying character, which he seems to have duly taken advantage of. An admission to the debtors' prison in the Old Tolbooth furnished him with new and odd enough acquaintances; and of this resource both brothers by-and-by made use, to find their experiences afterwards of high literary value. And, though he was not allowed to read in the shop, he could take home a book to read, and availed himself of the privilege. He became acquainted with an original and certainly

liberal-minded baker, who gave him daily a penny roll to read for him in the early mornings while he was preparing his batch. Mr. Chambers, with the robust good sense and sunshiny contentment that characterize the whole book, says—"Hot rolls, as I have since learned, are not to be recommended for the stomach; but I could not in these times afford to be punctilious. . . . Seated on a folded-up sack in the sill of the window, with a book in one hand and a penny-candle stuck in a bottle near the other, I went to work for the amusement of the company. The baker was not particular as to subject. All he stipulated for was something comic and laughable. Aware of his tastes, I tried him first with the jocularities of 'Roderick Random,' which was a great success."

As, in spite of many efforts, things did not look bright, the mother, with the little money that could be scraped together, started a small shop, in which she did wonderfully well; and Robert now went into the lodgings in West Port with William.

In the new surroundings Robert suffered far more than William had done. For one thing, he was more amongst them; and, then, let it be remembered, that his lameness and his literary turn combined to make him relish less the rough-and-tumble ways of the landlady and her other lodgers. After school hours, for he attended an Academy kept by a Mr. Mackay, the only retreat he could depend on was the fireside at the West Port, and though "disposed to be kind in her way, the landlady was so chilled by the habits of penury as to give little consideration to the feelings of the poor scholar."

This is his own confession: "I have often sat beside her kitchen fire—if fire it could be called which was only a little heap of embers—reading Horace, conning

my dictionary by a light which required me to hold the books almost close to the grate. What a miserable winter that was!"

"He spoke to me," says William, "of his sufferings, and the efforts he made to assuage them. The want of warmth was his principal discomfort, sometimes, benumbed with cold, he was glad to adjourn to that ever-hospitable retreat, the Old Tolbooth, where, like myself, he was received as a welcome visitor by the West-enders; and it is not unworthy of being mentioned, that the oddities of character amongst these unfortunate, though on the whole joyous, prisoners, and their professional associates, formed a fund of recollection on which he afterwards drew for literary purposes."

His brother confesses that he would most probably have broken down had it not been that "he stood as rival and class-fellow of Mackay's best pupils," and had already found out the elements of attraction in the old town of Edinburgh. "Patiently ranging up one close and down another, ascending stairs, and poking into obscure courts, he took note of carvings over doorways, pondered on the structure of old gables and windows, examined *risps*—the antique mechanisms which had answered the purpose of door-knockers; and, extending the scope of his researches, scarcely a bit of Arthur's Seat or the Braid Hills was left unexplored. . . . . Though only twelve months had elapsed since he came from the country, and not yet fourteen years of age, he already possessed a knowledge of things concerning the old city and its romantic history which many, it may be supposed, do not acquire in the course of a lifetime."

He by-and-by got some private teaching, and William's wonderful self-denial and economy—he managed to save even off his small wages—and some help from home,

might have carried him, through a college course, on to the ministry of the Church, at which he was now aiming; but the father's prospects blackened; he lost the situation at Joppa altogether, and no more could be spared from home to aid in paying Robert's board and lodging. There was naturally great mourning over this disappointment, but it was really favourable to Robert Chambers sooner finding his true sphere; for he would never have become a cool and easy speaker, and might easily have had the mortification of regarding himself as a "stickit minister."

He went into a counting-house at Leith, in spite of his lameness, walking to and from Joppa, a distance of ten miles a day; but after a few months it became evident that something else must be done, when William suggested to him to become a bookseller. All the old books about the house were looked at and overhauled; and these, together with his school-books, formed his first small stock-in-trade. A shop at six pounds rent was found in Leith Walk, where, "provided with a few articles of furniture, and exercising a rigorous frugality, he lived in his limited establishment." To keep him company and aid him by professional advice, as well as to lessen his expenses, William went to live with him.

William's apprenticeship that same year came to a close; and, resolving to begin business also, a shop was taken, not far from Robert's, in Leith Walk. His intelligence and industry had made a favourable impression on book-agents and others, who were willing to trust him to a small extent; he met with customers who were anxious to do him a good turn. He recalls the picture of the first setting up of his book-stall thus:—

"Picture me, on a fine sunny morning, planting a pair of trestles on the broad side-way in front of my little

shop, then laying on them a board; and, last of all, carrying out my stock of books, and arranging them in three rows—the smaller volumes in front and the larger ones behind, with pamphlets embellished with plates, stuck alluringly between."

By studying to sell very cheap, the profits were not great; but the two brothers lived frugally together. "Our united daily expenses in housekeeping," says William, "did not exceed a shilling. For years, after beginning business, the cost of my living was limited to sixpence a day, and all that was over I laid out in adding to my stock. As my sales were, to a large extent, new books in boards, I felt that the charge made for the boarding of them was an item that pressed rather heavily on me." And this suggested the question why he should not board them himself. He had seen bookbinding, and fancied he could do all that was required. This was his work when the days were wet, and the stall had to be taken in-doors. During these hours, which otherwise would have been idle, he also made transcriptions, for which he had trained himself to write a neat hand; and, at length, having secured slightly enlarged premises, it struck him that if he had types and a press, he could make something of printing. Luckily, he managed, for the small sum of three pounds, to procure exactly what he wanted; and the print-writing was hereafter turned over to Robert. With much labour and patience the business of printing was mastered, so that some result was obtained. He turned out various little books—"Burns's Poems" amongst others—which, if they were not elegant, were saleable and brought a small return;—the work being done either at morning or night, or when, through bad weather, the stall had to be taken indoors. William says of his printing adventure:—

"My progress in compositorship was at first slow. I had to feel my way. A defective adjustment of the lines to a uniform degree of tightness was my greatest trouble, but this was got over. The art of working my press had next to be acquired, and in this there was no difficulty. . . . . I think there was a degree of infatuation in my attachment to that jangling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment, within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outlines in the silvery moonlight when I awoke; and there at the glowing dawn did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine."

It should here be mentioned that both brothers still resided in small rooms behind their shops in Leith Walk, which explains how it was that William looked on his little "creaking, wheezing" press whenever he awoke in the morning. With a little more means, enlarged powers of production were sought by him. He says:—

"My enlarged typographical capabilities led to new aspirations. Robert, who had made corresponding advances in business, but exclusively in connection with bookselling, was occupying his leisure hours in literary composition, which came upon him like an inspiration at nineteen years of age. His tastes and power in this respect suggested the idea of a small periodical which we might mutually undertake. He was to be the editor and principal writer. I was to be the printer and publisher, and also to contribute articles as far as time permitted."

Accordingly, the *Kaleidoscope; or Edinburgh Literary Amusement*, was printed and published, and went on for a short time only clearing itself; but it was not without

its use as affording the young men a chance to try their wings, as William neatly puts it.

"It was a sixteen-page octavo—the price three pence—and it was to appear once a fortnight. The first number was issued on Saturday, October 6, 1821. The mechanical execution of this literary serial sorely tested the powers of my poor little press, which received sundry claspings of iron to strengthen it for the unexpected duty. My muscular powers likewise underwent a trial. I had to print the sheet in halves one after the other, and then stitch the two together. I set all the types, and worked off all the copies, my younger brother James, rolling the ink, and otherwise rendering assistance. This was the hardest task I had yet undergone; for, being pressed by time, there was no opportunity for rest. Occupied with business, the composing frame, and the press, also with some literary composition, I was in harness sixteen hours a day; took no more than a quarter of an hour for meals, and never gave over work till midnight."

Another feature which characterized the Chamberses from first to last, is the faculty, not only of making things serviceable, but of finding the fitting men, and directing them to available work. William saw genius in an odd character, Peter Fyfe, and put him on drawing illustrations for his books, which he executed well, notably those for a song book, and a sketch of the black dwarf. By the former some profits were realised, which enabled him to add to his scanty types. "To be prepared to execute posting-bills, I cut," says William, "a variety of letters in wood with a chisel and pen-knife. For such bold headings therefore as 'Notice,' 'Found,' or 'Dog Lost,' I was put to no straits worth mentioning. One of my most successful speculations was the cutting in wood of the

words 'To Let,' in letters four inches long, an edition of which I disposed of by the hundred. I continued to live on the plainest fare; used no tobacco, and never tasted beer, wine, or spirits." Through various causes the printing work was increased, rules for friendly societies, pawn-tickets, and window-bills all came alike to this indefatigable youth, who still finds time to practise himself in literary composition.

Meantime, Robert was applying himself to larger literary ventures. His illustrations of the author of *Waverley*, short sketches of individuals, popularly believed to have been the originals of characters in the earlier fictions, prepared the way for the "Traditions of Edinburgh," which proved a great success. It shows not only marked literary skill, but the power to throw imagination round antiquarian detail. He had been lucky too in the persons to whom he had applied for help—notably Charles Kilpatrick Sharpe, who was a genius and an eccentric. This work brought Sir Walter Scott into intimate relations with Robert Chambers, and Sir Walter himself contributed a budget of reminiscences for a second edition. "Such a treasure to me," says Robert Chambers, "and such a gift from the greatest literary man of the age to the humblest." Is there a literary man of the present age who would scribble so much for any humble aspirant? Afterwards, when he was preparing "The Popular Rhymes of Scotland," Sir Walter sent whole sheets of his recollections with appropriate explanations. It need not be said, that with his taste at once for poetry and antiquarian relics, this work was gone into *con amore*. Then followed "The Picture of Scotland," written while he was still much engaged each day in business, though he had now removed to better quarters in India Place. It says much for the forecast and literary instinct of Mr.

Constable that he pressed Robert Chambers into the list of *Constable's Miscellany*, in which he wrote "The History of the Rebellion," one of the most important and popular works in it.

Robert Chambers in his next adventure may be said to have anticipated Dean Ramsay by a book titled "Scottish Jests and Anecdotes," which was very popular; and while he was engaged in this he accepted the editorship of the "Edinburgh Advertiser." Their foolish father still brought trouble to them, and his stupid law pleas swept away from them on one occasion the hard-made savings of years. Only real bravery and determination bore them up. "These losses," William says, "kept us back for many years. Literature abounds in instances, comic and tragic, of fathers being pulled down by sons. Wonderfully little is said of the many ingenious ways in which sons are pulled down by fathers."

William soon after this saw his way to relinquish his printing, and, along with Robert, engaged in the "Gazetteer of Scotland," for which they were to be paid £100—a small price surely, if the expenses of necessary travelling be considered. However, it materially helped to bring the writers into notice. January, 1832, marks an era in the social and literary history of these islands; and also forms a notable point in the history of the Chamberses. Then was started *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, which has so ably stood its place in face of all the competition that has been brought against it for upwards now of forty years. It was really the first thing of the kind, though the *Penny Magazine* must have been projected before its appearance; the first number of it having been published some six weeks later than the journal.

"The permanent hold on the public mind," writes

William, "which the 'journal' fortunately obtained, was undoubtedly owing, in a very great degree, to the leading articles, consisting of essays, moral, familiar, and humorous, from the pen of my brother. My own more especial duties were confined, for the most part, to papers, having in view some kind of popular instruction, particularly as regards the young, whom it was attempted to stimulate in the way of mental improvement. There likewise fell to my share the general administration of a concern which was ever increasing in dimensions."

As in the case of other men who have been the architects of their own fortunes, there can be no doubt that much of the ultimate success of the Chamberses was due to the fact that, after their first great success had been achieved, they did not at once materially increase their personal expenditure. All that was gained by them for a long time returned into the common capital and working plant, with the smallest possible deduction that could be done with. William tells of all this with a certain pride and self-satisfaction; and well he may, for it is the rock on which many who began as well as they did, and had as fair prospects, have split; and in this respect, too, they may be cited as an admirable example for those who have to make their own way.

The constant determination to keep the magazine free from party or sectarian associations, to have in view only one aim—to elevate the mind, to purify the feelings, and appeal to the imagination, and touch it to fine issues by every available means, not despising the aid of pathos and humour and even wit, this is what distinctively marks out *Chambers's Journal* from the mass of publications which have enjoyed, as they deserved, only an ephemeral existence. And the "journal" was soon made but the nucleus of other undertakings. Quickly

there followed the "Information for the People," which has been of infinite service; "Chambers's Educational Course," which filled and still holds a place of its own; and then came that series of popular histories which combined exactitude with fervour, and grace with great faculty of condensation. Then there are the various cyclopædias, which have been of incalculable service to the classes for which they were especially meant. Of course, in the preparation of many of their works, the Messrs. Chambers had to enlist extensive help; but two works alone—whose authorship belongs exclusively to Robert—would suffice to establish a reputation: The "Domestic Annals of Scotland" and "The Life and Writings of Burns," which are complete, compact pieces of work, betokening not only clear insight, but fancy, humour, sympathy, real biographic tact, and genius.

Those school books, which have issued from the press of Messrs. Chambers, have done not a little to raise school-teaching throughout the empire. Clear and exhaustive digests of the most important of European literatures—French, German, Italian, Spanish, have also been given at very low prices. Their list, indeed, affords a complete, but cheap, educational machinery—to have read and studied the better portions of which is to have received a liberal education. Such workers are national benefactors; and when, in 1870, Robert Chambers passed away, he was rightly mourned for as a loss to the whole nation, for whom he had so unremittingly wrought.

The High Street of Peebles is one of the quietest we know. Wider than some of the leading thoroughfares in our great cities, it looks as though it owed its spaciousness to accident. Single figures creep about in the sun, exchange a word, and pass on; but the extreme stillness

actually seems exaggerated by the little show of life. Only as the day advances is it broken now and then by parties making their way to the Tontine, or other hotels; and carriages of various kinds, ere long, creeping out from back courts. For this is the starting-point for the famous Neidpath Castle, hung on the slope so picturesquely in the midst of its now ruined terraced gardens, given up to sheep, and for other famous historical points on the lower Tweed, whose sparkling waters you can catch glimpses of as you look down any of the breaks in the line of buildings on the shaded side. To a visitor from one of the larger centres there is a monotony and apparent aimlessness about the life here that becomes oppressive. You cannot help wishing some accident would occur, some quarrel arise; and as the day passes on you wander up the Tweed, to return as evening draws near. What is your surprise to find that a transformation has taken place. Respectable people, in what you take to be Sunday garb, are making their way in groups from your end of the town towards one point; and, looking up, you see that other groups from the other end are also converging towards it. You inquire the reason, and you are told "There is a meeting at the Institute;" and, curiosity smitten, you move along with the rest. You enter an archway, and find yourself in a court. A meeting is being held in one hall, or a lecture is being given. This you now learn is the Chambers Institute. Here are library, reading-rooms, museum, and so on; all well-supplied and well kept up. It is the centre of the intellectual life of the place; and, in spite of the quietness and seeming stagnation, there is a very lively intellectual life here, which the Chamberses, by the founding of this Institute, have done much to cherish and direct, at the same time that they have raised the most fitting

and expressive monument to their own struggles and successes. "Peebles for pleasure," it may be said as of old; for we do not believe there is another town of the same size in the kingdom which can boast of such abundant means of intellectual gratification; nor one where it is likely they would be more used or appreciated. The brothers Chambers, by their gift of this Institute to the people of Peebles, have testified their love for their native place; and, at the same time, taken, as was fitting, the best means to educe that love of reading and mental improvement by which they themselves rose from penury to position and to wealth; and the institute is thus, in several senses, the best possible testimony to that intelligent and indefatigable self-help, which seeks to lighten the burden of others even when achieving its own ends.

When we contrast the Chamberses with Charles Knight, as we cannot help doing, we find that the success of the two brothers lay, perhaps, in a yet more thorough faith in this same self-help. Charles Knight's main errors arose from his desire and need for association with others—his liking to shelter himself under the wings of authority or association, which he found, after all, failed him at the very point where support was most needed by him—support to bear up against difficulties which that very association had probably some share in bringing upon him. Resolute, clever, knowing the right point to aim at, and going forward calmly and taking help, in the utmost good-nature, from whatever was available, and never wasting time in whining over adverse circumstances, the Chamberses may well be cited as admirable samples of Scottish self-help; and we hope our readers, from the facts we have given them, will, ere this, have reached the same conclusion.

IV.

DUNCAN MATHESON: THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

A SCOTTISH feeing-fair fifteen years ago was every-way a rough and uninviting scene. The cynic or the student of human character would have found much to invite attention and repay it; but the Christian observer could hardly have failed to have been depressed at the suggestion of so much vice and drunkenness and indifference. The street of the little market-town, of which the present writer most naturally thinks in connection with the custom, was wider in its upper part than most others, and, narrowing, sloped away till, after several windings, it was lost in the suggestion of straggling fir-woods. By daylight, on the morning of the "market day," sleep was hardly possible to old or young. There was a ceaseless rumble of carts and cars and show-vans, mixed with the clatter of multitudinous hammers, busy on stand and tent and booth, and already little knots from the neighbourhood were hurrying in, to have time to call on their friends before the fun began. A few hours after, the street was thronged; all manner of toys and trinkets were spread out temptingly, and "sweetie-stalls" and drink-shops alike were already doing a "roaring trade;" gingerbread was set up at auction in

great heaps by light-tongued men, who spiced their praises of their wares with obscene jokes, while others went about singing songs that certainly were not pure in tone, and disposing of coarsely-printed copies of them. Here, in a row of vans, drawn up in a siding, were dwarfs, fat boys, and pigheaded ladies, with due allowance of wax-works and wild beasts, and panoramas representing British battles by sea and land, the showmen—with all the rivalry of the race—gesticulating and roaring at the top of their voices. As one went about, observantly, one might have seen, towards the lower end of the street, groups of men and women, with rustic looks, standing patiently as if by appointment. These were the "lads" and "lasses" waiting to be "fee-ed," or engaged for the coming half-year by the farmers, who came and looked about for their "hands" very much as though they were choosing so many kine; the bargain between master and servant being sealed by the giving and receiving of "arles" or earnest-money, most often spent frivolously or in drink within a few hours. This business was usually over by one o'clock, and then the worst part of the profanity and drunkenness began. There was nothing but noise,—treating, drinking, and excess of all kinds; fighting going on in a dozen places at once. It was, in short, the coarsest kind of saturnalia, amid which the police, and the recruiting-sergeants, gay and beribboned of course, were each in their own way busy. But never was the writer of these lines more taken by surprise than he was at a scene which he witnessed the last time he was present in this same feeing-market. The afternoon clamour was proceeding, when suddenly there appeared on a waggon in a comparatively open part of the street, two men, one of whom, tall, pale, and powerful in voice, proceeded to speak. His words were

met with howling and whistling from some of those who stood near, and very soon the crowd, eager for anything like diversion, surged and swayed towards the waggon. Stones were thrown, and bits of gingerbread, being handy; but still the men held their place, the one who had been the first to attempt to speak meeting the crowd with smiling good-humour and ready retort. At length some of the public-house keepers and the auctioneers of gingerbread, finding they were like Othello, their "occupation gone," left the receipt of custom, and, edging themselves in behind the crowd, cunningly urged them on to violence. A few men, half-drunk, actually tried to mount the waggon from behind and lay hold on the speakers; but one of them fell back, and, in falling, struck his head on the wheel and lay senseless. The preachers at once turned to the man, and he who had spoken showed particular skill in dealing with him. Lifting from the waggon a pitcher with water, he sprinkled the man's face, and loosed his necktie, and kindlily raising the head, he put a greatcoat under it; and the moment there were signs of the man's reviving, he turned round to the crowd and said, in a firm voice, "The man is coming round; let us pray!" Then he offered up such a prayer as I have seldom heard, the crowd in a reaction of feeling far from extraordinary in the circumstances listening in awe-stricken silence. After that he spoke in a forcible colloquial way of the love and the justice of God, and the fate of sinners, illustrating his theme with marvellous readiness, and sometimes a touch of humour. Striking incidents and reminiscences were made good use of, and it was clear his words were not without effect. Old people said they had never seen such an orderly market as that year.

The man who had been the cause of this striking and

unexpected turn of affairs had had a peculiar history. He had come of a race of good religious people in Huntly, but through boyhood and youth he remained unconverted; then suddenly, in his twenty-second year, the light came, and all the energies of a well-endowed nature were henceforth consecrated to God's service. He preached in the towns and villages near where he lived, still supporting himself by his hands; then a godly lady of title, by giving him a small salary, enabled him to extend his circuits. But still he was desirous of being brought into directer contact with heathenism; and—no other way opening, though he had offered himself—when the war broke out in the Crimea, he was sent thither, and did a memorable work, not only in proclaiming the Gospel to poor soldiers and sailors, but in providing comforts and advising them and aiding them in many other ways. Then, after a tour in some of the better-known places of the East, he returned home, somewhat broken in health; but, with indomitable spirit, he devoted himself to the "open air"—his diocese he was wont to call it—and finally he bethought himself of preaching at the feeing fairs, at one of which, as you now know, I first saw him. Considering his peculiar influence, and the noble example he left, Duncan Matheson's name well deserves to be kept in remembrance. There is so much in the story of his life which may be regarded as exemplary for younger men in any circumstances,—his decision, his perseverance, his faithfulness to his own ideal—that I cannot but believe an outline of it may be found useful and interesting far beyond even the bulk of lives that have been spent in more conspicuous positions.

Matheson, as has been said, was born at Huntly, in Aberdeenshire, in 1824. His father was mail-runner, and

though the family often had pinching times, the parents were fully alive to the value of learning, and Duncan was duly sent to school, where he made great progress. But while yet a child, he was concerned to be helpful to his mother; and we are told that when he got any little sum from the neighbours for running their errands, instead of buying gingerbread or sweets with it, he would purchase tea, and put it in the cupboard, to be a pleasant surprise to her. At that time *Moderatism* was strong in the Scottish Church, and many earnest-minded people became seceders, and even independents. The Haldanes, not long before, had produced a sensation in the north of Scotland, by their preaching, and Duncan Matheson's parents, following the example of his grandfather, who had been a friend of the Haldanes, had strong leanings to the dissenters; Mr. Maitland, an aged leader among them, taking a very special interest in the boy. But at this time, and for several years after, Matheson felt no more than occasional prickings of conscience, and found an escape in novel-reading and other frivolities. At sixteen, it was needful he should settle to some work. He had made such progress in education that his people thought he might struggle through a university course, and become a minister. But he would not hear of this; he has been dreaming of becoming a sculptor, and the only available stepping-stone he can think of towards that, is to become a mason. He is accordingly apprenticed, and has his trying share of such privations as Hugh Miller has so touchingly described, and that, too, both as hewer and quarryman. He is utterly restless and dissatisfied; he goes to Edinburgh; is disgusted with the dissoluteness of his fellow-workmen, and happening to hear Mr. Moody-Stuart preach, is deeply impressed. Summoned home to his mother's death-bed, the impres-

sion is deepened; but on his return to Edinburgh he falls back into a sort of wavering life—struggling to support himself on the delusive ladder of morality. In 1846, a sermon from Mr. A. Bonar is like a nail in a sure place, and from that day Duncan Matheson is a true and confirmed disciple of Christ. He was sometimes distressed with doubts about election and other points; but prayer was his stay, and soon he found complete assurance. Then the question arose, "Why not do some work for the Master?" and he began to visit the poor and to hold prayer-meetings. Of his preaching gift, he had as yet made no discovery, and indeed appears to have been very doubtful of himself on this score; but returning to Huntly, where he devoted himself to visiting the sick and distributing tracts, a Miss Macpherson seems to have discerned more truly, and urged him to preach. Once begun, he went about from place to place, and at length the Duchess of Gordon, so noted for her piety, heard of him, and offered him a small sum yearly, if he would devote himself entirely to evangelistic work. He at once gave up his business as a builder, in which he had every promise of success, and devoted himself to the work he had close at heart. He went far and near; he worked sixteen hours a day: he was truly "instant in season and out of season." Sometimes he held as many as seventy prayer-meetings in two months. He was distressed at the small result and the fewness of the conversions, and became convinced that tracts of the right sort might be made a powerful auxiliary. But he could not find what he wanted. One night in prayer the thought came into his mind,—"If I could get a printing-press, I could make as many tracts as I could use." His biographer thus tells how his prayer was answered:—

"Accidentally discovering that an old printing-press

was for sale, he made inquiries as to the terms, although he did not possess the means of purchase. Much to his astonishment, the person whose property it was let him have it, with a set of old, worn types, at a merely nominal price. Never did warrior bear away the trophies of victory with deeper joy than he felt in carrying the old printing machinery to his father's house .... His first attempts at printing ended in failure and chagrin. Whole nights were spent in ineffectual efforts; but, never despairing, he cried to God for help, and went to work again. Often for hours the work of 'composing' goes on, till at length his eye rests with complacence on a page of type, when suddenly the whole falls down into what printers call 'pie,' and his mortification is complete. Falling upon his knees, he prays for patience and help. ... 'I went on,' he says, 'till I managed to print two thousand four-page tracts a day. How I did toil, and sweat, and pray at it! Some nights I never slept at all, but went on composing. My constitution was strong, and night after night was spent in work.'"

In addition to original tracts, some of which were very striking, he printed extracts from Boston, Edwards, Flavel, and other favourite authors. But this work was looked on coldly in his native town; the only contribution to his tract enterprise he ever received in Huntly being half-a-crown, brought him by an old widow.

Thinking that his evangelistic apprenticeship was now completed, and being moved by accounts of the war in the Crimea and the condition of the soldiers, he was anxious to go thither, and having mentioned this to some influential friends, arrangements were made, and he sailed for the seat of war in the end of November, 1854. The following scrap, which is characteristic enough to deserve citation, was found in his room after his depar-

ture:—"I surrender father, sister, brothers, myself—all, all that concerns me, into thy hands, O my God. For the past, I bless thee. For the present, I praise thee. For the future, I trust thee. My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Nights end, partings close. I am thine, O Lord, wholly thine.—Nov. 8, 1854."

To his sister while on the voyage, he wrote:—"I long for my work. I see the great need and pressing. I seek no rest till I get it on high. I know that to his own, God will be a shepherd, gently leading and guiding them. Never did I feel so much as now the power, the deep, sustaining power, of grace. Ah, dear sister, it is sweet to be passive in the Lord's hand; to know his grace, to enjoy his smile. I offer myself to the Lord. I may meet rough tossing, billows heaving, seas swelling; yet the throne, the crown, the kingdom on high, that is our goal, that is enough for me."

Reaching Constantinople, he found friends in all with whom he came in contact, but very bitter was his disappointment in finding that military law strictly forbade his going to the Crimea, and it seemed as though nothing remained for him but to return home as other missionaries had done. That night was spent in prayer; towards dawn, as he tells us, "he felt in his heart as if God had heard his cry, and would open up the way."

Contrary to all expectation, Admiral Boxer granted him leave to go to the scene of strife, having been much impressed by the earnestness and practical tact of the missionary in the interview in which he besought the favour. He reached Balaklava on the 5th of December, and soon thereafter writes home:—

"Alma had been fought and Inkermann won. The thin red line had been formed on the plains of Balaklava,

and the grand death charge had been made. But the very elements had risen in arms against us. It would be impossible to describe the state of the army .... The hospitals were crowded; many were dying. Day after day ship after ship, with its load of suffering, was dispatched to Scutari. Many of those you met were in rags. Most were emaciated and smitten with hunger. Some were almost shoeless; many had biscuit-bags instead of trousers, whilst others had newspapers tied round their legs; and often such was the wretchedness that you could not distinguish officer from man, or recognise the best known."

And again he writes a few days later:—

"All looked haggard and worn. Death is thought nothing of. I had a long conversation with an officer yesterday. He speaks of the demoralisation of the army as truly awful, and says swearing and ungodliness are increasing. Since I came here I have not gone ten paces without hearing profane swearing."

Matheson immediately set himself to relieve some of the material discomfort first. His stores did not go far, but he at once distributed what clothes he could spare; and then he began to open out his spiritual stores in the shape of Bibles and tracts, of the former of which there was great scarcity in the camp. He set himself first to find out the few spirits of kindred conviction in the army, and having found them, he organized the best means of action for the help of the men both bodily and spiritually. At first he found quarters in the hospital ship; but after nine weeks' trial, he came to the conclusion that his work demanded his lodging ashore, in such quarters as he could find. Here are two extracts from his journal:—

"April 10th.—At Sebastopol. A sheet of fire, as it were, encircled it; the engines of death poured forth

their deadly volleys; the sun shone forth brightly, marking forth each embrasure in bold relief in the devoted city. It was a trying sight, and finding no opportunities of usefulness owing to the excitement prevalent, I retired early to my quarters, anxious that the day might soon arrive when the alarm of war should be heard no more, and the din of battle be for ever hushed.

"April 14th.—Took farewell of the hospital-ship where for nine weeks I had been living. My work on board was pleasant and painful—far more pleasant than painful; for I sought to know nothing among them save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. I had spoken to many of them about their souls, had prayed by their sick beds, and given them many tracts, and the result of all, the judgment of the great day shall bring to light. May it be found that the arrow of conviction had reached some heart, and that souls there had been born to God."

Sad were the sights witnessed by the Scripture-reader every day. Hundreds of sick and wounded were brought down to Balaklava—famished, emaciated, clothed in rags, many a noble form a total wreck from lack of timely aid. He wept, we are told, at the sight. The sufferers fixed their eyes on him in touching appeal, and many uttered a piercing cry for water. He did what he could. "Some of them he saw die on the wharf. On board, many lay huddled together under the open hatchway. Some lay on bags of biscuits—anywhere, anywhere, in the hurry and helplessness. 'Scotland, I'll never see again,' was the heart-piercing lament of a poor Scotch soldier-laddie. A Lincolnshire lad whom he sought and found was unable to speak a word. 'Your mother bade me seek you,' said the missionary. At this word the dying soldier suddenly revived, and exclaimed, 'My mother! O my mother!' It was the last flicker of the flame. He said no more

and died. The last tender throb of his heart was given to her who had known its first gentle beat."

He went incessantly between the camp and the ships in harbour, and picked up all manner of little helps and comforts, soon finding himself as kindlily welcomed among the French and Sardinians as among his own countrymen. Not only so, he was very soon the bosom friend of the Rev. J. W. Hayward, the Episcopalian chaplain, and by working together they soon found that they could do ever so much more than separately. "In Mr. Hayward he found a true friend. In all his troubles Mr. Hayward came to his help. . . . . They laboured much together. Laden with material and spiritual comforts, they often sallied forth in company to visit the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Sometimes they did their cooking together, the reverend chaplain trying his culinary skill in making a pudding of biscuit; while the lay missionary washed a few potatoes which he had been fortunate enough to procure about the ships. At every juncture in the war they retired to a lonely spot to pray; and never could Matheson forget the impression made upon his heart, when, as they knelt, Hayward would raise his noble countenance to heaven and, amidst the thunder of the cannon, plead with a voice full of emotion, 'Lord, prepare those who are appointed to die.' They organized a service in which, besides prayer, praise, and preaching, Hayward introduced the practice of reading all round. This gave additional interest to the meeting; and it was pleasing to see a general and a navvy reading each his verse in turn."

His friend, Hector Macpherson, of the 93rd, thus gives a suggestive glimpse of him and his ways of doing things:—

"A more unselfish man I never knew. The amount

of mental and physical labour he went through in the Crimea was truly marvellous, and was enough to break down the most robust constitution. However wet or cold, or however violent the storm, he was always on the move, and always with a special and important purpose. On one of the most tempestuous and piercingly cold nights I ever experienced in the Crimea, my regiment received orders to move eight or ten miles to the north of our entrenched position, under cover of the darkness of the night, to dislodge a body of the enemy from a threatening position they held under the covert of a high ridge. We were absent till midday following. Matheson was informed of this expedition, and such was his sympathy with others, that though, had he chosen to consult his own ease and comfort, he could have secured protection from the inclemency of the weather, he remained exposed in our original position until our return. I shall never forget the joy he manifested when he saw us all safely return without a single casualty, with the exception of some of the men's ears having been bit by the frosty wind.

"Never had the British soldier a more true, loving, and devoted friend than Duncan Matheson! I believe there is not a British soldier now alive, who served in the Crimea, but would heartily subscribe to my testimony in his favour; for all, both officers and men, knew, loved, and respected him."

And he thus proceeds with the picture of the missionary's labours:—

"Wherever I met my dear friend I was sure to find him, like his Master, going about doing good; sometimes laden with Bibles, sometimes with tracts and other suitable books; and seldom without some temporal comforts for the sick and wounded. Many of the sick,

wounded, and worn-out soldiers, was he the means of relieving, and who, but for his devoted, kind, and sympathizing efforts, would have sunk into the cold embrace of death. He was the trusted friend of all—French, Turks, and Italians—as well as his own countrymen. Soldiers of every grade and nationality looked on him as their special friend. How he managed to procure in a time of famine so many comforts for the starving soldiers was a mystery; but none knew better than he 'Where there is a will there is a way.' His tact and genial frankness made him a favourite with the captains of the mercantile steamers employed by the Government, some of whom were truly Christian men. By the graphic and touching descriptions of the destitution and sufferings of the soldiers in the entrenchments, backed by his own evident sympathy, he reached the warm hearts of the seamen; and the never-failing result was a thorough searching of the vessels for everything that could be spared for the benefit of the suffering soldiers.

"Entering the encampment of the 93rd Highlanders one icy cold winter day, he observed our destitution of fuel either to cook our rations or warm our persons. The great majority of us were clothed in rags; some without shoes; others without a cap to cover their heads from the pelting of the pitiless storm; and some of us with more mud than clothing attached to our bodies. After a few words of loving sympathy, he said, 'Hector, I must try and help you.' But what could he do in such a case? Why, next day, he returned and informed me he had made an effort, and succeeded in procuring several tons of coal from the different steamers in the harbour of Balaklava, which were conveyed to the camp as soon as possible. This is one instalment of many noble acts of kindness done to the sufferers in that ter-

rible winter. For the relief of the men who were exposed not only to the peril of the enemy's fire, but to the fierce blasts of winter, almost without a rag to cover them, he laboured incessantly and unweariedly, until his gigantic efforts broke down his health."

And truly they were gigantic. He wandered from place to place, from point to point, now nursing in hospital this poor fellow, stricken down, or advising that other; now writing letters home for those who either could not write or were too reduced to do it, or holding a prayer-meeting amid the darkness. His own lodging was a stable, through which the wind blew freely; it was so infested with rats that our missionary had to arm himself with lucifer-matches, so that by striking them, when he awoke overrun, he might rid himself for a little while of his unwelcome companions.

"My pocket-knife," he tells a correspondent, "cuts my bread, and it also serves for eating my egg with—a stick serves as a spoon to stir the sugar with, and a bottle serves for a candlestick. I rise early, light my lamp, make my coffee, clean my boots, sweep my room with a few Turkish feathers, and I can tell you I was never happier in my life. I have a perfect palace, and I have decorated the walls with copies of the *Illustrated London News*. I fear it is too good to last, but it is in the Lord's hand. How contented I feel with all, and how well it is that I learned when young to help myself! I am happy as a king, yea, ten thousandfold more so than one without grace."

Even from this humble dwelling there was an attempt to evict him, the Rev. Mr. Hayward interfering to prevent its being done. No two men were ever more brotherly in feeling than these two, notwithstanding wide differences in social rank, training, and education.

Duncan Matheson was poor, Hayward was rich—the one so far a self-made Scotchman, the other the finest product of the English university;—but they soon came to recognise themselves as standing on the same level—willing to spend and be spent for Christ's cause and the soldier's good. For this end, Mr. Hayward willingly gave up his private means; and when ill-health came, and he was about to leave, he told his audience in his last sermon that he had changed his opinion about apostolical succession; "he now believed that all who brought souls to Jesus were of the true apostolical succession." Matheson helped to convey him on board ship, and they parted from each other in tears.

Such intimacies with Mr. Hayward and others did much to encourage and stimulate and strengthen Matheson; and strength and courage were greatly needed in his present position. He was grieved and depressed at the levity and hardness of heart he witnessed in circumstances such as should have made men serious, and open to all softening influences; but he did not despair, went on with manlike helpfulness; and soon by many men—who would have scowled at the mere sentimental religionist—his words were listened to reverently, and in not a few cases fell on good soil. "In particular, he knew how to reach the hearts of his countrymen, and not seldom did he unseal the fountain of emotion by an allusion to auld Scotland, the scenes of boyhood, the parish school, a question in the Shorter Catechism, or the twenty-third Psalm, 'The Lord's my shepherd: I'll not want,' learned at a mother's knee."

Hedley Vicars also was an affectionate friend of the missionary. Matheson's biographer indeed has, in our idea, somewhat erred in not treating his relation to Hedley Vicars rather more fully. Thus we find Vicars

writing on December 17, from amid the toil of his service before Sebastopol:—

"How glad I shall be to see the soldiers' missionary, Duncan Matheson! It will refresh and cheer my soul. Oh, that there were many more labourers in the harvest! Why are there not more Scripture-readers sent out? They are grievously wanted here. I am so longing that every soldier, before he dies, should be told of Jesus—made acquainted with all He has done for him; for many, I fear, are grossly ignorant of the way of salvation. There are very few chaplains left in the Crimea now; even if they all returned in health, it would be impossible for them to reach half the spiritual wants of the army. A staff of Scripture-readers would be invaluable to them—men who would devote themselves to their work night and day."

On the 19th of February, we thus find Vicars making cheerful record:—

"On my return to my tent, who should I find there but Duncan Matheson, the soldiers' missionary, from Balaklava. He remained with me for about an hour, and I do not think I ever enjoyed a more heavenly conversation than with this man of God. We read the third chapter of Ephesians, and he prayed with me. When he left, I saw that three of my brother officers were standing close by; they must have heard that fervent prayer. Who knows but that one of them may be led to pray for himself to night! God grant it! One of these three said to me the other day, when I was in his tent, 'Vicars; I dreamt about you the other night, and I thought you were speaking to me about religion.' 'Well, did you like it?' I said. 'Yes, very much,' he replied. May the Lord give me courage to speak faithfully and earnestly, and bless my feeble words to his soul's good, for Jesus' sake!"

These meetings were much blessed—to themselves and to others. They would converse on the purity, blessedness, and endless peace of heaven; and on one occasion, when their talk had been more earnest even than usual, Matheson tells us they could hardly part, and Vicars agreed to come and spend a day with him at Balaklava. But he has sorrowfully to record, "On the day fixed for the meeting, Hedley Vicars was taken home to his God." Matheson was overwhelmed, and could only exclaim, "Dear, dear Vicars!" As he stood beside the grave on the day of the burial, he felt in his inmost heart as if "another link had been snapped on earth, and another bond formed in heaven."

Miss Marsh thus introduces Duncan Matheson's letter home referring to the death of Vicars:—

"My heart is filled with sorrow. I am deeply pained. And well do I know I write to one whose soul is filled with grief—grief which only Jesus can relieve, sorrow which only His hand can wipe away.

"From dear Dr. Cay's letter of the 23rd you have heard of the death of much-beloved Captain Vicars. It has come over us a heavy blow. It has taught us solemn lessons. We seek grace to bow to the will of the Lord, and to feel His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. You know the circumstances. He fell asleep in Jesus. His work was done on earth—his race was run—his conflict ended—his crown awaiting—and now he wears it.

"I heard of his death on the evening of the 23rd, and yesterday hastened to the front. I met one and another of the 97th, and the deepest sorrow filled each heart. I cannot express it. Rough hands wiped the starting tears away at the mention of his name, and one after another told me of the good he had sought to do him.

"On reaching the encampment of the 97th, I saw soldiers digging a grave. It was his. I stood beside them, and spoke to them as well as I could for sorrow, and remained till it was finished. Oh! how my heart bled for his dear mother and sisters at home! The poor soldiers seemed to feel this, and said they could not forget his dear sister's parting counsels to them ere they left England. It seems to have made impression on them.

"He was buried at three o'clock yesterday afternoon. All the officers of the 97th were there, with some friends from other regiments, and a large number of the men of his own regiment. I stood by Dr. Cay, and Captain Vandeleur was opposite. A deep, very deep solemnity prevailed, as the chaplain read the Funeral Service. It was a touching, solemn hour. Yes, he had all earthly honour, all deep respect. The mournful procession went home, and dear Dr. Cay and I went together on the road to Balaklava, talking of our loss, and of his dear mother and sisters and friends at home, and of those pleasures and joys he now possesses in the calm, pure, holy heaven on high.

"Being all day with them, I had opportunity of seeing many of the men of the 97th. He was the most beloved officer of the regiment, and not only in his own regiment, —it seems his name is well known now throughout the army, and his loss deeply felt. I could here pause to give expression to my own feelings. I feel I have lost a dear friend, one to whom my heart was much knit. I had anticipated happy days with him in this land, and felt I should be much strengthened. It was not to be so. Soon we shall follow. Oh! may the faltering steps be quickened, and the soul be made to mount up with wings as eagles, longing, panting, thirsting more ardently and more constantly for the living God.

"I had visited him three times, and remained long with him. On Tuesday, the 20th, we had gone together to Major Ingram's tent—Dr. Cay also being present, and another officer. It was put on me to read and pray, and it was good to be among them. He, with Dr. Cay, conveyed me a long way. Our conversation turned chiefly on the happiness of glorified spirits and their enjoyments. He was much delighted at the prospect of the National Fast Day on the following day. It was the sweetest walk I have ever had. Little did I think it was to be the last with him.

"On the 21st he met with others, and passed the day in fasting and prayer, and very pleasantly. My spirit was with him and the little band. Next night he was in glory. Yes, I feel *sure of this*. It seemed to me he was peculiarly ripe for it. He was growing much in the Divine life, and it must afford peculiar satisfaction to you to know (as he told me in that last walk) your letters had been the means of greatly strengthening him and helping him forward. To God be the glory. Yes, he has fallen as a soldier and as a Christian. The Church of God, his dear mother, and sisters, and Christian friends, shall miss him much. Yet we cannot, we would not, recall him if we could. God had need of him. He is removed from the evil to come. The white robe is now his—the crown of victory—the song that shall never end. Tears may give place to joy. True, it was not amidst kind friends or on downy bed he died. It was in the deadly charge and in the battle's strife. Yet it is all one. He fell as a Christian, nobly doing his duty. He awaits to give us a welcome on high. Kindly recognition shall take place. He needs us to swell the song, to help to praise. Lord, more grace, more grace, that we may follow him as he followed Jesus!

"Dr. Cay is to get a stone to mark his grave, that it may be well known. He lies close to the mile-stone on the Woronzoff road to Sebastopol, 200 yards from the Picquet House.

"I feel deeply for his mother and sisters—I cannot say how deeply. May they know much of the sympathy of Jesus! You, too, shall need it, for you have lost a brother.

"Will you kindly offer my Christian love to all at Beckenham, especially to your dear honoured father. Mercy, grace, abundant grace, be with you.

"Yours in the bonds of Jesus,

"DUNCAN MATHESON."

Many and remarkable were Matheson's escapes. This is an instance: "One day when conversing with a godly officer in a retired spot, the officer said, 'We have been long enough here, let us move away.' No sooner had they removed than a 13-inch shell dropped and burst on the very spot where they had been standing. 'God had cared for us,' Matheson says, 'and we were safe.'"

This is another instance, which is in some respects even more remarkable:—

"One of his best friends was Bombardier McL——, a warm-hearted Highlander, and a Christian. Just as the alarm was sounded, and the men were called to arms, Mr. Matheson, on entering the bombardier's tent, found him buckling himself for the fight, and putting his Bible into his bosom, saying, 'If I fall, it will be there; and if I am taken prisoner, it will speak to me, and I can never be weary with such a companion.' One day, when they had retired to a quiet spot for prayer and reading the Word of God, a shell dropped at their feet. On this they went a little farther off; but again the exercises were

disturbed by another terrible invader, which fell beside them, shaking the very ground beneath them. 'Never mind,' said the soldier, 'it is only the Devil trying to spoil our enjoyment; let us go on.' They had just resumed when, whizz, whizz, with a loud fall, a thirty-two pound shot lay beside them. The missionary was alarmed, but the soldier calmed his fear by quietly saying—

> "Not a shot can hit,
> Till the God of Love see fit."

This brave man, Matheson used to tell, once stood alone by his gun in the midst of an assailing Russian host, and in a hand-to-hand encounter maintained his ground till the enemy was driven back, one of the Russians with whom he grappled falling dead at his feet."

Mr. Gimgell, the army-works corps chaplain, having been seized with cholera, Matheson attended him and nursed him till he died, and only then retired to the old stable to fall prostrate from the same disease.

"He crept into his comfortless bed, where he lay sick and alone for three days and three nights. Growing worse hour by hour, he was at length no longer able to rise for his only comfort—a drink of water, and, despairing of life, he turned his face to the wall to die. . . . . Mr. Medley, a gentleman in the Commissariat, who had formerly been a London city missionary, happening to come to the door, he discovered the forlorn condition of the Scripture-reader, ran to his relief, and never left him till he began to recover. 'It was the sound of Mr. Medley's voice singing psalms,' he said, 'that first brought me to myself, and from that moment I began to get better.'"

He was compelled to go to Trebizond for a week's change, and on his return devoted himself still more

earnestly to the spiritual interests of the Sardinian army at Kadi-Keni, where he did much good. Cholera broke out amongst them, too, and Matheson's services were doubly blessed; for in many cases he brought healing to both body and soul. "His kindness won a way to their hearts; prejudices gave way; he became a universal favourite, and many of the Italians received the Word of God at his hands when they would have rejected it at the hands of any other." Illness visits him again and again, and at last it came in so severe a form that he was compelled to leave the scene of his labours and go to Scotland. But after six weeks' rest he returned to the East, laden with stores of Christian literature for distribution, and he resumes his relations with the Sardinian soldiers. "His house at Terrikoi was literally besieged by them." After the proclamation of peace, the Cossacks came freely into the camp of the Allies, and he found access to many of them also, and won their hearts. "My friends the Cossacks," he says in a letter home, "showed me so much kindness, and I had to submit once and again to the embraces of Russian soldiers smelling strongly of onions!" Returning to Constantinople, he plunged into work among the Turks—not forgetting the French who were there, and from whom he received great kindness. "When he went to Sweet Waters, where a French division was stationed, the officer in command ordered out his men, and when they had fallen into rank, the missionary was permitted to go the round and present each man with a New Testament, tract, or book."

In work of this kind, which, it is admitted, was, in its influence, so directly patriotic—and, at the same time, so calculated to impress the people with whom we were associated, or with whom we were in conflict, with the

reality of our religion—is it not astonishing that no men were moved to go out to do this much-needed work—work there was a loud call for on the ground of humanity itself—save one or two who were filled with what the "advanced thinkers" are prone to designate "narrow and old-fashioned doctrines!" It is not convenient in this place, even although it were not undesirable, that disputed matters should be gone into; but this fact is so very noticeable as to be actually obtrusive; and we cannot pass on without quoting—what has a remarkably express reference here—a single sentence from a writer who certainly may be taken to speak disinterestedly, for no one would say that he has ever, in any respect, attached himself to the Evangelistic side; but he clearly perceives what is a sufficiently striking fact, and expresses it strongly and truthfully thus: "Warmth, tenderness, and loving self-sacrifice, are not, as a rule, conspicuous amongst those who have stripped themselves of the dogmatic integuments of their belief."

We have heard much recently of healing by prayer; and there can be no doubt that a more powerful sanative influence than complete calm of mind does not exist. It is more potent in many cases than medicine; and even physicians—not disposed to overvalue any influence whatever outside their own sphere—have confessed to this. And in midst of such sufferings as were undergone by our poor soldiers and sailors in those dreadful winter days in the Crimea—mid hunger, thirst, starvation, frost-bite, fever, not to speak of the wounds of battle—can we not conceive how the presence of such men as these, constant in ministration and giving, day by day, the most tangible illustrations of the might and reality of faith, and of another world, would bring to the souls of many of those about them something of the peace they themselves

enjoyed, and because of which they were enabled to act with such utter unselfishness as they did. In great crises like that, the body owes much to the mind; and if quiet self-possession and calmness is preserved, then does not discipline owe something to the men who ministered to that mental peace? Men like Hayward and Matheson have often helped to win victories, though the direct credit they deserved has been but too seldom given them; and there can be no doubt that to these two men England owes gratitude for the final result of the Crimean campaign. Of this, the record of Mr. Matheson's own friends' lips supply several indisputable instances; some of which we have given.

Through the winter, in spite of weakness, Matheson wrought faithfully, ministering day by day; but at length he felt so weak that he had to take medical advice, and was ordered to Italy. In 1857 he returned home, where the sweet influences of his native air soon restored his health. He then went to labour as evangelist at Whitehaven, and started the *Herald of Peace*, which speedily became influential for good; then he went to Malvern, married there a Miss Mary Milne, and in 1859 returned to Scotland. He devoted himself more heartily than ever to the work of evangelizing the outcasts, his efforts at the feeing-fairs—in which we have seen him engaged—being only one, though a very typical, branch of his work. He was literally unresting; and few who met with or heard him preach could ever forget him. He was the chief agent in the great revival of 1859, which broke over the north-east coast of Scotland, and especially affected the fishing villages. Sometimes, too, he crossed the Border, and in 1862 he visited his old friends the soldiers at Aldershot, when he made a deep impression. Among the miners at Hillhead, near

Glasgow, in 1865, he did a great work, of the results of which we may yet find trace. So he wrought on, now visiting the feeing-markets in the north, then going abroad to Bohemia for health, but not forgetting the cause he had at heart; then he is home again, but vexed more and more with ill-health. So we follow him till at length, in the summer of 1869, he resigns himself into the hands of his God, talking of Christ and glory. It was a happy death, and right well matched the tenor of the life. "Lord Jesus, come quickly," were his last words, as he expired amid the pains of cramp.

He was a man of original and independent nature; quick to discover the bent of those he came in contact with, and using this knowledge effectively for the highest of all ends. He was entirely self-denying, never seeking his own advancement. It is a very characteristic circumstance that, at a certain time, he destroyed many of his papers, and entreated his friends to burn the letters he wrote to them, because some of his letters had been put in print, and their publication he felt might injure the work he then had in hand. If there was in him some of the narrowness that is almost inseparable from the capacity to do the work he did, he was without pretension, and could administer terrible rebuke when he found it in others. Yet his sympathies were wide, and always sought practical expression. He had an indomitable will, and a conscience void of offence: straightforward he was almost to a fault. A brave Christian man, without place or station, he compelled the very men whose prejudices he must have in many ways awakened, to acknowledge him their friend, because he was a faithful shepherd of souls.

A QUARTETT OF AMERICANS.

IT is no injustice to the Americans to say that they are hardly strongest in that on which they are most inclined to pique themselves. No one denies that they have produced remarkable men; but to comparatively few of their most remarkable men could with fitness be applied the title of great. Notwithstanding that the general interest in politics,—stimulated by the ambition which may well be felt by the poorest with the possibility of the Presidentship and the White-House before him in the distance,—ought to produce great statesmen, America as yet cannot boast of many. When we have named Washington, we have almost exhausted the list; and he, a great soldier even more than a great statesman, after all derived much of his influence from the fact that, as a Virginian, he had lived and been bred more under the direct influence of old English tradition and habit than the bulk of northerners could be said to be. Franklin is a name that may suggest itself; but there was such a lack of ideal qualities in his mind that we may hesitate. Lincoln perhaps comes nearest; he who, having passed through the humble career of rail-splitting, rose to the highest place, and approved himself in it, guiding his country safely through a crisis as great, in many senses, as that in which Washington gained his undying laurels. Theodore Parker puts John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, alongside of Franklin and Washington, as *historic Americans;* but somehow we feel the book wants balance. The one was great in details, the other was a diplomatist and schemer rather than a great man.

But America, while she has piqued herself on her great men, and been eager to justify herself in her regard for them, has overlooked the fact that she has been fruitful in the production of what may, with strictness, be called "domestic heroes." She is rich in such, and if she had been careful to make faithful record, might have exulted in such a library of biography as could have justified her in face of many accusations. She is said to be self-seeking, given over wholly to the "almighty dollar," lost to the sense of the family ties, and, in fact, forgetful of the highest examples that may bloom in the humblest spheres. A Yankee, is it not in most minds synonymous with something like chicanery and overreaching? Does it not typify deceit in trade, and all manner of small dishonest shifts and expedients? But though such is the fact, it is another question whether it deserves so to be. If it were true that reverence, and the fairness and respect for others which directly flow out of it, were unknown in America, how account for the wonderful works of charity, the loving labours for others, which have been initiated and so skilfully carried forward there? If we wish to find the highest instances of missionary self-denial, of high principles faithfully infused into business administration; if we wish to see the very noblest specimens of self-abnegation in behalf of the sick, the miserable, the vicious, the suffering, we are not sure that America would not be at least as promising a field for such a search as the old country. And, then, it has to be borne in mind that, while there is much in the form of American institutions and the state of society to attract to it the less worthy hangers-on, the hardened and in many cases not-to-be-desired members of society, there is less of a really monied class, who are free wholly to devote themselves or their means to benevolent undertakings. But, as a small attempt to do justice to America, we wish to present, in the briefest and most sketchy way, the portraits of four Americans, with whom we are sure that not a few English readers will be glad to become acquainted—four men who, with little means,

yet did a great amount of memorable work. Of John M'Vickar and Arthur Tappan it is little likely they have ever heard. They had some strong points of likeness, these two, and many strong points of difference also. They were both thorough Americans, patriotic, proud of their country and its institutions, individual, independent, self-sacrificing; but the one was the American man of culture, the other the *beau-idéal* of the American merchant; the one was a kind of Chalmers, the other a Samuel Budgett; the one was a philosopher, the other a practical man of affairs: and in them we see two of the finest specimens of American character, under the refining influence of real Christian belief. Of Dr. Cullis our readers possibly know as little as of Dr. M'Vickar and Arthur Tappan; while of Dr. Judson, the missionary, though they may have read, his story is surely still worth the re-telling. These four men, taken from widely different spheres—men of very varied tendency and type—we have chosen, in the hope that by means of them we may illustrate, in the most effective way, the presence of the "domestic heroic" in the American life of yesterday and to-day.

V.

JOHN M'VICKAR: THE PROFESSOR.

JOHN M'VICKAR was the son of a New York merchant, of Scotch extraction; and he was born on the 10th August, 1787. To his mother, who it is evident was a woman of very fine nature, he owed much —the quickening of his religious susceptibilities and the first moulding of his character. At the same time, however, she developed in him a peculiar resolution; for he himself tells that when he was entering his seventh year, and was still unable to pronounce the letter S, a friend calling at the house one day took him by the hand and said, "How old are you, John?" "Going into *h*even," was the reply, at which there was a general laugh; and, retiring in confusion, he resolved that he would not rest till he could sound an S as well as any one,—"a result," he adds, "which Perseverance and I soon attained." After some years' schooling he went to Columbia College, New York, where he was soon distinguished for his oratory, in which his fine articulation formed an element; he pronouncing a eulogium on General Hamilton which brought him high distinction. While away from home he was constantly receiving wise letters from his mother, solicitous for his spiritual welfare; and some of these are very beautiful and touching. He studied hard; and in 1811 got ordination in the Episcopalian Church of

America, and married a Miss Bard, who, coming from a truly religious household, proved in every way worthy of him. He was appointed at once to a small rectory on the banks of the Hudson, where he wrought with unwavering devotion, sparing no labour or expense.

The salary as rector of this little parish during three years, from 1815 to 1818, was 250 dollars. "A small amount certainly," says his son. "I do not know how much had been received annually from Trinity Corporation, New York, but even that in 1815 was stopped. The circular announcing the fact, signed by Richard Harrison as comptroller, and sent, we presume, to other parishes, reads curiously under later light. 'The enhanced prices of the necessaries and comforts of life, and the depreciation of money, demand increase of salary for their own clergy and officers.'" So well did he lay out his days, that he found some leisure for abstract studies, for which he had always had a liking. He even read Blackstone, for "he had resolved to obtain a general knowledge of the principles of law." But here also he wrote the "Devotions for the Family and the Closet," which, published long afterwards, met with a very large sale. He did gratuitous missionary work many miles back at Pine Plains, underwent no little labour to re-establish a deaf-and-dumb institution, and was, in fact, ceaseless in his efforts in Christian work.

Especially did he interest himself in efforts to elevate the social condition of the blacks of his neighbourhood, a large and more or less degraded class, some free, and some, as might be expected, still in partial bondage. In 1816 he formed and put into operation a systematic plan for their improvement. The use of the district school-house and its teacher was secured for Sundays and certain week-day evenings. A Sunday-school and Bible Society were then

formed; to embrace all, if possible, from heads of families to youngest children. To learn to read the Bible was the professed object of the first, to supply every member of the Society with a Bible, the object of the second. The address closes with these words: "of this Society your wives and children may all become members, and I hope to see it excite among you all a sense of self-respect, a feeling of religion, and a desire for improvements which will make you an example to the neighbourhood. One Sunday afternoon in every month I will meet you in this church, and do what I can to encourage and support all your good endeavours, and advise and direct you, as I do now, like a true and sincere friend."

In the year 1817 he was appointed Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Columbia College. This, however, was the result of efforts of others rather than of his own. It was an event that coloured the whole future of Dr. M'Vickar's life. It removed him, almost unwillingly, from country scenes and pastoral duty, and threw him, in the prime of early manhood, into the centre of the intellectual thought of the metropolis, as an instructor of its youth, and a companion of its maturer minds. His peculiarly youthful appearance often at first called forth remark—and, indeed, his colleagues were somewhat uneasily exercised about it, while to himself it was rather an annoyance. It brought upon him at the very first meeting of the College Board the somewhat embarrassing question from the venerable Dr. Wilson, "Pray, Mr. M'Vickar, how old are you?" But the ready reply, "Between thirty and forty," silenced such questions for the future, and proved that neither years nor wit were wanting.

It hardly needs to be said that he carried into his work here the same enthusiasm and force of personal influ-

ence as had made him so successful in his pastoral work —such enthusiasm and force as left very deep impressions on the minds of many students, with some of whom, after leaving college, and with his family, who were now of age to go from home, he kept up a correspondence; many of his letters being really admirable. They are full of simple affection, and are not lacking in touches of humour.

His affection for his family, and his consideration for them, led him to more than ordinary trouble in many ways, especially in the conduct of family-worship. For this, he was in the habit of writing short lectures on some portion of Scripture, suitable to the day or season. They were short and simple, very much to the point, and loving in tone. This was kept up for many years, and must have had its influence on himself as well as on others.

Year after year passed over Dr. M'Vickar with steady and pleasant fulfilment of professorial duty, varied by occasional pastoral services and publications of small works in philosophy. But the healthy feeling of the man is seen in such things as the earnest counsel he gives to one of his daughters: "A reserve which wraps you up in your own feelings and indisposes you to enter with cheerfulness into the society and concerns of others is a thing to be guarded against. Throw this off, my dear daughter; if indulged in, it will make you less amiable and less useful. Force yourself to find occupation, if you cannot pleasure, in the company of your equals; enter into their innocent amusements and conversation, and after a time you will find it agreeable, and both your own happiness and your power of bestowing it upon others will be greatly increased." Some of his "Memoranda for my Daughter," are very shrewd and sensible:—

"Exercise, gaiety, and talk are better than books. Knowledge may be got afterwards, but health and spirits are to be procured in youth. Readiness and correctness with your pen is the main point in which you need improvement. So far as regards the reputation of being well-educated, and, I may say, for her own comfort, it is more important for a lady to write a good note or pleasing letter, than to know all languages and the circle of the sciences." "Do not attempt to remember above a hundredth part of what you read. Choose what is most striking and illustrative of principles; fix it by repetition, perhaps by writing, and above all by associating it with what you already know of the same subject."

His care for his daughter is full of a solicitous tenderness, which is very beautiful in the records it has left—a collection of the most tender, and, at the same time, shrewdest letters, of which we give this one as a specimen:—

"Your last letter in reference to your studies was highly satisfactory, except that it said nothing of your serious reading and serious thoughts, in which I feel a deeper interest than in anything else that concerns you. I am writing now on the first day of Lent, that season which the Christian Church has set aside from the earliest age as a suitable preparation for the festival of Easter, and I feel anxious to know whether it will so prepare your mind as to lead you then to become a communicant. Remember that on this point I neither solicit you nor urge you, but merely express my hopes and wishes that your understanding may be so enlightened as to see it to be your duty, and your heart so touched as to feel it to be your comfort and support. From the reading you have already gone through, I am satisfied that your mind must be settled in belief, and that grounded on rational

conviction; after which nothing further is needful but such a sense of your own weakness and reliance on the mercy of God, as will lead you to receive with thankfulness a sacrament which has been appointed both as a means of grace and as a pledge of pardon. As to the obligations under which it brings you, it neither adds to nor lessens those under which you now stand, any more than the promise of a child to love and honour her parents creates the obligation to gratitude and obedience. You are now bound to a holy and virtuous life, to obey the truth in proportion as you are instructed in it; and the same continues to be your rule as well after as before becoming a communicant; it only increases your ability to do that to which you are already bound. As to restricting your pleasure, it will restrain you from nothing that is innocent and in moderation; and to none other will your reason or, I trust, your wishes, ever tend. To terminate your winter by such an act of religious duty would be the aim to which both mine and your mother's wishes tend; and it would double the pleasure, my dear daughter, with which both you and we will one day look back to it. It would be crowning a winter of intellectual improvement with an act of religious devotion which, as it were, would sanctify the whole, and be, on your part, an acknowledgement of the great end to which all intellectual improvement is to be made subservient. But in all this we would have it be what alone can give it value, an act of free will and conscientious duty."

And this, for another specimen, which gives a graphic picture of his home life:—

"As you tell me nothing of your studies, I must tell you of mine. Since my return I have resumed my notes on Political Economy, perhaps for the press. To these I devote all my leisure time after college duties are over,

and domestic arrangements attended to. Till 9 A.M. is fully occupied, after prayers, with breakfast and a short chat around a warm fire, and a long walk to a cold market. From nine to half-past twelve college lectures, which fatigue me sufficiently to send me out of my lecture-room for half an hour, which, by way of relaxation, I employ in the correction of some pages of your sister's notes on history. Thus strengthened, with, perhaps, a biscuit to boot, I return to my room, whence I am called to dinner, and generally again after dinner, till summoned to tea. After that hour—*vive la bagatelle*—down with the Political Economy, up with family amusement; at half-past nine Aunt S. and I wind up the pleasures of the evening with one or two bits at backgammon, while your mother takes her lounge on the sofa; and the day closes with prayers which arise from, I think, not unthankful hearts, and in which our dear absent daughter is not forgotten. By this sketch you may see that I am not eating the bread of idleness, and that if I praise study, I also practise it."

In 1818 the subject of political economy was, at Professor M'Vickar's request, added to his department in Columbia College. This was its first introduction into any American college as a distinct chair, and the new professor devoted himself to the subject with great earnestness and zeal; and, in order to supply the want of a text book, he set about editing for that purpose an article of J. R. McCulloch, which had just appeared in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." This was almost as serious an undertaking as an original work would have been. In his preface Dr. M'Vickar said:—

"The principles which this science teaches entitle it to be regarded as the moral instructor of nations. To them that will give ear it demonstrates the necessary

connection that subsists between national virtue, national interest, and national happiness. It is to states what religion is to individuals, the 'preacher of righteousness.' What religion reproves as wrong, political economy rejects as inexpedient. What religion condemns as contrary to duty and virtue, political economy proves to be equally opposed to the peace, good order, and permanent prosperity of the community. Thus slave labour is exploded for its expensiveness, non-intercourse is condemned for its extravagance, privateering for its waste of wealth, and war for the injury sustained even by the victor; and thus freedom of person, friendly intercourse between nations, kindness even in hostilities, and, if possible, universal peace, which are the highest blessings as well as the greatest virtues, are supported by the all-powerful considerations of self-interest.

"This picture, however, pre-supposes virtue in the people. Political economy is a science which guards against involuntary, not voluntary error. It enters into harmonious alliance with religion, but cannot supply its place. It must find public men true to their trust."

He took a very lively interest in all the topics that arose out of the practical applications of the doctrines of political economy; he was greatly interested in points of finance and banking, developing what was thought in America at the time to be very advanced ideas. The one great disappointment of his life was that, on the death of Dr. Harris, in 1829 (whose duties for some time he had performed), he was not elected to fill the office of President in the College with which he had been so long connected; but he was wise enough not to indulge vain regrets, and, in spite of traces of failing health, still went forward in all his work as before; showing the utmost consideration for the gentleman who had been

preferred to him for the presidentship. By-and-by he had reason to rejoice that he had been disappointed, in that he was enabled to embark in a yet more remarkable enterprise.

But, before he was blessed to go forward in that work, he had a severe trial to bear--perhaps a needed discipline. His health failed so, that he had to leave his cherished work behind him and go to England. The voyage did him good, and he was able to see what English society was; making friends with people like Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Jeffrey, John Wilson, Edward Irving, Chalmers, and many more distinguished men.

"Carriage at the door again, after dinner, to take me to visit Coleridge at Highgate. Mr. Ker was my conductor. We stopped, on our way, for Rev. Edward Irving, much to my annoyance. We found him in a great house, miserably furnished, at tea with his wife and two little children. After tea, with a solemn air, he laid his hand on the heads of the two children, prayed for and blessed them. We then set off for a four-mile ride to Highgate. Mr. Irving grew upon me. I found in him much simplicity, and better sense than I expected. Coleridge was talked of,—an enthusiast, worshipped and idolized by enthusiasts. On reaching our destination we were ushered in and introduced to the idol. His appearance is of a man over sixty, of powerful make, large head, massive features, and large and expressive eyes, though rather dreamy. There was no company but his married daughter, Mrs. C——, one of the prettiest and most learned women in England. His conversation is that of a lofty religious enthusiast, but full of deep and original thought, with a flow and power of expression I have never heard equalled. His topics were varied, but with

a continued tendency to the deep and personal truths of Christianity.

"In the course of the evening the Rev. E. Irving, who was one of our small circle, drew from his pocket a letter, and prefacing it by a call on Mr. Coleridge to counsel him in his spiritual doubts, as 'being the man,' said he, 'from whom I have gained more wisdom than from all other men living,' proceeded to read a communication just received from the celebrated Thomas Erskine, of Edinburgh, containing the particulars of the first wonderful effusion of tongues, as it was termed, in the family of the Campbells, near Greenock. The anxious inquiry of Mr. Irving was, 'How is this to be regarded?' Mr. Coleridge, to whom it probably was not new, being thus addressed as an oracle, answered with corresponding solemnity and certainty, without the ambiguity complained of in oracular responses of old—'Sir, I make no question but that it is the work of the Holy Spirit, and a foretaste of that spiritual power which is to be poured forth on the reviving Church of Scotland.' Though evidently in a circle who eagerly hailed the decision, I felt myself impelled to speak, and press upon him its want of accord with the scriptural account of the gift of tongues, and its unworthiness not alone of the wisdom of God, but of the reason of man. To my protestation he listened respectfully, though evidently unwillingly, and immediately replied, 'Was not the case the same in the Apostles' days? Is not St. Paul's argument in the fourteenth chapter of First Corinthians founded upon the supposition that the saints often spoke in tongues which no man understood?' Pressed again by its incongruity with Scripture facts, more especially with the record of the first day of Pentecost, he finally cut short the argument with denying the genuineness of the chapter that

contained it, and concluded with reiterating his first assertion. Such is Mr. Coleridge, and such are some of his wild opinions. But with all his errors he both was and is a wonderful man. 'Sir,' said Edward Irving to me after this interview, 'his words sink into my mind like seeds into the ground; they grow up afterwards, I know not how, and bear fruit.'"

Strangely enough, Professor M'Vickar was destined to awaken in others, as well as to experience himself, this very feeling, so aptly expressed by Irving, and so true, respecting one against whom he was, at this time, so evidently prejudiced. His preface to the American edition of the "Aids to Reflection" has done much to make Coleridge a favourite with thinking minds on the other side of the Atlantic.

This is his impression of the Wordsworth household:—

"It is a family full of simple-hearted, kind feeling, and as for Wordsworth himself, from my knowledge of the author, I think I must retract whatever I have said or thought against his poetry. His conversation is full of interest from deep feeling and talent, and marked by peculiar simplicity and modesty. We felt quite at home before we parted; and bear with us many pleasing memorials of our short but delightful visit, among them the following lines written by the poet in A——'s album:—

Hast thou seen with flash incessant,
  Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
  No one knows by what device?
Such are thoughts—a wind-swept meadow
  Mimicking a troubled sea;
Such is Life, and Death a shadow
  From the Rock—Eternity.

'WM. WORDSWORTH.

'RYDAL MOUNT, 11*th July*, 1830.'"

He deeply impressed all with whom he came in contact; proving the sweetness of his disposition and the true culture which he possessed. With the American man of letters, Sir Walter Scott—no mean judge of men—was especially pleased, as is proved by this anecdote:—

"On the second day I sent for post horses, fearing to trespass by a longer stay, but Sir Walter countermanded them, saying in his own kind manner, 'You are not quite well, and I cannot part with you; besides I owe it . . .' Though the indisposition was but trifling, the kindness was great, and the remembrance of it will be enduring; it has added love to veneration, so that in future recollections of Sir Walter Scott, the virtues of the man will come to my heart before his merits as an author. On the third day of our stay at Abbotsford we took leave, Sir Walter returning to A——, as he parted from her, a little book, in which, on a blank leaf, he had written these words:—

> 'To meet and part is mortals' lot;
> You've seen us—pray, forget us not:
> Such the farewell of Walter Scott.'"

Returning to America, after a lengthened sojourn on the Continent, in the course of which Paris presented much food for reflection, for it was just after "The Revolution of the Three Days," he found it needful to undertake a tour in Eastern Pennsylvania; and then he resumed his college duties with unwonted energy. He had all along taken a great interest in missionary operations; and had, in 1820, been elected by Convention a member of the Missionary Committee of the diocese. Now missionary matters more than ever claimed a share of his attention and recruited strength. His wife

passed from him in 1833, and with her the common happiness of a long companionship, but he braced himself up to his work bravely. In 1837, once more the stroke fell: he lost his eldest son—a young man of much promise—for whom he greatly grieved; but the fresh trial only deepened his faith. This may account in some degree for the fact that, at a time of life when most men, if they do not think of rest, are slow to take on fresh burdens, he adventured on a most laborious charge, and fulfilled it with more than usual zeal long after his strength for such labour was gone. This was the chaplaincy of Fort Columbia, the great recruiting depôt of the United States army. This unexpected offer of missionary work—for it was no other—came during vacation, and Professor M'Vickar accepted it at once and entered on the duties. But the college authorities raised objections, on the ground that the chaplaincy was derogatory to his professorial position. He, however, stoutly refused to resign the chaplaincy, with its nominal salary, and hard work among the soldiers, and said that he would rather give up the professorship. At length, being firm, the point was yielded in his favour, though by many the offence was never forgiven.

Dr. M'Vickar gave up the chaplain's quarters for libraries and schoolrooms, and travelled for some miles every day to do the work. Then, as there was no proper place of worship, he built a church out of his own resources. The war with Mexico came on, and the numbers under Dr. M'Vickar's notice was greatly increased. He did a good work among these recruits, one small token of which was that many small bequests from soldiers dying in the hospitals of Mexico were sent to the little chapel he had built.

An officer, writing from the far-off field of battle, says:

"I am much pleased to hear of your final and complete success in building a church on the island, and shall place my small donation in your hands at the first good opportunity. May its hallowed walls echo back strains of pure devotion from the hearts and lips of its fortunate attendants, and may its erection prove the means of turning many from the power of Satan unto God. If it shall be my privilege to return again to the United States, it will arouse no ordinary feelings of emotion in my heart to enter into the courts of our little sanctuary, and there to join the voice of prayer and praise to Him who is the God of dangers and of protection. Be so kind, my dear sir, in your next letter, as to describe its position and its form, even in details."

And the chaplain was sagacious in plans to form for the soldiers links of loving association with the place where they had been taught by him.

"The regiments were often changed, and, when they were, a practical symbolism was enlisted to give permanency to the spiritual impressions already made. The communicants among the commissioned officers were assembled by the chaplain, and requested to choose a Bible text, which should be the motto of their regiment; this was then inscribed, with proper device and colour, on a metal shield, with the name of the regiment, and solemnly hung on the walls of the chapel, a binding link to the absent, a suggestive subject of reflection to the present, worshippers."

When the depôt was removed from Governor's to Bedloe's Island, he got thus a new charge some miles farther down; but he still energetically persevered, attending to the little old church likewise as faithfully as before.

A daughter writing from home shortly after the change says—

"Father's return in safety from one or other of his islands each Sunday afternoon always appears to me a new and abundant source of gratitude, for he seems to spare himself no duty, and fear no personal exposure at a time of life when so many think that the call for exertion is over. His zeal in his missionary work 'grows with what it feeds upon,' and whereas he says, formerly he was content with one jewel, now he has two, and he could not tell if called upon to give up one, which would be the dearest. Never, he says, did the church look more beautiful, nor the men work for it with a more loving zeal, and yet there is a daily prospect that every one of them may be ordered off."

Then he was busy also with schemes of general missions, and did nothing half-heartedly, as his letters prove. He went on with this chaplaincy work till his family interfered, knowing that it was too much for his enfeebled constitution; and he was at length compelled to desist, having already resigned his chair.

From his extensive learning and his well-known name, no less than from his polished yet simple manners and his graceful bearing, he had an influence with the soldiers such as but few could have exerted,—and as much with officers as men, who testified in many ways their appreciation of his services. He did not live long to enjoy the leisure of age; but passed away with "prayer" and "praise," and the name of Christ upon his lips, in October of 1868.

A peculiar sweetness of temper, blended with remarkable self-reliance, was Professor M'Vickar's great characteristic. He himself said he had, with God's help, achieved all that he did by perseverance. The more of

experience he gained, the more clearly he saw that the true wisdom of life was humble service of Christ; and in him there was developed a very complete Christian character, though there is little record of any great religious crisis in his life.

VI.

ARTHUR TAPPAN: THE ABOLITIONIST.

ARTHUR TAPPAN was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1786. Of his childhood we learn but little. When he was about fifteen he went as apprentice to a dry-goods store in Boston, where, after his apprenticeship expired, he became a clerk. Notwithstanding the great amount of work required of him, and his being subject to headaches, he must have been studious and economical of his time; for he made himself thoroughly acquainted with book-keeping, and very soon afterwards mastered French. In 1806 his employers, to show their appreciation of his faithful services, offered to start him in business; and he went to Montreal, in 1806, with the view of commencing there; but he finally preferred an opening in Portland, in Maine. From letters he wrote to his sister and mother, it is evident that he was much shocked at the fashion and frivolity which prevailed there; but at the same time, by hearing certain eloquent preachers, he drifted away somewhat from sound doctrine.

Arthur Tappan's mother, like John M'Vickar's, was a woman of deep religious convictions, and perhaps of stronger character, though with less of culture and susceptibility. And she, too, watched over her son's

welfare with unceasing anxiety. When, on one of his visits to his parents from Portland, he had let drop some expressions savouring of impatience with the doctrinal ideas in which he had been trained, she allowed him to leave home without argument on the subject, but at once, on his departure, wrote to him a letter, in which she says:—

"I fear you have imbibed some errors, from what you dropped last night respecting the new birth. There are many loose writers, and, it is to be feared, unsound preachers, in our day. But the Word of God is plain. He that runneth may read. Study it attentively, with sincere and fervent prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your darkened understanding. From my own experience I firmly believe the Calvinistic doctrines to be scriptural. I would not willingly consent to abrogate one of them. I love to acknowledge myself nothing, that God may be all. I feel that I am depraved in the whole man; that in me naturally is no good; that all my sufficiency is of God; and it is my happiness that I go to Him as a guilty, weak, and helpless creature, and cast all my cares upon Him."

After two years he made up his mind to go to Montreal after all; and, having married, he went thither. Things, however, did not go well with him; and he was soon again a wanderer—his wife and child being left behind, and he residing now here, now there. For several years he remained in such unsettled circumstances. In 1826 he formed a partnership with a Mr. Charles Keeler and a nephew of his own, and opened a place in New York. By giving attention to importing goods, and resolving to sell on the lowest possible profits and to trust to large returns, the house soon became famous for its low prices. He was told at first that "he was selling

his goods at the cost; and that he would find the expenses would 'eat him up.'" He smiled, kept his own counsel and went on. The result was that, as he did not increase his personal expenses as his trade grew, he soon realised a fortune. The secret of his success, he said, was this—"I had but *one* price, and sold for cash or short credit." His principles soon came to be known, and he was trusted in trade by those who were declared enemies of the opinions for which he was constantly contending.

The most noticeable point was that his benevolence did not shrivel up as his purse grew heavier. He was ready to aid all good objects, giving large sums to Sunday-schools and other like works; but, having seen the low compliances of men, otherwise honourable, in the matter of slavery, he was determined to throw all the weight of his influence on the anti-slavery side; and at the same time he became a zealous member of the American Bible Society, and soon afterwards a director of the "New York Evangelical Missionary Society." For several years that followed, his life might be summed up as a round of business successes, and of large gifts to good works, and of active interest in all Christian enterprises. Not seldom, when purchasers fancied that Mr. Tappan, at the centre desk in the store, surrounded by books, bills of purchases, &c., was engrossed in his own financial concerns, he was occupied in scheming out some new form of Christian enterprise. But it is very characteristic of him, that in order to obtain such leisure, he made it a rule to have no spare chair for callers! "When a friend or stranger honoured him with a call, his practice was to rise and receive him with much economy of speech, and, as no seat was at hand, the person soon took his departure." A question which

interested him much was the observance of the Sabbath, and he was mainly instrumental in forming a new society to promote that object; whilst he went warmly into the temperance cause, having observed the evil that was caused by "tippling" amongst the New York traders; and gave largely of his time and means for reformatories. But the cause he had nearest at heart was that of the down-trodden slaves. A society had been got up—called a Colonisation Society—which, under pretence of benefiting the negro, demoralised him, and against this Society Mr. Tappan took up a very decided attitude.

"He had no objection to the emigration of deserving men of colour to Africa, but he objected strongly to the coercive system, direct or implied, and thought it against the genius of Christianity to encourage men who were destitute of religious principle, and especially if destitute of common morality, in going from a Christian to a heathen or semi-heathen land."

As this Colonisation Society proceeded in its operations, the minds of thousands were opened to the designs of the leaders of the enterprise. Among them was the famous Daniel Webster, who, when at the height of his popularity, said, "I cannot give my sanction to the object of this Society; for I see that it originated in a plan to get rid of the free negroes in order to render slavery more secure, and I will have nothing more to do with it." As the Colonisation Society was found to be not only a failure, but a false pretence, Mr. Tappan was eager to do something decisive on his own part; and accordingly he joined with some others to build a school or college for coloured youths. But the people of New Haven became incensed at the project. They seemed to feel that the success of the enterprise would be a stain upon the city, and bring a stigma upon Yale College.

Such a panic seized their minds that Mr. Tappan and his friends had to abandon their project. And Mr. Tappan was never content to have only one good cause in hand. While the *furore* respecting the Coloured College at New Haven had hardly yet died down, a case of a similar kind arose in Connecticut. A Miss Randall, who kept a boarding-school, was applied to by a young coloured woman for admission; and on receiving her, the other pupils all threatened to leave. Miss Randall stood firm, and the girls did leave. The town of Canterbury, where she lived, was thrown into great excitement by this occurrence; and Miss Randall would have been wholly ruined if Mr. Tappan had not stepped in to aid her. A case was got up against her for violating the laws and breaking the peace. Mr. Tappan, on hearing of it, at once wrote to her solicitor:—

"I shall consider it a duty and a privilege to help you. I wish you to consider me your banker, assured that I will honour promptly all your drafts. Keep your accounts carefully, and let me know whenever you need any money. Spare no necessary expense; employ the best counsel; and let this great question be fairly tried, not doubting that, under the good Providence of a righteous God, the right will ultimately prevail."

When baffled at one point, it was always Mr. Tappan's principle to find outlet for his energies in other directions. He was irrepressible; his heart was on fire, and action was needful. The result was the formation of the Phœnix Society of New York, whose object was to promote the improvement of the coloured people, and to educate them. When William Lloyd Garrison was thrown into prison for libel for saying some harsh but true things of the slave-holding interest, Mr. Tappan was mainly influential in procuring his release—a service

which Mr. Garrison recognised in words that are likely to be long remembered; and in the course of his efforts for this object, the germ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which had been founded mainly by him in the midst of the turmoil, took fuller shape. Mr. Tappan was appointed president. The news of this inflamed the slavery party; and their vengeance was chiefly directed against the Tappans' store. On the 10th July accordingly an attack was made upon it, and much mischief done; it being more than probable the mob would have proceeded to violence towards Mr. Arthur Tappan, had not the word spread that soldiers were near, and would open fire upon the crowd. Mr. Tappan was subjected to many similar indignities, but he stood firm, and the mob-violence that was meant to put an end to the anti-slavery agitation seemed only to extend and increase it. For a while, however, the leading abolitionists, and Mr. Tappan amongst others, were continually watched, dogged, and threatened; their families insulted, sometimes even spit upon; so that, whilst far from wishing to depreciate any noble effort, one is forced to feel, in reading such a life as Arthur Tappan's, that the work of the English abolitionist was, after all, easy and safe by comparison. We have the best evidence that under all these provocations, Mr. Tappan preserved his equanimity, steadily pursued his accustomed avocations, attended regularly the anti-slavery meetings, and looked into the future with a confident trust that good would be evoked out of seeming evil.

The most strenuous efforts were made by "Southerners" to injure the business of abolitionists in America, and to some extent they succeeded. Owing in some degree to this, but still more to the fact that the store

was burned down, and that, on the heels of this disaster, came the great financial crisis, Mr. Arthur Tappan lost his fortune, and had in effect to begin the world again when he was an oldish man. But the same indefatigable spirit he had shown in the outset of life remained with him. He was as busy, as hopeful as ever, and as devoted to the anti-slavery cause. And he never complained, accepting his misfortune as a direct dealing of God with him for his good. He had the peace of a good conscience, and the fortune of a high influence, such as others would willingly have taken advantage of. A merchant in New York, who had known him in the days of his prosperity, but had not sympathized with him in his anti-slavery enterprise, said, "If Arthur Tappan will allow his name to be put upon my store, and sit in an arm-chair in my counting-room, I will pay him 3,000 dollars a year." An offer which Mr. Tappan did not accept.

But in course of time he succeeded in realising as much as enabled him to retire; and he was gratified in being permitted to see the realisation of his dearest wishes at last, though he mourned over the horrors of the war; the assassination of Lincoln being a great blow to him, "though," he said, "God will overrule it for the good of our country. He saw we needed this. . . . . It was a kind providence that his death was so easy."

A complete list of Mr. Tappan's benefactions would form a peculiar study in benevolence as a science. But he kept no records of what he gave, so that we can trace only his more prominent and striking gifts. One of the most notable is his paying the board and training of one hundred divinity students for four years at Yale College.

Nor could Mr. Tappan be charged with a vice which has sometimes been urged against philanthropists—the

encouraging of large sympathy towards *man*, but little sympathy for *men*. A meagre sense of justice towards those brought close to them in daily life has been set down as a characteristic of men like him. But Mr. Seth B. Hunt tells how, in June, 1830, he was engaged as a clerk by Mr. Tappan, at one hundred and fifty dollars per annum; and how, in January, 1831, he found his account credited at the rate of four hundred and fifty dollars per annum. "I concluded that Mr. Tappan had by mistake put down a '4' instead of a '1.' I drew his attention to it, and he laughed, and said he was satisfied, if I was." Mr. Hunt, who was for years connected with Mr. Tappan, testifies to his coolness and bravery, and also to his aversion to talk of what he had done.

Another sufficing fact in support of this statement is that when he retired from business a very old man, with just barely enough to allow him to live in the plainest way, some of his old clerks offered, if he would allow them, to buy an annuity for him. But, with the sterling independence that had always marked his conduct, he declined, assuring them that "the voyage was nearly over; the provisions just enough to last out the voyage; so that more were not needed." That old clerks should thus think of an impoverished employer is a significant proof that Arthur Tappan's generosity and goodness did, as the old proverb enjoins, "begin at home."

We are told that occasionally the manœuvres of persons soliciting his aid called forth his reproof, as in the case of a distinguished lawyer, who waited upon him at his store to solicit a contribution to a scheme set on foot by a brother, a celebrated doctor in divinity. Mr. Tappan did not seem disposed to comply with the request. The applicant became importunate, and said, "I want your *name* more than your money. Be so kind as to head the

subscription, and you will not be called upon for the money." Instead of being flattered by this request, he looked the man full in the face for a moment, and then turned and walked away.

By virtue of his prudence and energy, Mr. Tappan enjoyed a few years of quiet rest before the time came for him to remove. He died in the summer of 1865, in full faith and peace.

VII.

DR. CULLIS, THE CONSUMPTIVES' FRIEND.

A YOUNG physician in Boston, in the year 1862, lost a much-loved wife, whose departure from this world was like the taking away from him of all joy or interest in it. Yet success poured in upon him. Patients increased. Marvellously soon, for a young man in an old city, his hands were full, a horse and carriage were required and purchased, and a surplus of money flowed in. He bestowed this money liberally on Christian objects, yet was he unsatisfied; he busied himself in good works, but no peace of mind followed for him in the doing of them. In the first paroxysm of his grief and pain of bereavement, he had vowed so to devote his gains; but he was haunted by the thought that, for all his money-giving and tract-distributing, he had failed to render the acceptable offering of a devoted heart. Day by day, in spite of many professional calls and distractions, the thought pressed heavily upon his mind and soul, and would not let him rest. He betook himself to closer study of the Scriptures, and, as a result of the scrutiny, resolved to throw himself more fully, more completely, on the promises of God. And he began to desire some more express and soul-occupying work for God and for his fellow-men; and so daily he "sent up

CHARLES CULLIS.

his cry to God for a twofold boon—a pure heart and a special work." He soon came to repose securely on the conviction that God himself was his sanctification and guide, and so he could wait patiently for his Master's direction as to the path of work.

One day, as he was thus thinking and praying, a stranger called upon him in behalf of a poor man in consumption who had no home, and had been refused admission into the public hospitals because he was incurable. The physician was deeply moved; he could not find it in his heart to send the homeless, hopeless creature away; a voice within him seemed to say, "There, that is your work." Thus began one of the most remarkable and fruitful Christian works of America —nay, one of the most remarkable anywhere of which we have yet read the record, and its record is given fully, but with no wearisome detail, in a recently published volume from the pen of the Rev. W. E. Boardman, who is well known to us in England by his useful work, "The Higher Christian Life," which has enjoyed, as it deserved, a large circulation.

If the sceptic can say that life is woven of destiny and choice, surely the Christian can assert, with fuller conviction, that life is woven of special providences and our own choice. Through all the web of a Christian's life, as he looks gratefully back upon it, how do these threads of special providence glimmer and shine, making all glorious and beautiful in the retrospect! What was dull and bare becomes bright: the rough places become plain. So it was in the case of Dr. Cullis. "From that hour," he says, "one part of my twofold cry was modified. The daily prayer was no longer, 'What, O Lord, is my special work?' but, like Manoah, I wanted to know how it should be ordered." He was resolved that

he should found an hospital to meet the needs of such cases, and now he was only occupied about the way. Had he been left to his own impulses, he tells us that he should have followed the usual plan, secured a board of managers, and issued prospectuses and subscription lists; but he was led to the idea that such a system brings its own restrictions as to the truth taught, and so far introduces a risk of worldly interests in trusting to regular and set machinery. As, therefore, Dr. Cullis determined to be free and to "give the place up, purely and gloriously, to the Lord Jesus Christ," he soon threw this scheme overboard. Other plans of his own were considered and cast aside. Just at this time, however, he chanced to read about the doings of Franke at Halle, in Germany, and of Müller at Bristol, and resolved that his hospital should be founded on similar principles to those adopted by them. It was to be a faith-work, purely and simply. Like so many others of the same class before him, however, Dr. Cullis had to endure his discipline of silence and of patience. How much of the persistency, the calm, self-sufficing strength of such workers arises from the restraint often put upon them till the will is exercised and disciplined as well as the mind and heart! God leads his people into the wilderness to make them learn the whole secret of his grace, and bring them to know fully the strength of faith. Dr. Cullis tells us that "waiting was all against his nature," and therefore perhaps it was that he had to wait. "I am quick to decide," he goes on; "impulsive in action, and impatient of delay; yet during the entire twelvemonth, twice told, the Lord held me with constantly increasing confidence and joy in the faith that my most sanguine hopes would be realised." He gave himself more and more unto prayer; and on one particular day he begged

God to bestow the means, if it was his will that such a Home should be established. That very day there came from a friend a small contribution, sent entirely of his own accord; and this was by-and-by followed by another of small amount. Regarding this as sufficient answer and sign, on Thursday, the 17th of May, 1864, the resolve was taken. At first, as Dr. Cullis had very little of his own savings in hand—never less at any time, with one or two exceptions—he made up his mind to rent a house, as he could not buy one; but a suitable house was very hard to find. He was just about to advertise, when, on June 3rd, "the Lord gave, not a house, but an additional spur to his faith. Some one told him of another poor consumptive needing such a home." But, notwithstanding his anxiety and his energy in the search, another two months passed before a fitting house was at length found in Willard Street. No sooner was it taken than new difficulties arose. Some of the people opposite objected to an hospital being there; and as the owner offered to sell it on very reasonable terms, Dr. Cullis was soon led to see that it would be advantageous to buy it, which he did on mortgage for a period of years. The wisdom of this step was soon seen in the fact that before one-tenth part of the time had elapsed, the property was redeemed by contributions sent unsolicited to the Home. All the aid he had as yet received, however, were the two small donations already spoken of. But just two days after the purchase was concluded, Dr. Cullis's friend C——, who had given the first gift, came from New York, and after he had been to see the house, he gave another ten dollars. Not a very large amount yet, as charitable donations go; but it was like to the grain of mustard seed—a promise and prophecy of increase. Soon contributions of all kinds commenced to flow in.

The doctor's experiment began to be talked about, and his motives canvassed. No one could deny that such a Home was greatly needed; and in eight weeks from the purchase of the building the Home was opened and the guests received. Dr. Boardman tells us that—

"In the report of the first year's history of the dear work there is found tucked away in a corner just in the last end a dry list, which only needs in this connection to be hauled out and read over, dry as it is, to give us some idea of how much there was in those days of cheer from the Lord. The little short list of the first four weeks will suffice. This is it: 'six chairs;' 'a carpet;' 'a barrel of flour;' 'window curtains *for the whole house!*' 'two cot beds;' 'an extension table;' 'chairs and tables;' 'twelve husk pillows;' 'a stair carpet;' 'glass ware;' 'cotton cloth;' 'mattresses and boxes;' 'two floors painted and lettering done out of good will;' 'two *contribution boxes lettered*;' 'a clock *loaned*.' This, with a cord of wood worth 12 dols. given, and the free offer of coal for the Home at 11 dols. a ton,—the price being 14 dols., makes the catalogue complete of that first four weeks. That of the next four weeks, while the repairing and furnishing were in progress, is four or five times longer and not less significant.

"During those two months, as well as at other times, but especially then while the dear work was yet all in the untried future, there were those who, like Sanballat and Tobias of old, were ready to ask, 'What doth this feeble Christian build?' and to say, 'Though only a fox go up against it, he shall break down that which he builds.' One and another—better meaning, no doubt, than those old enemies of the Lord's work—said to Dr. Cullis, 'I doubt your ability to carry on such a work.' The Lord enabled him to give the true answer, saying,

'I, too, doubt *my* ability, but I do not doubt the Lord. My trust is in him. He will not let me be confounded.'"

As a necessary result of the nature of the work, it could not long be done in a corner, though it was part of Dr. Cullis's plan that no appeal should be made to the public for aid, either directly or indirectly. When the house had been furnished and fitted up, it was publicly dedicated to God; and this service naturally drew attention to it, for the clergymen and others who were engaged, could not but refer to it, and speak of it to their people. Not only so; they of their own accord sent abroad a circular to awaken interest and sympathy among members of the Christian Church; but Dr. Cullis neither signed this document, nor did he know of it till it had been actually sent abroad. In this matter of publicity, Dr. Cullis was much exercised. Even at the end of the year, after the second house had been built, he was in a dilemma "about formally and fully reporting the work of the year. He shrank back at thought of the step, lest it should be understood as an appeal to the people on the one hand, and on the other as an egotistic parading of himself and his faith before the public." And it was only settled after much prayer and deliberation that the report should be made, but not by himself; that he should put his journal into the hands of a Christian friend, in whose judgment and competence he could place implicit confidence, and let this friend select from it at discretion, and report whatever was deemed necessary to glorify God.

But this came later; what we most need to tell here is that the house soon filled: at the end of the month there were five, and before the close of the second month eight, and early in the third month the journal speaks of

the Home as full, and also of the fact that Dr. Cullis had begun praying for a second house. It is clear that having professedly to do only with incurables, there could not, on Dr. Cullis's part, be the pride of professional skill, or the hope of repute on account of extraordinary operations, as in the case of curable patients, and of those requiring critical performances in surgery for their restoration. "None were refused on account of their belonging to the hopeless class. The one question asked was, Are they homeless and hopeless? No question was asked as to their creed. The atheist, the Deist, the bigot, the gospel-hardened, alike with the true follower of Christ, were taken, if sent of God, and given a home with every comfort possible, with the implicit confidence that the Lord who sent them would hear prayer in their behalf and save them."

At no time did Dr. Cullis accumulate—his enterprises always extended in measure to prevent this. How the balance was held for him—how, whilst he was never left unprovided for, his faith was often much tried and his prayers not seldom answered just at the moment of extremity, the few following instances out of many hundreds, some of which are still more striking, will amply suffice to show:—

"*November* 26.—To-day is Thanksgiving. I trust I am thankful to the Lord for all his blessings to me and mine during the year past. I daily pray for a heart wholly wedded to Christ, that I may live entirely to his glory. When I review all that the Lord has done for the Home, I cannot but exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' When the work was commenced in August, I had but little over three hundred dollars, and out of this must come my own business and family expenses, and the Home to be supported. But I knew in whom

I trusted,—that I had a rich Father who always honours all drafts upon Him. In Him I have never been confounded. Daily He has supplied each need. The Home is established in working order; eight patients are abundantly cared for, having all their need supplied, and many luxuries; a matron, two nurses, two domestics, and a man to assist, are supported, all but one (Miss K.) being paid weekly wages; all the expenses of the house have been paid; and to-day I have more money on hand than when the work was commenced. Have I not reason to give thanks? 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'"

"*December* 8.—The donations this month have been quite small. Perhaps the Lord is trying my faith. Each day something is given, though I think no one has reached twenty cents. Since writing the above, Mrs. F. has given me two dollars. I thank thee, O Lord, that thou dost hear and answer prayer. Not fifteen minutes before this was given, I knelt and asked the Lord not to let the day pass without a donation."

"*December* 12.—I have been praying for more extensive accommodations, as we are now full. Either that one of the adjoining houses may be obtained, or that a larger building somewhere else may be secured. 'Therefore I will look unto the Lord, I will wait for the God of my salvation, my God will hear me.' My prayer at the beginning of the month was, that God would give me greater donations this month than ever before. Thus far they have never been so small. But I am still believing, remembering that 'all things are possible to him that believeth.'"

"*December* 14.—'I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my cry.' A day or two ago I received a note from a stranger, asking me to call on her to-day. I have

done so, and found a young lady sick with consumption. She said she was going to die soon, and as she had a little money, she thought she would like to give it where it would do most good. At her request her mother had visited various charitable institutions, and the Lord had shown her that the Consumptives' Home was the place to give her money. She made some inquiries regarding the work, and then, taking her purse, she presented me with five hundred dollars. May the Lord abide with her in all her sickness, give her perfect peace in Jesus, and make her 'dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are.' I was not surprised at the gift, although it was so large an amount, for I expect great things of the Lord. I had asked for large donations this month, and though they had been small up till to-day, yet I felt they would come. To thee, O Lord, belongeth all praise and honour. 'I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise shall be continually in my mouth.'"

On the 27th of May, 1865, we meet with this characteristic entry: "Two more patients have applied for admission, proving to my mind beyond a doubt that it is the Lord's will that I should go on trusting in Him. I now feel that it is certainly my duty to secure the building, and I pray for the means. I can with my own funds pay fifteen hundred dollars, for I have that little amount in hand. I trust in the Lord to supply means wherewith to alter and furnish." This building was for the second house, which was accordingly purchased on the 30th of May—the owner giving it for a hundred dollars less than he at first asked on hearing the purpose for which it was destined. The carpenters and masons were first paid out of Dr. Cullis's own earnings; for, of course, he still took all prudent care of his practice, as indeed he does up to the present time, devoting his gains to the support

of the Home. Without any balance in bank or otherwise against contingencies, all contingencies have yet been provided for, often at the last moment, and from contributions in which the mite of the widow and the orphan have held large place. On September 28th, just when the difficulty of furnishing the second house was becoming urgent, he can record, "How shall I render sufficient thanks to my Heavenly Father for the great blessing He has this day bestowed upon me? This forenoon two ladies called and informed me that a friend had authorised them to furnish the new house with everything needed at his expense. They declined to give his name."

From this time forth, in continuous stream, evidences of God's approval came in, some in the form of contributions in aid of printing the report, others showing that it had opened hearts to give for the work in an extraordinary manner.

"A poor woman, who is one of the many sufferers of this world, but at peace with Jesus, and living a life of faith, having been totally helpless for years, depending wholly upon God's gifts, through his children, for her support, having read the Report, writes: 'Please accept this little for the "Home;" it has been lying in my work-box, during all my sickness, some ten years; I have had no occasion to use it, as my wants have all been supplied. It is but a little, I know, and instead of sixty cents, I wish it were six thousand dollars. The "Home" and the founder are the Lord's; there will be no failure. Praise the Lord for such a "Home!"'

"A lady called at the Home, and left one dollar and thirty-six cents in currency, and six dollars in gold; the gold pieces were keepsakes, but after reading the Report, she felt she could not keep them, but must give them to the Lord."

and the Children's Home was established. At the close of that same year the doctor's safe was broken open and robbed of its contents by a boy who had been in his service,—all Dr. Cullis's savings, some subscriptions and valuables, being carried off and never recovered. But in two short months from this time two houses were added to the Home in rear fronting the next street, a chapel in the Home connecting all four of the houses in one, and a house for a chapel and tract repository at the bottom of the street, a Bible-reader appointed, an evening school and a dispensary established.

The first month of the year 1868, the fourth after the opening of the Home, like the preceding one, proved to be one of very small donations. Yet each day brought some reminder of God's care for his work. One day during this day of small things, Dr. Cullis spoke of it to a friend, and instead of getting encouragement he received a response calculated to cast a shadow over his faith, if anything could. It was this: "Yes, that is always the way. As soon as the novelty of any charity is worn off, people stop giving to it." A prophecy of utter failure. Yet it affected the doctor only so far as to send him to the Lord with a more implicit reliance upon Him for all necessary means.

The record of January is comprehended in its main features in the following notes of the Journal, the one at the beginning and the other at the end of the month.

"*January* 2, 1868.—A substantial token from the Lord reached me to-day—seventeen dollars, fifty cents—with the following kind note:—

"'DR. CULLIS:—

"'Dear Sir,—Our little fair for the Freedmen having realised so much more than we expected

(five hundred dollars), we take great pleasure in appropriating the inclosed surplus to the 'Home,' upon which we fervently pray the new year will shower abundant blessings. Not less could we wish that the heart of the founder should duly experience the personal power of our Saviour's holy petition: "I pray for thee that thy faith fail not."'"

And this is a very characteristic record:—

"August 11th is recorded as 'a day of mercies, greater than ever before experienced.' The first token of the morning was a note inclosing five dollars. The second was a letter from a friend who had just found the Saviour in answer to prayer in his behalf. A month before, this friend had spent the day with Doctor Cullis and visited the Home. He said:—

"'Doctor, you must either have a large income or very influential friends to carry on this Institution.' I said I had neither, but that my trust was in a living God, who had promised to give to all who ask in faith. He said he could not appreciate it. I took the opportunity after dinner to talk to this friend of the blessed Saviour, who had died for us. He heard me kindly, and then repeated the old story of the inconsistency of Christians. I told him that I should pray for him, and to-day he writes me that he has found Christ precious to his soul."

Sometimes, too, the children's gifts and their mode of sending them are touching:—

"Will you please accept from dear little Gracie on this, the first anniversary of her birthday, the inclosed five dollars towards the fund for building a new Home also ten dollars from the grateful mother."

"My little girls," says a mother, "have been listening to your Report (the eldest is only six), and with tears in

their eyes they send their little offering." The mother adds five dollars. The children, not content to have the mother alone write, pen for themselves, in rude characters, a note inclosing their treasure, thirty-nine cents. The eldest is the scribe, and says:—

"DEAR DOCTOR CULLIS,—Sister and I send all the money we have, for a little help towards your Home for the dear little children whose mammas are sick."

The following tells its own story:—

"*August* 13.

"DR. CULLIS:—

"Dear Sir,—Three years ago to-day my dear husband wrote to me for the last time, though he was then expecting to be home in a very few days. He sent me ten dollars to use, if I wished to go and meet him, as he would be delayed in Concord with his regiment. Instead of the long-looked-for telegram to meet him, came the sad news of his death. I could not use that money for any other purpose, therefore it has lain by me till this time, as I placed it in my sadness and disappointment. I could not use it for myself, so it has remained idle. To-day, the third anniversary, I send it to you, to be used for the 'Children's Home' in any way you need. May God bless it in your hands.

"I think you were very fortunate to secure a house for the children so near the 'Home.'

"May God bless you in all your labours for him.

"Yours, with interest and sympathy."

And this, again, is a notable specimen of a family letter:

"*Chelsea, July* 27, 1871.

"DR. CULLIS:—

"Dear Sir,—Since knowing of your Home by my father being under your care, it has been my earnest de-

sire to contribute something, were it ever so small, in aid of your holy, noble work. Thus far it has been out of my power. At father's decease, his children shared expenses, and the bills being paid, ten dollars are surplus. Is it not God saying to us, 'Here my children, is your "mite;" it is for my Home?' It is useless to attempt to express our gratitude for all your kindness to father. It is beyond the reach of words. I can only plead, *God ever bless you.* We desire to be gratefully remembered to Miss C. and Mrs. P. for their unwavering attention and care. Both my husband and self are greatly interested in your labours. We are young, just commencing in life, but I *know* God will enable us, from time to time, to send a little aid for *somebody's* father, for what has so nobly been done for mine. Mother unites with us in gratitude.

"Yours respectfully,
"O. and J. A."

The first day of the fifth year opened without a dollar in the treasury. There were more than forty souls in the Consumptives' Home, eight in the Children's Home, and two connected with Willard Street Chapel to be fed, besides Dr. Cullis's own family expenses to be paid. The first day's provision was asked of God and supplied by a gift from two Sunday-school classes in Providence, R. I. The second day there was neither money in the treasury nor provisions in the larder. Prayer was made for the day's supply, answered by twenty-five dollars received from over the water, sent by a lady travelling in Europe. The third day every dollar was gone at noon,—the day's supply having been purchased out of what was received the day before. The fourth day's history is unrecorded; probably it was like those before it.

The fifth day there was nothing to purchase dinner till a note was received, enclosing six dollars. The sixth day came, and again Dr. Cullis was penniless. The greatest trial of all was that the instalment of a thousand dollars on the mortgage of the house converted into Willard Street Chapel could not be paid. Matters became worse and worse, till Dr. Cullis had to send out and sell articles of value to meet the most pressing needs. But what is remarkable is, that in spite of these things, additions were even now being made to the work. The fourth house was fitted up, furnished, and filled. And as the work grew, so did the daily-given resources. During the seventh year nearly as much had been received for its enlargement and support as in all the six years before.

The difficulty of finding proper nurses for the Home led Dr. Cullis to the idea that a home must be offered to Christian women willing to give their services, and wishing to be trained for their vocation. He had, however, to wait some time before he could realise this idea. On the 16th of January, 1869, he received his first contribution for it, and soon thereafter others followed; and on the 11th of May the house was dedicated, soon occupied, and before the close of the year it had sent out deaconesses to serve both at home and abroad. The Home now contained forty-four patients, and persons were day by day being turned away. This becoming known, contributions were sent for the purpose of enlargement; but Dr. Cullis was led to think of purchasing a new place instead of enlarging the old; and accordingly an estate called Grove Hall was purchased. The first of the buildings erected on it was the children's cottage, and gradually the others followed. A printing and publishing establishment and tract depôt were soon added, and have been found of signal service. Thus, rising from

the smallest beginnings, like the grain of mustard-seed, we have a great and growing institution, organized with wisdom, and conducted with a sense of constant dependence upon God. The Home is healthily and beautifully situated, and each day adds to the number of its inmates, who are not only nursed and cared for, but prayed for, and in most, if not, indeed, all cases, Christianized and redeemed. The grounds occupy eleven acres, in something of triangular form. The position is elevated, commanding, and convenient, five or six miles south from Beacon Hill and Boston Common. To the west the view is over Jamaica plains and Brooklyn; while to the north lies the city with its countless buildings and spires twinkling in the light, and eastward stretches Massachusetts Bay studded with islands and white-winged ships—a sight to delight the eye of any one, especially of an invalid.

It is the easiest thing possible for certain minds to make cynical and disparaging remarks in the case of a work like this; and to supplement them by speaking of "the sickly element" which they profess to see in it. Sickly! we are inclined to say; moping over a private grief in helpless solicitude of sympathy, may be sickly; hardly can a private grief which issues in such work as this, and is found adequate to sustain it through years of trial; which schemes out plans of benevolence in the most practical way, and takes in the neglected and cares for them. We are almost inclined to retort in a humorous way, and wish that health were always as sickly as this. The *Spectator*, which, in these matters, is always inclined to be at least fair, thus sums up its notice of Dr. Cullis's work:—

"The details of Dr. Cullis's work are, of course, very much like those which those who have heard of Mr.

Müller's orphan-house at Bristol, are already familiar with there. Two questions seem, to have perplexed the founder's mind for a while, and both have been answered to his satisfaction. Was it right to buy land without funds in hand to pay for it? Yes; because the money could be secured on mortgage. Was it right to publish any account of the institution? Could this be done without transgressing the cardinal principle of the work, that help was not to be solicited? Here, again, the answer was, that such publication seemed to be but giving due honour to Him whose work it was. Dr. Cullis's scruples, however, induced him to put his journal into the hands of another person to edit. Hence the appearance of Mr. Boardman's name on the title-page. Of course, it is easy to ridicule the entries in this journal; there are passages in it which few will be able to read without a smile. But in this present writer's judgment, it is singularly interesting and touching. Here is a specimen, which might be matched with hundreds of others:—

"At noon, as I needed money to pay a bill, I asked the Lord to send me twenty dollars for that purpose. In less than ten minutes a letter was delivered at the door, which, on opening, I found to contain fifty dollars, with the following written on a card: 'For the new building, and may the Lord reward thee.' How my heart swelled with gratitude to God for his blessings! I was not surprised, for I expected an answer to my prayer. Yesterday, a basket of beautiful grapes was left at the door of the Home. To-day, when the basket was called for, the matron inquired who they were from. 'It is no matter about the name,' was the reply; 'it is a small gift, but it is the first time our vine has borne, and these were all, so we thought we would send them here.'

"Those who believe in the efficacy of prayer have been challenged to show material results. May they not point to such results as these?"

Dr. Cullis's earlier life was not without pain and struggle, which no doubt had the effect of producing resolution and firmness of character—elements which have often been strikingly displayed in his later career. He was a sickly child, and even in boyhood his health was so bad that he did not care for play. He was put to business early in the hope that this change would be beneficial for him. Entering a dry-goods store, in his sixteenth year, he devoted himself entirely to business—glad to be free from the Sunday-school lessons he had felt to be irksome. At nineteen his health again gave way: and he was thrown into the society of a physician, who took the young man with him on his rounds, thinking this would do him good. He was advised to study medicine, and as his friend offered to see him through his course, he agreed. He soon thereafter joined the Episcopal Church, but reproached himself for coldness of heart. He was impressed by a sister-in-law of the physician with whom he had resided, and he was speedily married. His happiness was complete. His wife was the idol of his heart—"he would willingly have died with her." But consumption soon proclaimed itself, the hectic flush on the cheek first, and other symptoms soon followed. She was taken from him, and he was driven to seek comfort in the only true source of comfort; and out of this has mainly come the work of which we have given but a brief indication.

We English have heretofore been in the habit of bearing ourselves as though America in great principles, at least, derived nearly everything from us. We need to take care that in the practice and application of them we

be not surpassed by our brethren on the other side—they "choosing thus the better part." Though surely it may with confidence be said that, if anywhere the human heart can relieve itself from nationality and rivalry, it is in works of Christian love and mercy like this. Men and women who thus in midst of the fever of competition, of money-getting, and religious indifference, can ascend to the rarer atmosphere of this higher service, are silent forces working for union and mutual trust among the widely-separated families of men.

VIII.

DR. JUDSON, THE BURMESE MISSIONARY.

IT is very interesting to observe how much men sometimes owe to influences which at first appeared unfavourable to the natural development of character. If the strong winds, blowing on the tree, hinder the rounded perfection of branch and blossom, they often help not a little to strengthen the root and to give a concentrated force of life to the favoured side. The adverse blasts sometimes do, in an irregular way, what culture and pruning aim at systematically accomplishing—they give self-dependence. With men it is not unfrequently the same.

Dr. Judson, the famous missionary of Burmah, whose life, written in two well-known American volumes by Wayland, is now in our hands, owed nearly all his success to his self-dependence. And his self-dependence he learned amid influences which scarcely seemed likely to make him a great missionary. His father, who was himself a minister of the Gospel, having charge of the church at Malden, Massachusetts, from the very first trained his son with a view to the acquirement of great self-reliance, hoping thereby to fit him for occupying positions of worldly honour. He had early observed

promise of decided intellectual faculty, and watched with no little interest the development of the boy's talents. But the self-dependence which his father had so studiously set himself to form in the lad, by sometimes curbing his natural tendencies, by sometimes encouraging them when it struck him to do so, led Adoniram to defy the parental authority at the crisis when, for its own ends, it should have been strongest to restrain.

He went to college when only sixteen—a year in advance—and fell under the specious fascinations of the French infidelity then so largely prevailing. He was too honest to dissemble his real opinions. When home, before starting on a lengthened tour, he unfolded his infidel sentiments to his father, and was treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that has never doubted, and to a parent who, after having made innumerable sacrifices for the son of his pride and love, sees him rush recklessly on his own destruction. His mother was not less distressed, and she wept, and prayed, and expostulated. He knew his superiority to his father in argument; but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and warnings. So he went on his way, thinking now of the law for a profession, and now dreaming of capabilities for dramatic authorship, as to which he had often taken counsel of a young fellow-student, E——, from whom he had first imbibed his deistical opinions.

On his travels, he chanced one night to stop at a country inn. He was obliged to occupy a bedroom next to that of a young man who was said to be in a dying state. It was a restless night for Adoniram. "Sounds came from the sick-chamber; sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer." He could not help wondering whether the dying man was a Christian, or a sceptic like himself. "As soon as

he had risen in the morning he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow.' 'Do you know who he was?' 'Oh yes; it was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E——.'" Judson was stunned; his concern for the fate of E—— would not let him rest. His conscience was now completely awakened; he felt, as with a lightning-flash of conviction, that the religion of the Bible must be true. He was in despair, and turned homewards. He at once devoted himself to study, and entered on his theological course at Andover, having been admitted as a special student. While engaged in his studies, his thoughts were turned to Christian Missions by the perusal of Buchanan's "Star in the East." He secretly consecrated himself to missionary work; and never afterwards so much as thought of any other object in life. He made no loud profession of his zeal. Even his father had not been made acquainted with his missionary views when, his course being finished, Dr. Griffin proposed that young Judson should become his colleague "in the largest church in Boston." It was with pride that the father communicated the excellent prospect to his son. "And you will be so near home," put in the mother. Soon his sister joined in the conversation, when he said to her, "No, sister, I shall never live in Boston; I have much farther than that to go." His father felt that it was no use to argue the matter, and said not a word.

Dr. Judson's self-reliance and his reticence, ruled as these were by a calm and sturdy good sense, were mainly the elements that made him the great missionary he was; and they come out in this little incident as much as in the difficult and trying positions of his later life. Even

in his conversion we are told that there was none of his characteristic impetuosity exhibited. "He had none of those overpowering, Bunyan-like exercises, either before or after, that would be looked for in a person of his ardent temperament. He was prayerful, reflective, and studious of proofs; and gradually faith, trust in God, and finally a hope through the merits of Christ, took possession of his soul, he scarcely knew how; and from the moment that he fully believed he never doubted. He said he felt as sure that he was a new creature, actuated by new motives, and governed by new principles, as he was sure of his own existence. His old habits of thought and feeling to some extent clung to him, but they were made subservient to higher purposes; and though he might still have his objects of ambition, they could never be of the first moment."

From the hour that Judson was converted to Christianity, the East seemed to draw him with something like fascination. He devoured every scrap he could lay hands on that bore upon the condition of the people in India and on the China sea; so that he might be fully ready when a way should open up for him. Just as he was reading and thinking in this manner, the Board of American Missions was formed, which, fearing that it might not be able to stand alone, wished to put itself under the direction of a European society. Judson was accordingly sent over to confer with the leading men of the London Missionary Society. The packet in which he sailed from America was taken by a French privateer; and he was made a prisoner. After some cruising about, the prisoners were conveyed to Bayonne. "There Mr. Judson was obliged to march along with the crew to prison, where he might have suffered more severely than before, had he not succeeded, while passing through the

streets, in attracting the attention of a countryman by clamouring loudly in English." His new friend succeeded in procuring his release. He was detained for some time in France on parole, but proceeded to England in May, 1811.

"His appearance at this time," we are told, "must have created a favourable impression. He was small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face, which gave him the appearance of extreme youthfulness. His hair and eyes were of a dark shade of brown, in his French passport described as chestnut. His voice, however, usually took his listeners by surprise. An instance of this occurred in London. He sat in the pulpit with a clergyman somewhat distinguished for his eccentricity, and at the close of the sermon was requested to read a hymn. When he had finished, the clergyman arose and introduced his young brother to the congregation as a person who proposed devoting himself to the conversion of the heathen, adding, 'And if his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India.'"

Matters being satisfactorily settled with the London Board, Mr. Judson and his colleagues were appointed to labour in some Asiatic field—India or Burmah, according as future providential guidance might determine. On the 19th of February, 1812, Judson, with his newly-married wife, Ann Hasseltine, who had been early converted to Christianity from a life of frivolity, and had long devoted herself to Christian work, set sail for Calcutta.

The voyage was successful, and they were welcomed at Calcutta by the famous Dr. Carey, who invited them to reside with him and his friends at Serampore till the other missionaries—Messrs. Nott, Hall, and Rice, who had sailed in another ship—should arrive. They had

only been at Serampore ten days when a Government order reached them, requiring them to return to America; the East India Company being much opposed to the introduction of missionaries. Circumstances were complicated by another difficulty. Judson's views as to baptism underwent a change by his contact with Dr. Carey, and this severed his connection with the society which had sent him out.

After many difficulties, adventures, and embarrassments, Mr. and Mrs. Judson found themselves, "by a wonderful series of providential occurrences, impelled, contrary to all their expectations and plans, to the Burman Empire."

Landed at Rangoon, Mr. Judson at once set himself to the earnest study of the language. They had but few helps. Mr. Carey, a son of Dr. Carey's, was the only missionary in the country when they arrived, and no native had as yet embraced the religion of Jesus. "Mr. Carey's translation of the Gospel of Matthew, and part of a grammar, were their only books. No dictionary and no interpreter existed." They succeeded in finding an intelligent teacher; but their only way of communicating with him and of acquiring information concerning the language was to point to various objects, the names of which he pronounced in Burman. Their progress was at first necessarily slow.

The standard which Mr. Judson had set before himself was a very high one. "The Burmans are a reading people. They have their own religious books, and would naturally expect our Scriptures to be put into their hands that they might judge for themselves. He therefore laboured to acquire all the familiarity and accuracy necessary to give them an exact translation of the Word of God. He succeeded so well, that four years after-

wards a Burman governor, who received one of his books, utterly refused to credit that it could be written by a foreigner who had been only a short time in the country." Besides his Bible, his grammar for missionaries will smooth the way for all who have to follow.

Utterly isolated, with no friends, no European society, the Judsons must many times have found it very hard to keep up heart, and to go on with the work. But their trust was fixed on something higher than worldly comforts or gratifications. Added to their many trials, Mrs. Judson's health failed so rapidly, that she had to go to Madras for medical advice. At this time her husband writes with the accent of true sorrow:—

"There is not an individual in the country that I can pray with, and not a single soul with whom I can have the least religious communion. I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise till late in the evening, in reading Burman and conversing with the natives. I have been here a year and a half, and so extremely difficult is the language—perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any on the face of the earth next to the Chinese—that I find myself very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly. I have in some instances been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me; but I am not acquainted with a single instance in which any permanent impression has been produced. No Burman has, I believe, ever felt the grace of God; and what can a solitary feeble individual or two expect to be the means of effecting in such a land as this, amid the triumphs of Satan, the darkness of death? The Lord is all-powerful, wise, and good; and this consideration alone always affords me unfailing consolation and support."

Scarcely had Mrs. Judson returned from Madras, somewhat improved in health, when Mr. Judson's progress in the language and in translation was stopped by pains in the head and the eyes, brought on by excessive study. A sea-voyage was recommended, but he was averse to leave his post. There seemed, however, to be nothing else for it; and he was on the point of embarking, when the joyful news reached him that Mr. and Mrs. Hough, who had been sent out to join them by the American Society, had reached India. He would remain where he was till they came. Greatly to Judson's joy, they brought with them a printing-press and Burman types, the gift of the Serampore missionaries. Very soon various tracts and the Gospel of Matthew were printed. Judson's zeal seemed to reinvigorate him physically. He was at work again as briskly as ever. "Our hands are full from morning till night. I cannot translate as fast as brother Hough will print. He has to do all the hard work in the printing-office, without a single assistant, and cannot, therefore, apply himself to the study of the language as is desirable. As for me, I have not an hour to converse with the natives, or go out and make proclamation of the Gospel." On March 7, 1817, he has to record gladly, "I have this day been visited by the first inquirer after religion I have ever seen in Burmah."

He was finally compelled to take a voyage on account of his health. The ship was bound for Arracan; but, contrary winds compelling the captain to change his destination, Judson found himself landed in Masulipatam. After reaching Madras with much difficulty, he could not find a vessel there to take him back to Rangoon. All this time he had been unable to send any word to Mrs. Judson, whose anxious suspense rose to agony. In the month of August, 1818, Mr. Judson

returned to Rangoon, to the delight of all his friends there. He had gained his health, his zeal was unabated; and he was now ready to commence the great campaign against heathenism. His former labours he regarded as being only preparations for this. Visitation and preaching were at once commenced; and ere long the first convert—Moung Nau—was baptized. Moung Nau turned out a sincere Christian. He had to endure much hardness, to give up many friends and advantageous offers, but he abode firm by Christianity. Many inquiring natives, influenced by his decision, sought the society and teaching of the missionaries; and everything gave promise of a good issue, ten Burmans having now been baptized.

But fears of persecution began to weigh upon the missionaries; and it was at length deemed expedient that Dr. Judson should go to Ava, and present a petition to the king. This was not received with any favour, but, on the contrary, with signs of positive opposition. On returning to Rangoon, the native Christians were called together, to see whether they would accompany the missionary to a tract of country between Bengal and Arracan, where a language similar to Burman was spoken. This movement was deemed advisable on account of the threats of persecution. All the converts at once agreed to go. This plan, however, was not carried out. Judson made journeys to Calcutta and elsewhere for the sake of Mrs. Judson's health, which was declining. At last it was found that there was nothing for it but to send her home to America for two years. Some time after Mrs. Judson's departure, Dr. Price, a medical missionary who had recently joined Judson, was summoned to the king at Ava, his Majesty having heard of the cures Dr. Price had effected in cases of cataract. Judson went with

him as interpreter. They found the king on this occasion more favourably disposed; and they earnestly set about forming a station at Ava. The king, however, had not been lavish in his gifts; for the house assigned to Dr. Judson was little else than a shed, in which he contracted an ague, whose consequences long remained. But the missionary was eager to see a little church raised up in Ava, and was indefatigable in his efforts to secure ground on which to build a mission-house.

Meanwhile Mrs. Judson had visited England and America, and was on her way back with re-established health, and in company with two new and valuable missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Wade. Dr. Judson awaited their coming, intending then to go and settle in Ava, leaving the new labourers along with Mr. and Mrs. Hough, at Rangoon. Everything seemed ripe for the formation of a station at Ava. The king himself had inquired many times the reason of his delay in coming, and the queen had expressed her great curiosity to see the female teacher. Dr. and Mrs. Judson, accordingly, without any delay, made their way to Ava, and the latter thus in a short time writes home:—

"On our arrival at Ava we had more difficulties to encounter, and such as we had never before experienced. We had no home—no house to shelter us from the burning sun by day, and the cold dews by night. Dr. Price had kindly met us on the way and urged us taking up our residence with him; but his house was in such an unfinished state, and the walls so damp (of brick, and just built), that spending two or three hours there threw me into a fever, and induced me to feel that it would be presumption to remain longer. We had but one alternative,—to remain in the boat till we could build a small house on the spot of ground which the king gave Mr. Judson last

year. And you will hardly believe it possible—for I almost doubt my senses—that, in just a fortnight from our arrival, we moved into a house built in that time, and which is sufficiently large to make us comfortable. It is in a most delightful situation, out of the dust of the town and on the bank of the river. The spot of ground given by his Majesty is small, being only one hundred and twenty feet long, and seventy-five wide! but it is our own, and is the most healthy situation I have seen. Our house is raised four feet above the ground, and consists of three small rooms and a verandah.

"I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, where the thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to a hundred and eight degrees. We have worship every evening in Burman, when a number of the natives assemble; and every Sabbath Mr. Judson preaches on the other side of the river, in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege that, amid all our discouragements, we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which save the soul.

"My female school has already commenced with three girls, who are learning to read, sew, &c. Two of them are sisters, and we have named them Mary and Abby Hasseltine. They are fine children, and improve as rapidly as any children in the world. Their mother is deranged, and their father gave them to me to educate, so that I have been at no expense for them, excepting their food and clothes. I have already begun to make inquiries for children, and doubt not we shall be directed in regard to the school. I have not yet been at the palace, the royal family all being absent."

All this progress which they had made in securing the good-will of the Government was unfortunately swept away in an instant by the war which at this time broke out between Burmah and England. The missionaries were suspected by the native rulers to have some complicity in the landing of the army at Rangoon. They were spies and traitors, and were at once visited with punishment. Dr. Judson was thrown into prison; and his life, for a lengthened period, is a succession of the most painful sufferings. "The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king to commit Mr. Judson to the death-prison, into which he was soon hurled, and the door closed." In this separation, the misery of both Dr. and Mrs. Judson was extreme. No presents could procure a momentary interview for the sorrow-stricken wife; no application to noble or queen could procure a mitigation of the severities with which her husband was treated.

She herself was threatened, and a kind of siege laid to the house. She retired to an inner room with her four little Burman girls and barred the doors; but the guard instantly ordered her to unbar them and come out, or they would break the door down; but she obstinately refused to obey, whereupon, finding they could not succeed in moving her, they took the two Bengalee servants and confined them in the stocks. "I could not endure this," she says, "but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, and my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings

and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I ever passed."

And she proceeds with her sorrowful account :—

"The next morning I sent Moung Nau to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned with the intelligence that Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the *death-prison*, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was, that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of the government and state my case; but he said he did not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a letter to one of the king's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message,—she 'did not understand it,' which was a polite refusal to interfere. The day dragged heavily away and another dreadful night was before me."

On the third day Mrs. Judson procured an interview with the head officer, and, after giving him presents, got a promise that he would do all he could to make the prisoners more comfortable—but that did not seem to have amounted to much; when, a short time after, the governor granted her leave to see her husband. "The sensations produced by meeting your brother"—Mrs. Judson is writing to her brother-in-law—"in that *wretched, horrid* situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison—for I was never allowed to enter—gave me some directions relative to

his release; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted gaolers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. The same evening, however, the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure."

While Mrs. Judson was making every effort to get a petition presented, she was called on to surrender whatever she possessed of any value, and had to yield up the silver which had been sent from America for the building of a house. For seven months this went on; the servants being ordered not to carry in the food to the prisoners unless for an extra fee. "Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk in returning to the house." Mrs. Judson's importunity had prevailed on the authorities to allow her to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where Dr. Judson could be much by himself, and receive shelter during the cold months of the year; but, during the time that this faithful woman was unable to visit the prison through the birth of a little daughter, the hut was torn down and an influence lost which she could never regain. Besides, her husband was once more fettered to another of the prisoners, and a worse edition of the earlier sufferings endured.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. Sometimes I obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white

prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but for a short time."

After a month in the inner prison in these circumstances, Dr. Judson was seized with fever; and it was only then that, by dint of importuning the governor, Mrs. Judson got admission, and had the sick man removed to a bamboo hut in the enclosure. "I used to carry Mr. Judson's food myself for the sake of getting in," she writes with simple pathos. At length Mrs. Judson, to her consternation, was met with the news that all the white prisoners had been carried away; and one of the most touching episodes in the book is the account of Mrs. Judson's long wanderings and intense sufferings in the search for them. After much concern and suffering, she found that Mr. Judson had been, with others, conveyed to the prison of Oung-pen-la, at some considerable distance.

Leaving her child in the care of Mary Hasseltine, she anew devoted herself to the care of her husband there. But Mary Hasseltine was taken ill of small-pox, and she had to travel backward and forward with medicines and other things with the little Maria in her arms. "Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored. . . . . As soon as the gaolers could obtain chains sufficient they were separated, and each had a single pair. The prison was repaired, a new fence made, and a large, airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in the little close prison at night." Miserable food and miserable lodgings at length prostrated Mrs. Judson;

and in that state she had to set out in a cart from Oung-pen-la, where the prison was, to Ava, to get the medicine chest from the governor, as it had been taken with the other things. "Then," she says, with brave simplicity, "I had no one to administer the medicine. I, however, got at the laudanum; and, by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la—the last four miles in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round, thick planks with a hole in the middle, through which a pole that supports the body is thrust.

"I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me to the house, but so altered and emaciated was I, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Dr. Judson, we must both have died had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or to perform any act we required.

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time—my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the gaolers, I obtained leave for Dr. Judson to come out of prison and take the emaciated creature round the village, to beg a

little nourishment from those mothers who had young children."

Dr. Judson soon after this was released, but only to be ordered to the Burmese camp to be translator and interpreter; and, during his absence, Mrs. Judson was seized with the spotted fever. In her weakened condition, she did not seem to have much chance to stand against it, more especially that delirium soon set in. But under the tender care of Dr. Price, who was just then released from prison, she slowly recovered. The steady advance of the English at last set them free, and acknowledgments of the heartiest kind were made by Dr. and Mrs. Judson to General Campbell, to whom they owed the restitution of their property. By-and-by they settled at Amherst. But the strain on Mrs. Judson's strength had been too great and too long sustained. She gradually lost strength; her constitution had been completely shattered by the sufferings she had undergone. She passed away tranquil and happy, before her husband could reach Amherst from Ava, in her thirty-seventh year; and in three short months the little Maria lay beside her.

"It was probably only the brave and loving care of his wife that kept Dr. Judson from sinking under his captivity, as so many did. Indeed, all who survived the fearful time spoke of her as their guardian angel, walking about the hostile city unharmed and respected, supplying them often with food and clothing, and, by her unwearied applications, wringing some mercy for them even from their cruel oppressors." One of the greatest losses that could possibly have occurred to the Burmah mission was the death of Mrs. Ann Judson. She literally died for Burmah, as she had lived for it. The excessive grief and over-exertion which she had undergone during her

husband's imprisonment completely exhausted a constitution which had already been weakened by long residence and much exposure in a very trying climate. He mourned for her with an intensity that led him for a while to seek solitude for meditation more than had been his wont. But this only deepened his piety; and when he returned to his labours, he was more devoted and resolute than ever.

Dr. Judson's life on to the end was exactly of the same pattern as it had been up to this point. He was indefatigable, zealous for the souls of the ignorant and benighted. He next settled at Maulmein for a time, where he made a goodly number of converts. He gave up to the funds of the Mission Board his whole patrimonial estate, and also relinquished one-twentieth of his yearly salary, in order that more labourers might be sent out.

Additional missionaries coming to Maulmein, set him free, as he held, to go into the interior. "Every day deepens the conviction in my mind that I am not in the place where God would have me to be. It was to the interior, and not to Rangoon, that my mind was turned long before I left Maulmein; and while I feel that Brother and Sister Wade are in the right place, I feel that I am called elsewhere. Under these impressions, I am about proceeding up the river, accompanied by Moung-Ing, Moung-En, Moung Gway, Moung Dau, and little Moung Like. The boat on which we embark will take us to Prome, the great half-way place between this and Ava; and then I hope and pray that the Lord will show us what to do."

At Prome and Rangoon Dr. Judson laboured indefatigably, and saw the results of his teaching; but his heart was set on once more teaching and preaching

among the Karens, who are a meek, peaceful race; simple and credulous, with many of the softer virtues, and few flagrant vices. Though greatly addicted to drunkenness, extremely filthy and indolent in their habits, their morals, in other respects, are superior to many more civilised races. Their traditions, like those of several tribes of American Indians, are a curious medley of truth and absurdity; but they have some tolerably definite ideas of a Great Being who governs the universe; and many of their traditionary precepts bear a striking resemblance to those of the Gospel. They have various petty superstitions; but, with the exception of a small division, they have never adopted Buddhism—the oppressive treatment which they have received at the hands of the Burman rulers probably contributing to increase their aversion to idolatry.

In 1832 Dr. Judson made a second tour to the Karen Wilderness, having along with him certain assistants and interpreters. For the most part they found the people hospitable and willing to listen, and in some places a profound impression was made, some twenty-five Karens being baptized in the space of six weeks. Their warm and simple hearts were easily touched; they had none of the cautious hesitation of the Burman. But it was not wonderful, notwithstanding the eagerness shown by the converts to profess love to the Saviour, that many should fall away again; and it was needful that great care and discretion should be exercised in the admission of candidates.

It is abundantly clear, however, that Dr. Judson did a great work in these Karen towns, though some villages did not accept him without noisy divisions and differences. He went from place to place, working as faithfully as in former years; pushing on his great work—the translating

of the Scriptures into the Burmese tongue. "Although he had been obliged, in God's providence, to spend much of his life in the work of translation, he always regarded the direct preaching of the Gospel as his chief and most honourable calling. When for a few days or weeks he could be spared from the desk, he turned with a sense of freedom and delight to his chosen fields, the jungle and the zayat. And it must have been a severe trial for him to find that now, when leisure was his, strength failed him to throw himself into his much-loved work as fully as he would have liked. To fill up his spare time, he began a work which he had often before refused to undertake, and for which he had at first little spirit or love—the compilation of a Burmese dictionary."

A great grief it must have been to such a man that now, when he felt more than ever the importance of preaching, he was to a great extent debarred from it. "My voice," he writes, "though greatly recovered from the affection of the lungs, which laid me aside from preaching nearly a year, is still so weak that it can only fill a small room; and whenever I attempt to raise it above the conversational tone, the weak places give way, and I am quite broken down again for several weeks."

In 1834 Dr. Judson married Mrs. Sarah Boardman, the widow of the well-known missionary of that name. The work at Maulmein, where they had settled, was resumed and carried forward. He tells his sister: "We keep house by ourselves; and shall probably remain in Maulmein for the present—perhaps for the rest of our lives. I have a church of eighty-four converted natives under my care, and am also revising and superintending the printing of the Old Testament."

As we have seen, he had begun the work of compiling a Burmese dictionary, on which he was now working

hard; and his "lust for finishing," as he somewhat wittily called it, now led him to somewhat too close application over it, which was interrupted by the serious illness of his wife, who was ordered down to Calcutta with one of her boys, also ill. The mother recovered, but the child was taken; and, for a time, the work at Maulmein went on again with steady and renewed vigour. Mrs. Judson's health, however, seemed to be hopelessly shattered; and, chiefly on her account, a voyage to America was deemed advisable. Accordingly, Dr. Judson accompanied her home. She suffered a dreadful relapse on the voyage, and died at sea.

A short stay in his native land, during which he met with many eminent men, and received, unsolicited, such honours as others ambitiously work and strive for, and then he returned once more to Burmah, in his fifty-eighth year, with that new helpmeet who is well known by her *nom de plume* of "Fanny Forrester."

After his return from America, his work was rather that of a bishop than of a pioneer missionary, as he had been. He rallied the converts; he upheld the hands of desponding teachers; and was a powerful and cheering presence wherever he went. His own spiritual life was deepened, if that were possible; he had learned still more thoroughly the lesson of "waiting upon God." He and Mrs. Judson did what might well be deemed a life-work—and had their own share of risk and suffering; for no sooner had they established themselves, than they were told that the bloody Ray-woon, one of the vice-governors, had his eye upon them. The governor himself was timid and cowardly; and the missionaries were, for a time, subjected to such insult and annoyance as threatened to make their work unavailing. Then he bethought himself of moving to Ava: difficulties lay in

the way, however; and, though he would not entangle himself so as to be tied to regular pastoral work, he had to rest in patience, his future prospects looking to him as Abraham's must have appeared when he went out—not knowing whither he went. The opening he longed for never came. Two years passed away, during which he nearly finished the Burmese English Dictionary. In August 20, 1849, he says: "Just as I had finished the English and Burmese part of the dictionary, and was about commencing the Burmese and English part, Providence sent me, without my seeking, an excellent Burmese scholar, once a priest in Ava, and recommended by a gentleman quite competent to appreciate his qualifications as "the most profound scholar he ever met with." I took him at once into my employ, and his aid, united with that of my two other valuable assistants, proves to be invaluable, and, in my opinion, obviates much of the necessity of going to Ava, *so far as the dictionary is concerned.*"

Towards the end of 1849, his literary work began to grow irksome to him. Sea-bathing was tried at Amherst, but with no marked result; and he began to speak of death as near, and as a pleasant visitant. A voyage home was recommended; but he repeated over and over again, in a tone of anguish, when this matter was being considered, "Oh, if it were the will of God to take me now—to let me die here—I cannot, cannot go!" But, after the decision was once made, he braced himself up for the effort. A suitable vessel was found at last; he was lifted on board on a litter, and set sail; Mrs. Judson bidding him a solemn good-bye, as she remained to carry on the work. He died on board ship scarce three days' sail out of sight of the mountains of Burmah, and was buried in the ocean.

His fearless and intrepid decision, his coolness in action, and his ardour in a cause would have made him distinguished in any profession. He had a dash of the soldier in him, and he surely proved himself a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He had a cultured mind, and was fond of literature, and well fitted to shine in it. He composed some beautiful poems, and one of his hymns, written during his imprisonment, promises to find a place in all hymn-books.

"Our Father, God, who art in heaven,"

is every way admirable, and well fitted for congregational as for private worship.

But he was pre-eminently a missionary. His whole soul was in the work, and his sympathies were with all fellow-labourers, whether near or distant. Like William Burns, he liked to clear the way; and, when others came forward, was fain to move on to a new position. He could never bear to hear missions spoken of as having accomplished but little even by the best friends of the cause, who sometimes will complain with no evil intentions. To a lady in India, who remarked with some severity on the character of missionary meetings at home, where she thought people met for exultation and "mutual admiration speeches," when they had more cause to mourn that so little was done, he said, "I am always glad to see Christians so much awake to the importance of extending the Master's kingdom as to rejoice, even though it be in the conversion of a single soul. 'There is joy in heaven,' why not among the redeemed of earth? Look here!" He turned suddenly to a little map of the world lying on his study table, and passing his finger rapidly from town to town, and from one continent to another, exclaimed, "See how the

Gospel light is girdling the world! It is base ingratitude to be blind to all these wonders!"

In opposition to the opinion of several eminent Indian missionaries, Dr. Judson was not much in favour of schools as a means of introducing the Gospel among a heathen people. "His schools did not so much develop into churches, as grow out of the necessities of the churches when once established. The mission could not leave the children of its converts to grow up in ignorance, nor could they be sent to the Burman schools, to be instructed by priests in the falsehoods of Buddhism."

His career is altogether wrapped in the spirit of devotion to the Master. It was a life of love and many self-denying labours. He never faltered. No opposition appalled him; no suffering in the least abated his high hope. He was never cast down, but rejoiced always in faith. As he bravely bore, so he nobly forbore. His patience and his tact in dealing with rationalistic Buddhists—as difficult a class to deal with as any missionary can possibly encounter—are a lesson and an encouragement to all who would seek to gather in the lost sheep at home or abroad.

IX.

SIR DONALD MACLEOD, THE CHRISTIAN GOVERNOR.

THE godless civil servant in India was in days not so very remote a complete by-word. He was inclined to do a stroke of business on his own account, if members of the class do not wrong themselves by their confessions; he crushed the natives if he had the chance, yet soon became like unto them, and even encouraged their superstitious worship—in some cases going so far as for policy's sake to prostrate himself before their gods. In this, perhaps, he only so far represented the general ideal of government that reigned at head-quarters. This consisted of two parts—(1) to impress the people with a terrific sense of power at all costs; and (2) to make a show of conciliating them by yielding to their whims, and actually abetting their worst and most degrading religious customs. The progress of Christianity and every phase of missionary effort were largely neutralised by the lives of such men, for the Hindoos or Mussulmans—notoriously sharp in observation—were ready enough to look from the preacher to the ruler for application of the doctrines preached to them, and were extremely apt unconsciously to apply the text, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Much of our trouble in India—Sepoy

mutiny and the rest—was in a great degree due to this inconsistent and really unprincipled policy. The true heroes and saviours of India are the men who, more frequently in later days, have risen to the higher idea of Christian government, and have practically exhibited it in ruling our Indian empire—men who have adorned both branches of the service: Grants, Macarthurs, Durands, Lawrences, Freres, and Marshmans. A little slip of a volume, recently published by the Religious Tract Society,* sets forth, in simple and attractive style, the career of one who well deserves to take rank with these honoured few, and we have been so impressed by it that we would fain convey to our readers, into whose hands the little book may not have come, some faint shadow of the subject of it.

Those who have least liking for Scotland and Scotchmen will yet acknowledge that no section of our community has by comparison sent forth a larger contingent of able and daring men to bear a part in the sternest of the world's work than have the families of Highland origin and bearing Highland names. Campbell, Macgregor, Macleod, M'Neil, Maclean—how often do such names as these come before us in connection with honoured services in the council and in the field—in the press, and in every branch of exploration and discovery! David Livingstone, the name so near to the minds of all at present, belonged to this class too. He of whom we write came of a Ross-shire family—the Macleods of Assynt. The branch, however, to which he belonged, had for several generations resided at Geanies, near

* Sir Donald Macleod, C.B., K.C.B. A Record of Forty Years' Service in India. By Major-General Edward Lake, C.S.I. Religious Tract Society.

Tain; and, unlike many of the Highland families, they were staunch supporters of the House of Hanover through all the troubles of the Stuart Rebellion. The grandfather of Sir Donald shared with Lord Seaforth the labour and the credit of raising the 78th Highlanders, or "Ross-shire Buffs," which has since done such signal service in several of our great battles. Sir Donald's father joined the Bengal Engineers in 1794; and, though he was never tried in the field, he achieved no small success in civil engineering, having under great disadvantages designed and constructed the iron bridge over the Goomty at Lucknow. His more famous son inherited the taste and the talent for this kind of work.

Sir Donald Macleod was born in Fort William, at Calcutta, in 1810, and when but five years old he was consigned to the care of his "Aunt Kitty," at Geanies. The little one must have been regarded as a wonder by the folk in the north, for when he arrived he could speak nothing but Hindustani. But he was a quick child, and in the company of his elder brother, Duncan, he soon made up for his defects; even in these early days finding great comfort in a flute given to him by his grandfather, which no doubt had some share in developing in him that love of music which remained strong to the end. He first went to the High School of Edinburgh, then to Dr. Glennie's school at Dulwich, and after that to Dr. Carmalt's at Putney, where he had for schoolfellows Lord Canning and Henry Carre Tucker; and when afterwards he went to Haileybury, Lord Lawrence was a companion. At college as at school his quiet attention and industry, and aptitude for languages, secured him a high place; and when only eighteen he was once more in Calcutta, and was ere long appointed assistant magistrate at Monghyr, on the right bank of the Ganges, about half-

way between Calcutta and Allahabad. Here he was doing the duty of his post with assiduity and thoughtfulness, when the great turning-point of his life came, and added new lustre to his manliness.

The Baptists have been strong in that region ever since Carey began his work. His personal influence was great, and he inspired all who were brought into contact with him. Clearly enough, the Rev. Mr. Leslie, Baptist missionary at Monghyr, was a man of the right stamp. Donald Macleod, who, although he had hitherto lived a pure life, had not thought much of religion, was led to attend the preaching of Mr. Leslie, and before six months had elapsed he preferred a request for baptism, intimating his desire in a letter in which these words occur :—

"My reasons for feeling this change to have passed over me are these : the whole tenor of my tastes and inclinations is changed. Attendance at church, which formerly I disliked, and never performed but as a duty, has become to me a pleasure, the anticipation of which presents itself to me during the whole week. My wish to partake of the sacrament is also of this nature ; but, of course, in every way more forcible. I have attained a confidence and tranquillity in regard to my worldly duties, from which the weakness of my character formerly debarred me ; and I have now been freed from despondency and gloominess of spirits, to which for the five previous years I was continually a martyr."

Shortly after this, he writes, in a note to a friend :—

"I cannot allow that imagination has the slightest part in the matter : it rests in the heart solely. Neither can I perceive how it tends to ambition. As regards my own particular change—as you say you more than doubt that any has taken place—I would say a few words.

Prayer, which you recommend to me, and which was formerly an irksome duty seldom performed, has now become, I may say, almost the only pleasure I enjoy. I resort to it in the morning, not only as the most delightful, but as the most necessary, act of the day; for without it I should have no peace, no power; and during the remainder of the day, whatever of difficulty or of annoyance presents itself, my mind flies up to its Creator, and is at rest."

This change showed itself abundantly in a fervour that astonished his friends and acquaintances, yet so completely was it held in rein by the gentleness of true prudence that he never exhibited any of the intolerance that often besets the new convert. He was ready to join in all good works with those of other communions, and eagerly sought association with them. He sent to Dr. Duff's school, and paid for his education, a young man who has since done Christian service—the Rev. Behari Lal Sing—who thus writes concerning him:—

"It was the pious example of this gentleman, his integrity, his honesty, his disinterestedness, his active benevolence, that made me think that Christianity was something living—that there was a living power in Christ. Here is a man in the receipt of 2,000 or 3,000 rupees a month; he spends little on himself and gives away the surplus of his money for education—the temporal and spiritual welfare of my countrymen. This was the turning-point of my religious history, and led to my conversion."

In 1831 he was transferred from Monghyr to Saugor, where he was for some time employed in duties connected with the department for suppressing Thuggee, which Lord William Bentinck had created in 1830. In this capacity he acted with great vigour; but he was glad

when, in 1835, he was appointed to the more congenial post of administrator of the Saugor and Nerbudda territory—the highlands of the central provinces of India—a region of great beauty and picturesqueness. Sir Donald threw his whole energies into his work here; his loving descriptions of the scenery of the district show that he looked upon it as a home, and that in the people he had found inexhaustible points of interest. He writes: "My visits" (to the old country), "if I live, will possibly be more frequent in the future than can at present be contemplated; but they will principally have reference to extending my usefulness in this quarter; while my studies, thoughts, and actions while here have constant aim, in as far as my insufficiency will permit, towards what may prove a blessing to this idolatrous generation."

At the end of three years he returned to take charge of the Saugor district, and so much did he feel himself bound to the people there that we find him writing,—

"Although no fewer than four different appointments have been offered to me within the last four months, all more immediately advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, I have deemed it prudent to decline them, and to maintain my position in that part of the country in which an acquaintance of seven years has inspired me with a deep interest; while I have attained a much more considerable intimacy with the people than I could possibly possess as to any other part."

He was ceaselessly active in his efforts to interest others in the evangelising of the Hill tribes of that region. He deeply mourned the irreligion of the English residents, which so stood in the way of the progress he had at heart, and the lack of religious ministration. To meet this want, he had written to the Basle Society to send some German missionaries. "Never," he says, "has a nation

been so singularly marshalled on by the finger of God Himself, yet I doubt whether there has ever been one so utterly unmindful of the source whence its blessings flow. I often feel an awful hesitation in contemplating the purpose of our being sent here, whether we are destined to prove a blessing to the people, or to consummate our own shame."

It was Sir Donald Macleod's devotion to these Hill tribes—the Ghonds, the Khols, the Santhals, and Bheels, the aboriginal non-Aryan tribes of India—that chiefly led him to welcome, in 1840, an appointment to the charge of the Jubbulpore district, the best centre, as he thought, from which to act upon them. He was unceasing in his efforts to induce some branch of the Christian Church to send a mission there, constituted in a peculiar form, somewhat after the Moravian agricultural missions. The manner in which the people were scattered, rendered it difficult to act upon them unitedly; but Sir Donald believed that such a mission as he desired would be effective. Failing in persuading any Church or missionary society to take the matter up, he resolved to do so himself, and applied to pastor Gossner, of Berlin, for aid. In response to this appeal, in 1841, five German artisans and husbandmen, with an apothecary—some of them married—arrived at Jubbulpore, and settled near the source of the Nerbudda, where they soon came to a good understanding with the natives, built their house, and began their work. But they had no more than begun—though they could say, "All the Ghonds here have become very much attached to us"—when cholera came and swept all the Germans away save two, when Sir Donald Macleod was himself absent for the sake of health. This was a sad blow, and the two solitary men left were so dispirited, that the mission

had to be abandoned. They betook themselves to a sphere of labour at Nagpore; Sir Donald Macleod till their deaths paying their salaries. And though the little mustard seed sown by them in the Nerbudda district has not grown to be a great tree as yet, there is hope that the Church Missionary Society, and the Free Church of Scotland, who are now cultivating that field, may soon be able to tell us that it has not been altogether lost.

But this untoward failure of the plan on which his heart was set did not damp Sir Donald Macleod's interest in these poor ignorant mountaineers. He only waited. In a State paper, drawn up after the mutiny, he earnestly recommended that missionaries and the means of civilisation should be sent to them. "Believing, as I do," he says, "that it is hardly possible to over-estimate the influence which it might exert on the rest of Hindustan, could these groups of degraded yet manly races be brought to accept the Gospel, I would strongly urge the expediency and the duty of affording the tribes in question the opportunity of becoming acquainted with our creed and our civilisation"—views which are now meeting with real encouragement and support. Sir Donald's great anxiety to procure an opening for the truth among these aboriginal peoples, was not without a touch of the political wisdom which is often found associated with singular purity and fineness of character. A firm footing once gained amongst them, there would then, in his idea, be a centre on which the weaker converted Hindoos could retreat to screen themselves from the scorn and the hatred of their erewhile co-religionists.

The Cabul affair, and the disaffection of the chiefs in the Nerbudda territory as well as other districts, led to Lord Ellenborough suddenly dispensing with the services of Sir Donald Macleod and the other officers in the

district. But Sir Donald's merits were so well known, that the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces at once appointed him magistrate and collector of Benares, where he not only showed himself a faithful public servant, but a zealous supporter of the missionaries. "Instead of allowing difficulties and discouragements to lessen his interest in the spread of Christianity, and the spiritual welfare of the natives, these seemed only to draw out his heart in more loving sympathy to those who were bearing the burden and heat of the day."

But events began to follow each other rapidly. The Sikh war came on, with its sanguinary slaughter, oft repeated, ending in the Punjab becoming a British province; and hence the necessity for having it efficiently administered. Mr. John, now Lord, Lawrence was promoted to a seat at the governing board of the Punjab, and Donald Macleod was chosen his successor as Commissioner at Jellundur. Here he gave his energies to the work of education, and embodied his thoughts in Government Minutes that are still referred to. He established scholarships for the best pupils at his own expense; and so deeply impressed was he with the value of the teaching in missionary schools, where two-thirds of the children were receiving instruction, that he recommended the Government to give these schools grants in aid. Lord Dalhousie approved Sir Donald's suggestion, and it was adopted—to be opposed, however, in practice by many in India, notwithstanding all which, the number of pupils in missionary institutions has increased from 97,000 to 129,000, showing an increase of 32,000 in twenty years. We cannot afford space to tell how Lord Ellenborough actually attributed the mutiny to this change of policy, to be efficiently opposed by Lord Lawrence, who laid it down that,

"having endeavoured solely to ascertain what is our Christian duty, we should follow it to the uttermost, undeterred by any consideration." Here we see the old policy and the new and more Christian one fairly fronting each other. The latter, we may bless God, has had the vantage-ground in Indian government now for several years past.

While at Jellundur, Sir Donald did much to improve roads, build bridges, and make canals, showing no little engineering skill. His success at Jellundur led to his being, in 1854, promoted to the post of Financial Commissioner of the Punjab. Here he came into intimate relations with Lord Lawrence and Sir Robert Montgomery; and here he met his future wife, Miss Montgomery. He was married in August, 1854; but he was permitted to enjoy the society of his wife for only a few months. In 1855, Sir Donald received the special thanks of the Court of Directors for his efforts in the cause of education in the Punjab.

In 1857 came the mutiny, and Sir Donald bravely did his part in it. Lord Lawrence writes of this period: "In the worst days of the mutiny we lived under the same roof. I can vividly recall his serene and resolute bearing in that crisis. He was an excellent counsellor, whose advice I often sought." And he goes on to say, "He was an excellent linguist and oriental scholar, with as true an insight into the character of the people as any Englishman of his day." He had a quiet humour with him too, which he often found of service. Unlike some Indian politicians, Lord Ellenborough among the rest, he was inclined to search for the causes of the mutiny in more than superficial and accidental things, and in his idea the unfaithfulness of the English in India to their Christianity accounted for it in a very great degree.

And that men might be faithful to their Christian principles, and yet be friendly with the natives, and succeed in conciliating them, he had found throughout his own career. This, indeed, is the key to his success; it is the great lesson of his life, which also aptly illustrates Lord Lawrence's remark, that "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen." Sir Donald Macleod delighted to do Christian things in a Christian way.

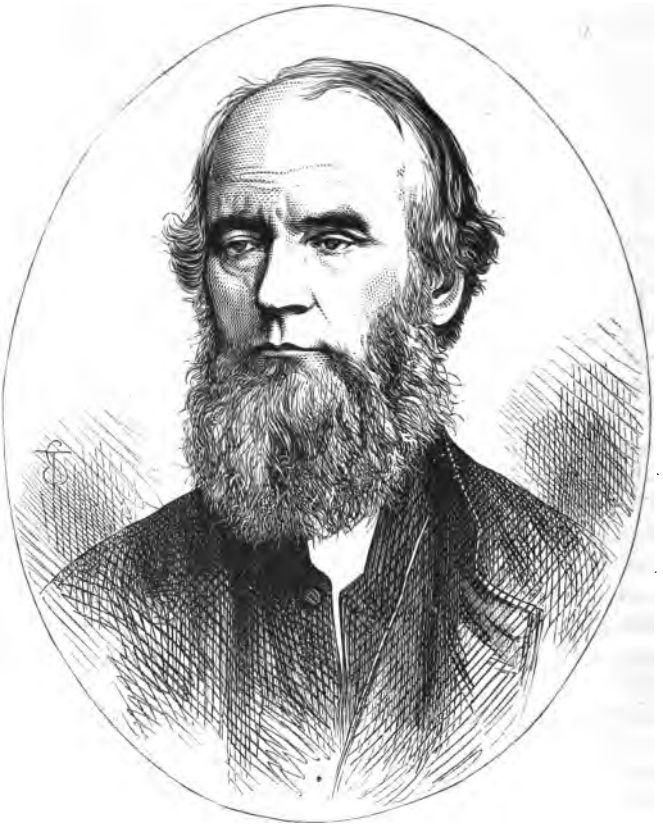
On the late events of Sir Donald Macleod's life we have not space to linger as we should have liked to do. In 1859 he returned to England, but, though the old home at Geanies was not desolate, he missed his father from the hearth, for he had died in 1856. At that time he attended many missionary meetings, never failing to lift up his testimony in favour of Christian missions, and never forgetting when a chance arose to plead the cause of his Ghonds and Santhals.

In 1860 he was back again in the Punjab, and found heavy work awaiting him in the famine, which spread desolation for the next twelve months. His wisdom and prudence as head of the Relief Committee were recognised by all who knew aught of the matter. There can be no doubt that he did much to mitigate the terrible suffering of a sorely afflicted people. In 1865, he succeeded Sir Robert Montgomery as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, in which high office, surrounded with difficulties of no common kind, he exhibited the same lofty Christian qualities that had transfigured his former life. He interested himself in promoting the culture of tea, chinchona, silk, and other commodities. He tried to train the natives to manage their own affairs, and he did what he could to recommend the Gospel to them, and to aid missionary effort. Per-

haps it is not too much to say that he did more than any other man to attach the Punjabees to British rule by his high-mindedness, justice, and Christian consideration.

In June, 1870, having been relieved from his duties of Lieutenant-Governor, he departed from the country he had ruled so well for England, and took up his abode in London. Here, he warmly interested himself in geographical discovery, and in everything pertaining to India and the East. But his efforts did not stop there. He thought much about our heathen at home; and was constant in his efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the London poor. He went regularly and gave scriptural instruction to a sewing class of poor women at Mile End. He was on his way to advocate the cause of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India, when, entering a train, he met with the painful accident which ended his useful life in November, 1872.

A man whose natural disposition, courteous, sweet, and winning, received a finishing touch from the Christianity he early embraced, Sir Donald Macleod deserves to be held in remembrance. He was a statesman of rare prudence and sagacity, in whom educated Christian instincts often did more to grasp possibilities than the astuteness of versatile and worldly minds could compass.



HENRY ALFORD.

X.

HENRY ALFORD, THE COMMENTATOR.

THERE are some men whose claim to notice lies less in any particular faculty or characteristic, than in a happy balance and harmonious relation of all. They are not what would be called men of character, or men of genius; yet they are often men of influence. They rarely fail to attach others, and most completely those who are brought into most intimate contact with them. They are patient, considerate, and slow to take up decided ground; are often, indeed, blemished by a certain "cautious neutrality;" but generally it is found that when they do pronounce themselves for a certain side they are apt, in reaction, to impart into any dispute they may have a share in quite an unexpected warmth. Their mildness arises from temperament, not from that diplomatic self-possession which in others often gives a certain calmness of *manner*, and when it has once been broken in on the whole nature is aroused. They are not fitted to be great reformers, but sometimes they have been honoured to prepare the way for them. They are generally men of many resources, yet circumstances are not so completely conquered by them, or the necessity for action so imperative, as to justify us in classing them definitively as "men of action." They are

most often scholars, professors, students, men who are given to self-cultivation; and in them is generally to be detected more or less of that absorbing self-consciousness which, unless it is held in rein by a strong will, is apt to lead to a sentimental facileness. It is a type of character which is valuable, inasmuch as though the reserve and strength to move unfalteringly on independent lines is often lacking in it, yet ideas and impulses are so fruitful that the necessity for finding fitting channels of self-communication is imperative; making such men, in whatever sphere they may move, powerful teachers of their fellows. If we except the late Mr. Maurice, who in many respects comes into this class, it would be difficult to find, among recent celebrities, a more notable illustration of this than the late Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury. Those who knew him but casually, who remarked only his transparent simplicity and almost boyish openness, were sometimes inclined to wonder at the high position he had come to hold, and the influence he wielded. For he was not wont, even in general society, to exhibit the reserve and adroit knowingness which we have somehow come to associate with the ecclesiastical dignitary, at the same time that a certain downright English manliness became conspicuously manifest. You felt at once that he was honest, and wholly void of professional affectation and *finesse;* yet that all he thus lost as a dignitary he gained as a man; and that in spite of some lack of decision, he was very lovable, and gained the hearts of others accordingly. If you might have been doubtful of some of his positions, when you read his books or articles as those of a stranger, the moment you came into personal contact with him you found the key, or were, at all events, forced to the conviction of great personal consistency which,

to you, gave unity and clearness. There is something essentially worthy in the life that thus affects those who know it best; and when, as in the case of Henry Alford, such a result is put before them, that one section of the work, the literary one, would by many be regarded as, of itself, sufficient to secure fame; and when, at the same time, we know that many natural tendencies had to be conquered in the doing of the life-task of which this is but a part, the story takes on a new significance in view of the special purpose of such a book as this. In telling very briefly the story of Henry Alford, we are confident that the reader will not need to wait long for lessons, or have any difficulty in drawing them for himself.

Henry Alford was born in London in 1810. His father was a special pleader—a man of frank and cheerful temper, and noticeable decision of character—which is attested by the circumstance that, on the death of his wife, about four months after the little Henry's birth, he abandoned the profession in which he had just begun to have promise of success, and entered the Church. He was ordained deacon in 1813, at Quebec Chapel, London, with which his son's name was in after-years to be so closely associated. That the early death of his wife made a deep and permanent impression on him, is proved by a remark in a short autobiography by Henry: "I knew very little of my mother, as my father seldom or never mentioned her to me, unwilling, doubtless, to tear open afresh a wound which time may have begun to heal;" which passage is significantly followed by the touch, "*They say I am very like her.*"

Whilst his father was yet unsettled, the boy resided for some time at Tamworth, under the care of his grandmother and aunts, who, womanlike, may have done some-

thing to encourage the precocity which he soon began to show. When not more than five years old, he wrote little histories, and entertained himself with selecting and copying out texts of Scripture—a suggestive forecast of his future determinations. When between eight and nine his father began to teach him Latin, in which he speedily made great progress. During the few years that his father was curate, first at Steeple-Ashton, and then at Wraxall, great care seems to have been devoted to the boy's training. But the father's health failing, he was compelled to go to the Continent, and Henry was sent to school at Charnmouth, where he was latterly taught by the congregational minister, Mr. Jeanes, to whom he made reference when, so late as the appearance of "Felix Holt," he took occasion in the *Contemporary Review* to protest against the style of talk put into the mouth of Mr. Lyons, as a typical dissenter. The coast between Charnmouth and Lyme Regis is very fine, and made such an impression on young Alford's mind, that many years afterwards he wrote of it with an eloquent enthusiasm. Evidences are abundant of his early love for all natural things—especially flowers—and of a keen, quiet sense of beauty that could dwell long on a loved object. For a time he was at school in Hammersmith; and in 1823 he went to Ilminster Grammar School, which had the advantage of being at no great distance from his father's house at Curry, where he now acted as curate of Drayton, while it was within sight of Heale, where his uncle lived, and with whose children he kept up an affectionate intercourse, that had a powerful influence on his future life. Here the young lad's cha racter began to form. Mrs. Allen, the head-master's wife, speaks of him as a "delicate, gentle boy, whose wondrous memory was shown at a standing-up (a Win-

chester exercise); for he was able to repeat an immense number of lines in Greek, Latin, and English." And she remembered, "among his peculiar amusements, a practice of cutting out shades to represent the head of the blessed Saviour, and other objects; his arrangement of fragments of glass to imitate peals of bells, and his habit of writing verses. She remembered, too, as the cause of the only habitual complaint against him, his inclination, which many impositions failed to correct, *to write in forbidden hours of and to the members of his home circle.*"

He confesses that he needs the aid of affectionate intercourse, saying that he must have some one to whom he may write fully and freely, and begging his cousins not to deny him this pleasure. Already he had begun the habit of constant self-review, sedulously watching his tendencies that he might correct his faults, which he very ingenuously acknowledges. "My two greatest failings, among many thousand others," he says, "are idleness and inconstancy; when I undertake a thing I set about it eagerly, and I have no doubt if I continued it all the way through, should not make a bad job of it (as we say in the country); but my ardour is like a storm, it soon abates, and leaves behind it a sort of lethargy." To aid him in his good resolutions, he began the keeping of a diary, to which habit he adhered through a long life. On his fifteenth birthday he had sent to his father an address in verse, which drew forth a warning not to indulge in poets' dreams, but to bring his mind to view things through a more sober medium, and so lower expectations of happiness from earthly objects. He seems, however, to have made acquaintance with several of our poets without detriment to his regular work—adding to his list of studies drawing and music. He

writes to his cousin, Mary Alford, "'Tis plod, plod, plod, step by step, dull work; but I have to console myself, while labouring up the hill, on the fine prospect and fresh breeze I shall enjoy at the top, should I ever arrive there. Diligence, my dear Mary, is the only way of acquitting yourself honourably in any station of life: it is what you owe to yourself and to Him who gave you your talents."

In February, 1827, he became a private pupil with the Rev. John Bickersteth (father of the present Bishop of Ripon), at Acton, in Suffolk, where he took a great interest in Sunday-school teaching, and began the study of astronomy. He went up to Cambridge in October, 1828; and, as he had met Mr. Wilberforce at the house of Lord Calthorpe, and had been captivated by the "dear old man," we are not surprised to find him soon after deep in the perusal of "The Practical View," and delighted with the sermons of the venerable Mr. Simeon, whose influence on him was noticeable to the end of his life. He was frequently at Lord Calthorpe's, and derived great benefit from the people he met there, and was occasionally of some service to them. This gives us a characteristic glimpse: "To prevent the consequences of Mr. Wilberforce's earnestness in conversation, which constantly impelled him to advance nearer and nearer to the edge of his chair, Lord Calthorpe employed young Henry Alford to watch and take suitable opportunities of pushing the chair forward by degrees, so that it might keep pace with the advance of the speaker's person."

If the entries in young Henry's journal sometimes savour a little of self-analysis, they show an honest self-severity and a real desire for progress. "Excess of feeling is rather a failing of mine; when I hear it

urged against a man who intends well, that he is too apt to let his feelings overbalance his judgment, I always hope well of that man." And certainly his habit of prayerful self-review deepened his earnestness, and wonderfully strengthened him for work. "He was known on one occasion, as he closed his books after a hard day's reading, to stand up as at the end of a meal, and thank God for what he had received."

As for Cambridge, he had gone thither with no slight trepidation, and with no great hope of distinguishing himself; for he felt he had little faculty for mathematics; but, nevertheless, through sheer assiduity, he runs (Bishop) Wordsworth pretty hard in the contest for the Craven Scholarship, and he won the Bell Scholarship shortly afterwards. Writing about this time to his cousin Fanny from Portsmouth, where he had gone for a short stay, he says, "It seems natural to my mind to think of things that are going on around me, as if they carried an instruction with them, and were meant in some measure to bear a secondary meaning, and teach a lesson of spirituality and heavenly-mindedness," significantly indicating the openness for new impressions and keenness to all human interests.

Dr. Merivale, now the Dean of Ely, says that, although he came to Cambridge a stranger, and without acquaintances, he soon won his way to acceptance and respect among the most popular and gifted of his contemporaries. E. T. Vaughan, Blakesley, Tennant, Heath, Hallam, Merivale, and the Tennysons, were the men whose friendship he most desired to cultivate. With Arthur Hallam he sits up till four in the morning, talking of poetry and kindred matters. And it is very interesting to hear of Alfred Tennyson reading to his companions some very exquisite poetry of his—"Ana-

caona," and "The Hesperides"—now so well known. Alford afterwards, in the Dedicatory Preface to his "Collected Poems," made eloquent reference to these youthful gatherings. "It is the brightest recollection of my poetic life," he says, "that I witnessed, in those happy evenings, the first outburst, and the gradual modulating into harmony, of some of your sweetest strains which are now known and felt through the world."

As was almost to be expected from his meditative character, he soon became an earnest admirer of Wordsworth's poetry, on which he read a paper at the Union—the interesting supplement to which was a meeting with the poet himself at Spedding's rooms, which showed how quiet and efficient was the influence which the poet exercised privately, as well as by his writings. Alford was quite the type of character long to cherish such an interview. But he felt that he needed to guard himself from "the insidious undermining which study and literary habits carry on against the work of God in the soul; it is the springing up of those seeds of pride which an enemy hath sown in my heart, and which are working slowly, but I fear surely, towards maturity, the pride of intellectual, philosophical, and classical acquirements; it is these I have to dread. Oh, the chilling influence of literary pursuits and literary society!" The revolution in France, and the disorganizations of society in England—for this was the time of bread-riots and threatened insurrections—gave him much to think of. He saw students armed to defend Cambridge in case of an expected attack; and no doubt these things led him to reflect on the great gaps that existed between the various classes, between rich and poor, in our country—an evil which he was ever earnest and active afterwards to remedy.

After a widowhood of twenty years, his father was now married again to a Miss Barber, for whom Henry had already learned to entertain a deep respect and affection. He occasionally spent delightful holidays at Ampton, where his father now had the living, and of these he thus makes record :—

"There are many joys and sorrows which skim lightly over, and leave no mark, but some that leave their footprints as they go. I have never known domestic comfort or enjoyment in the bosom of a family; and though my life has been an unbroken series of mercies, and I have everybody to thank for everything, yet I have always felt, in this one respect, lonely and disheartened. I had never known the care and love of a mother. You may therefore conceive the change to me, I cannot describe it; and certainly the thanks which I owe for it are beyond all measure. It has been in my case a very special answer to prayer; and God has done it all so gently and tenderly for me, like a kind friend, who, in preparing for you, has anticipated a thousand little wishes which you would have thought of after your arrival."

Speaking of the examination, he says with very characteristic meaning,—"Our college examination has been a very tough and fatiguing one, being for five days eight hours a day. *I did not feel in the least anxious, for I knew I had done all I could, and I was only anxious to know what that was.*"

In 1831, he came out as thirty-fourth wrangler and eighth in the first class of the classical tripos; and for a year he read for a fellowship and took pupils, anxiously awaiting the entrance on his twenty-third year, when he could take orders. He had proposed to his cousin Fanny and been accepted; considerately writing to her

three weeks before his arrival, to prepare her for that step. He was not then twenty-two, but he writes in his journal:—

"Let me look at the step which I have taken. The choice is for life. Can I live, with none else to depend on, none else to trust in, none else to love? I think, with God's grace, that I can. Sixteen years of attachment have done surely their part to rivet my heart stronger upon hers; and, though I know my faults of temper and of want of forbearance, and also hers in some respects, yet I hope to be able, if to any one, to her at least, to be loving and kind, always and by all means."

He wrote some of his best short poems about this time, and began to develop the scheme of "The School of the Heart;" but he worked so hard that there was some risk to his health, which he takes care to establish by "early rising, strong and regular exercise, moderation and regularity in diet, and hardihood of habit respecting clothing." And certainly there was need for this precaution, for he confides to his cousin:—

"I am fully and over employed seven hours a day, entirely occupied by pupils, besides reading for my fellowship. I generally get up between half-past five and six and light my fire, and read till eight. In the evening I read principally Hebrew and divinity: I am reading Hebrew with a view to understand thoroughly and critically and dogmatically the Epistle to the Hebrews, by Evan's advice."

In the beginning of 1833, he published a small volume of poems, and was full of schemes of authorship; but having been ordained, his conscientiousness and his determination to be in no whit behind his ideal of

requirements for the holy office, led him for a time to abandon these, that he might enter on a systematic study of divinity. "My best plan will be to study the Scriptures. At present going on with the Epistles in the early part of the morning, next Hebrew, and, after that, ecclesiastical history, Mosheim for the present. My sermons in the morning, and what time I can spare from that for classics and metaphysics, in which department Butler must be the first book."

Immediately after ordination, he went to Ampton, to act as curate to his father; and Mr. E. T. Vaughan tells us how he "threw all his heart and mind into his new ministerial duties, his sermons, and his pastoral intercourse with the simple villagers, in which already he seemed to find a happiness more congenial to his true taste than the restless intellectual activity of the circle in which he had lived in Cambridge, though he was as diligent in study as ever."

He obtains his fellowship in 1834, but, having got it, says decidedly, "I shall now proceed to divest myself of it, as soon as possible." In 1835 he was presented to the parish of Wymeswold, in Nottinghamshire, to which, without delay, he carried his cousin Fanny as his bride, and settled down to the daily duties of a parish clergyman, ekeing out his income by taking pupils, one of whom was Charles Buxton, who seems to have deeply attached himself to the Alfords. Wymeswold was very quiet and secluded, with only twelve hundred inhabitants, an income of £110, and the drawback of a bad house. The country around it, however, is fine; Charnwood Forest hills being within an easy drive. "The School of the Heart" was now speedily published, and won high praise from Wordsworth, to whom its quiet meditativeness and true feeling for nature

must have warmly commended it. But literary work was now in large degree suspended for more sober cares. Besides the weary labour of six pupils, he methodically studied his sermons, addressed himself to the complete reorganization of the parish, built a vicarage and school-rooms, projected a restoration of the church, which had fallen into sad disrepair, in such style as was then uncommon, and was always delighted to give help to the brethren near him. A neighbouring rector thus bears witness to his willingness to aid in all good works :—

"The advantage of your husband's proximity to my parish I frequently found in his ready willingness to 'come over and help us,' when we wanted an address to a working-men's institute, or a lecture to a literary society, or a penny reading, or any subject which his varied accomplishments embraced. His readiness of speech and good-humour made him a most valuable coadjutor on such occasions; and he used to say, 'If I can get a laugh out of them I shall do.' This he did effectually even in dry subjects such as acoustics, when, I remember, after maintaining that every substance in nature was capable of emitting a musical sound, he added with gravity, 'To be sure, you can't get much of a note out of a blanket.'"

Perhaps one of the most interesting incidents connected with his Wymeswold life was that which brought him into contact with Miss Mott, a lady residing in the neighbourhood, whose parents were Unitarians. Having heard Mr. Alford by accident, she was impressed by his preaching, and had her faith in the Unitarian creed shaken. There were reasons why she should not apply for advice to the clergyman of her own parish, and she entered into a correspondence with him. This resulted

in her becoming a member of the Church of England. Her letters to him, no less than his to her, are marked by peculiar earnestness, and great depth of thought. He was exhaustless in his patience with all such sincere inquirers.

His incessant labours told on his health, and he had to make a tour abroad, saw Mont Blanc, and enjoyed the Alpine scenery. On his return, much strengthened, he set himself to the fulfilment of his parochial duties more eagerly than ever, drawing the regard of all who had opportunity to observe the spirit in which he worked. One of the best testimonies is that, before he had finished his twenty-eighth year, his own bishop offered him the new bishopric of New Zealand,—to which the venerated Selwyn was afterwards appointed. Not being yet the canonical age, Alford's decision was rendered the easier. This fact suffices to prove how Alford must have impressed every one he met with unusual sagacity and prudence. And yet there must have been something very youthful in his appearance, if we may judge from an incident which occurred some short time afterwards, when he was appointed Examiner to the University of London. He writes:—

"There are four candidates at Somerset House. On my entering the room one of them said, 'A fellow aspirant, I presume?' on which I replied with all disposable dignity, 'No, sir; the examiner.' The unfortunate individual has been apologizing ever since, and looks firmly convinced that I shall pluck him for contumacy."

At first he rather felt the want of intelligent society at Wymeswold; but he soon found lasting friends among his neighbours, and his connection with *Dearden's Miscellany*, which for a time he edited, supplied him with a range of healthy interests. He not only wrote for it

lively reminiscences of travel, critical essays, and passages of biography, but he discussed grave topics, such as national education, and biblical revision, in a very thoughtful manner. On this last, his sentiments thus early uttered have a peculiar interest, and definitively foreshadow some of his later positions.

Whilst busy with his quiet parish work, he was visited with a great trial, in the death of his little boy Clement. His grief was only relieved by the conviction that "the angel child had learnt the new song, while the father knew it not." He now went all the more heartily into the restoration of Wymeswold church, in which his lost child was commemorated by a memorial window. Again he had the offer of a bishopric—that of New Brunswick; but probably the thought of his Greek New Testament, to which he felt more and more drawn as he went on with his preparations, was an element in determining him to decline. He now consulted with French and other scholars on various points, and finding they regarded his plans favourably, he set vigorously to work. To enable him to consult German commentators with facility and success, a short residence in Germany was deemed advisable, and he accordingly went to Bonn in June, 1847. There he made the acquaintance of Dörner, Arndt, Nitsch, and other scholars. He tells us that he worked ten hours a day at German.

"I hope I have facility enough now to read slowly all the commentaries I want. In spirits I have never drooped, as I have too much to do. When tired of my German work I have taken up my journal, having the satisfaction that I was recording what would be hereafter interesting to myself, and that I was writing to my dear ones in England."

Having, on his return, come to the conclusion that

his work on the New Testament, if well done, would not leave him sufficient time to do conscientiously the work of the parish, he intimated his desire to find a change. He had, besides, been led to entertain the idea that his work in Wymeswold was done, and that the parish would have more chance of prospering under the charge of another; but, on the earnest representations of five hundred of the parishioners, he agreed to go on with the aid of a curate. Writing to a friend to ask assistance in finding a proper person, he speaks thus frankly, with a significant forecast of some of his later movements: "I want him to teach and preach Jesus Christ, and not the Church; and to be fully prepared to recognise the pious Dissenter as a brother in Christ, and as much a member of the Church as ourselves. . . . . Some little experience in parochial work is desirable; a very young man would not suit me. Above all, he should be a man of peace, who will quietly do his own work, and not breed strife."

Meanwhile, though the difficulties in the parish grew instead of decreasing, his New Testament progressed; and the first volume was published in 1849,—at once taking its place as a standard work, without which no divinity student's library is complete. As has been well said, it is not perfect, but it was the first effort after a complete work of the kind in England. It led the way; and the wonder is, not that it should have had defects, but that it was done at all. It is a triumph of learned care, patient research, and methodic labour.

Another shadow fell across Alford's life whilst he was pushing forward the second volume, and grappling with difficulties in the notes to the Acts. His son Ambrose, a promising boy of ten years old, suddenly died. "Of all the sorrows my husband knew in his life," says his

widow, "none, I think, made so deep an impression on him, or so often came back to his recollection, as this." As a relief, he now translated the "Odyssey," and wrote some review articles, which brought him new friends,—amongst whom was Mr. Howson, now Dean of Chester.

Preaching and lecturing in London and other places, his fame spread; and, as his father on his death-bed, shortly before this, had advised him to try to get to London, he was the more gratified by an offer from the Rev. F. Hampden Gurney to become minister of the proprietary Quebec chapel, though he could not leave Wymeswold without regret.

"Untoward circumstances," he says, in a letter to Mr. Gurney, "have thrown me into false positions; and now that my Greek Testament withdraws me from the parish, I have, and must have, to the people in general, the aspect of an idle shepherd, letting others do his work; and after twenty-eight years, as the generation grows up which knows not Joseph, this must infallibly get worse and worse. As to my Greek Testament, when the second edition comes out, I shall have arrived at a period of my work which will require more than any before that I should have access to public libraries. . . . . As for preferment, I fairly tell you I do not care two straws for it; but a high sphere of usefulness I own is tempting to me, and it has appeared to me that this place is the path by which God Himself is leading me to such a sphere."

A suggestion was made from more than one quarter that he should retain the living of Wymeswold along with the incumbency of Quebec chapel. But to these representations he made this reply:—"I have a decided objection to pluralities myself; where a man's duty is, there should be his residence; and one cure of souls is

enough for one man." Considering that, with the ever-increasing demands for education for his daughters, he cannot but often have felt the advantage a larger income would be to him, this testimony on this head is all the more valuable.

The thoughtful earnestness and eloquence of his Quebec chapel sermons soon drew together large congregations; and on their publication in a series of volumes, they secured to their author a well-deserved reputation as one of the ablest preachers of the metropolis. There was a staid impressiveness, a quiet solemnity, in his manner, that was made all the more telling by his deep voice, with its fine and varied tones, and the grace and ease of his written style. His great achievement, however, was the afternoon service, which he used to speak of being especially "his own child." This was a sort of exegetical lecture, by which the whole context was discussed, with the critical questions arising out of it. "I do not preach," he says, "but expound the Gospels; in fact, expand my Greek Testament notes; a sort of thing in which, as you may imagine, I delight much."

"There was a freshness and candour about the whole," says Mr. Benjamin Shaw, "that was very attractive. There are some men who are possessed of great ability much learning, considerable intellectual acuteness, but who irresistibly convey the idea that they hold a brief for orthodoxy, who are bound to argue in the interest of their client. It is very eloquent, but it does not suggest the idea that the speaker has ever put himself in the position of his antagonist, and fairly weighed both sides. .... It was not so with Dean Alford: as I have said, his mind was liberal and candid. He could give up what was untenable, while maintaining with the most entire conviction what his own mind had verified for itself. I

am inclined to think that herein, and in his severe style, unburdened by any weight of useless ornamentation, lay much of his power."

Before long eminent men of all professions were attracted to this service in spite of the unfashionable hour.

So the years passed, with interests ever widening—lectures, societies, philanthropic movements claiming his attention and help. He had many thoughts about the best way of dealing with the poor, and was active in work for the improvement of the district. He tells us that he found this district work most interesting, and managed to set on foot schools for the poor. "My situation, you must know, is no sinecure," he tells Mr. Vaughan. "I find it difficult to get time for my Greek Testament work amongst its duties." The monotony of this labour was broken now and then by a trip to the Continent, Scotland, or elsewhere.

But this happy London life was not to last. In March, 1857, Lord Palmerston rather unexpectedly named him to the deanery of Canterbury. Just before going into residence there he wrote: "There is much to be done in Canterbury. At present the dean preaches only three times a year; and there is but one sermon each Sunday. My first care will be to establish an afternoon sermon, which I shall take myself when in residence."

He had some difficulty with his colleagues before he carried his point with regard to several such changes: but they soon came to see that he was in earnest, and that they might even profit by a less perfunctory performance of decanal duties than had been the custom.

Of Canterbury, with its mild and pleasant climate, the Dean was soon in high praise. "I find," he wrote,

"this is a very good place for work; interruptions are few, and one's head is clear and fit for grappling with tough questions in a way which it never was in London." Instead of sinking into the slippered ease, which one of our distinguished novelists is so fain to identify with the cathedral close, he multiplied his interests—concerned himself more than ever in social and political questions, and began to express in yet clearer terms his fears for the future of the Church to which he belonged, and to impress on others, by every means within his power, the necessity for more of consideration and conciliation towards those who, for reasons of conscience, remained outside her pale. He was above all anxious first to render the cathedral services really popular, and before long had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts were appreciated. His great liking for music, and his knowledge of it, now stood him in good stead, and his fine artistic taste and love of architecture enabled him not only to go into the restoration of the cathedral with pleasure, but to direct and advise. The journeys which he now and then made—to Italy especially—he has recorded with unusual picturesqueness and vigour in his published books; but he differs from some travellers in this, that his fine taste and his instinctive love of art never led him into any apologies for what was associated with the evils of Popery. He was a true Protestant, and became the more so the longer that he lived. He found many fit subjects for his pencil; for painting in water-colour he had studied whilst at Quebec chapel. He found great pleasure in this art now, especially whilst abroad, several of his sketches having received favourable notice from the press, the *Reader* saying "that his artistic faculty would have made him a great landscape painter, had he not, either from preference or necessity, become a great Greek

scholar and a dean." And certainly his quick, quiet habit of observation, that sought to see everything in relation, his love of colour and tone, his precision of hand, and his patient eye for beautiful form, might, with due study and practice, have made him an artist of eminence. Always when he travelled he sketched, and many of his pictorial records have become familiar to the public through *Good Words* and other magazines. And all the time he was faithfully following up and endeavouring to further popularise the results of his labours as a biblical critic and commentator. Among the most noticeable efforts in this kind were his "New Testament for English Readers," and "How to Study the New Testament," which first appeared in the pages of the *Sunday Magazine*, and did much to throw light on obscure and difficult points.

One of the most important events in his life was the establishment of the *Contemporary Review*. He welcomed the opportunity it afforded him for impressing on the public what he conceived to be the true ideal of the Church, the possibility of radical changes, necessitated by that complete clarification of the Christian conscience which he delighted to anticipate; and the duty of firmly upholding Protestant principles, while encouraging liberal feeling in all allowable directions; and at the same time trying to serve the true interests of literature and art. He had no patience with schemes of union with distant churches, which excluded one-half of the Christian community at home, and he never failed to express himself regarding these with something like exceptional frankness. Such was his programme. It was a high ideal for a monthly magazine; but it was very nearly realised—the Dean never missing an opportunity of clearing away obstacles that lay in the way of good feeling between

Churchmen and Dissenters, and doing much to forward his old scheme of biblical revision.

There was, however, such an indifference to conventional reticence in his articles on Church matters in the *Contemporary*, that, while many applauded, some were surprised and others exasperated, characterizing him freely as rash and outspoken. And he knew himself what the effect must be. For when, amid the episcopal changes that took place not very long before his death, a friend wrote to him hinting at the possibility of his being raised to a bishopric, he replied that he was too "blunt and outspoken for them to have me," and that he was quite pleased to spend his days in Canterbury—where he had some leisure for literature, and a life which, on the whole, he loved. Probably in writing the humorous verses that follow, he expressed more nearly than he was conscious of, the political opinion regarding him:—

"I'm glad I'm not a bishop,
  To have to walk in gaiters,
And get my conduct pulled about
  By democrat dictators.

"While I by my cathedral
  Sit writing at my ease,
And fanning my grey temples
  With the wanton summer breeze;—

"From Longley down to Sodor,
  From Exeter to Lincoln,
They've knots to cut or to untie,
  Would make me mad to think on."

But even whilst it appeared to strangers as though a long life of work and benevolence yet lay before him, he was often visited with misgivings, with fears that he might be suddenly disabled, and he quietly made pro-

vision for such a contingency. Surely we may call this a characteristic note: "I wish to provide myself with a home in case I am unfit for my duties as dean, for I have ever disliked the conduct of men retaining office in the Church after they are past their duties; and I long ago resolved that, if such should ever be my case, I should resign and retire."

With this view a small country house, named Vines Gate, near to Brasted, Sevenoaks, was purchased, and there the Dean frequently betook himself for a day's rest and change of scene. But he would not let go any of his privileges in the way of Christian helpfulness. When, at length, the Bible Revision Committee was appointed, he devoted himself to the work with great delight, seeing in it a new opportunity for uniting members of all branches of the Christian Church in a great national enterprise. Owing to symptoms of failing health and his growing desire to do for the Old Testament something similar to what he had already done for the New Testament, he resigned his editorship of the *Contemporary Review* in the beginning of 1870. But his activity was undiminished. He read, he wrote perseveringly, and showed no loss of energy in the work of the Revision Committee. At last his medical men stepped in with prohibitions. In the autumn of 1870 he bade farewell to the work of the Revision Committee, in which he had taken so deep an interest. "My last remembrances," writes Bishop Ellicott, "of my dear friend, are those connected with his share in the revision of the authorised version of the New Testament that is going on. Long and eagerly had he looked forward to that work, greatly had he prepared the way for it, steadily had he advocated it. At last he was permitted to see it in progress, and himself to take a leading part in it.

From the first day the New Testament Company met, to the last sad morning when he gently and resignedly gathered his books together and told us that 'the doctors had forbidden his continuance of the work,' he was never absent from one of our meetings. Never was a man more tenderly regretted by those with whom he worked; and when, at our first meeting after he had been called to rest from his labours, the Collect for All Saints' Day was added to our simple prayers, never were its touching words more deeply felt by those who heard them, than by us in the Jerusalem Chamber that sorrowful day."

But even yet he did not wholly cease to work. He preached sometimes from the cathedral pulpit and continued to occupy himself with his duties at Canterbury while his family and friends were assiduous in tending and waiting on him. But all care and aid proved in vain ere long—the vital energies had been too long overtaxed, and, after a short period of prostration, in which he suffered but little pain, he passed away quietly on the 12th of January, 1871. Not only Canterbury, but the country, mourned for him, and Nonconformists as well as Churchmen followed him to the grave in St. Martin's churchyard, where he had desired to be laid.

It is much when, in spite of some faults, it can be said of any life, as it can fairly be said of Dean Alford's, that it is all of one piece, with no dark corners, shrouding ungainly shapes. From those early student days, when he so honestly mourned over his "inconstancy," down to the period of full maturity, when he set himself to the great works which gained him world-wide reputation, we find that the chief source of his strength lay in a strict sense of duty, sweetened by an unaffected desire to gratify those he loved. If a little self-consciousness mingled itself with the finer traits in a character that

owed so little to suitable childish companionship, we need not wonder much. Lack of equal society in youth tends to quicken the desire for sympathy, and is apt to breed a certain sentimentalism. Alford tells us how he fortified himself against this result, and made up for the sad lack of the much-craved brothers' and sisters' society, by correspondence with his cousins—especially with that Cousin Fanny, whose long-sustained epistolary intercourse with him happily ripened into lifelong communion. Healthy interests with Henry Alford somehow developed themselves out of the very disadvantages of his position—simply by his singleness of purpose and quiet subdued brightness of temper. Never perhaps did he nurse an ambition in which the happiness and the affections of those near to him were not involved, never did he seek a pleasure in which he was not wishful that they should share.

One of his chief claims to our notice is the manner in which he formed himself to greatness, simply by this devotion to others and to duty. Facile within its own range, and apt at throwing off trifles, his mind was prone to repose in first results, and to eschew ordered labour and the pain of frequent reference and revision. Yet his great works were precisely such as show these results in fullest measure. How the quick, ardent boy, disinclined to set study and full of vagrant tastes and curiosities that sought manifold outlets, formed himself into the systematic worker, is well worth the study of every thoughtful reader. Never perhaps was there a man who had in this respect more to contend against, or who contended more successfully. Never did such a nature "draw from necessity more glorious gain." Had Henry Alford been the son of a wealthy gentleman, with abundant means for travel, and no incentive to hard study or steady

labour, it is perhaps not too much to say that he might have subsided into the self-satisfied dilettante. But he had to work his way, and his early upbringing—simple, orderly, devout, subdued by a sad sense of loss, yet brightened always by Christian hope and example—supplied him with the best impulses. Astronomers tell us that we still see the light of stars that have ceased to exist. Who can doubt that the young Alford, thrown into circumstances that so soon tended to draw a veil of gravity over the natural buoyancy of his temperament, became a medium through which the light of his dead mother's character might the more directly reach us? For the finest elements of Dean Alford's nature were after all interpretive. He took on fine impressions readily. And if culture had done much for him in this respect, grace had done yet more. He caught the note of spiritual and moral excellence as though by instinct. This instinct to some extent inherited, but in him very thoroughly educated, enabled him to be the powerful conciliating influence he was, at a time when the call for Christian union was supreme. It was undoubtedly more Dean Alford's instinct for Christian grace and Christian worth, as he found these illustrated in the members and in the literatures of other Churches, than any mere intellectual conviction on the point, that led him to take the part he finally did take in the ecclesiastical politics of his day. He has himself confessed as much indeed, in words that will, doubtless, be often quoted hereafter.

And in a time like ours, when culture and faith are in collision, no slight service is rendered by him who earnestly uses all efforts to unite the broken ranks under a common watchword, and has culture enough to claim regard from the opposite side; proving that no despite is done to culture by an honest reserve in favour of old

beliefs, that have helped to frame men to noble lives. For culture in developing breadth has come to walk hand in hand with casuistry. We have ourselves listened to sermons from eminent divines whose only meaning, not quite plainly expressed, was that there were two kinds of Christianity—an esoteric and an exoteric—one for the learned and another for the vulgar. But little power can lie in this kind of preaching; it can never raise those who are sunk; and the "masses" who are, on this hypothesis, to be fed on the empty husks of old dogma, may be found intelligent enough to reject both the offer and the offerers of it; and to claim some share in the more liberal Gospel preached to the "enlightened."

One of Dean Alford's merits is that he never stood up for a double Gospel. He kept well abreast of all the knowledge of the time; was as ready as the most thorough rationalist to agitate for slight changes which he had convinced himself were needful in the sacred text; but he remained a sincere believer in the common doctrines of the Cross. He had been brought face to face with the difficulties that emerge in a strict scrutiny of Scripture; and yet he held firmly by the main evangelical doctrines. As a commentator, as a preacher, as a poet, and as an essayist, he did very notable service. He was able to deal with the largest questions of doctrine and interpretation, and he uniformly did it in the most Christian spirit, and was, in the best sense, conciliatory.

There can be no doubt that he had been deeply influenced by two remarkable books by the late Rev. Mr. Myers, of Keswick—privately printed and circulated more than thirty years ago, and published recently under the editorship of the late Dr. Ewing, Bishop of Argyll. In these books, the questions of the inspiration of the

Scriptures, their authority, and the relation of the Old and New Testaments to each other, are discussed in the most philosophical spirit. And the result there arrived at is that, in spite of certain contradictions and errors, accounted for in the same way that contradictions and errors are accounted for in any ancient work that has passed through the hands of many copyists, there is ample evidence of some special interposition to account for the fact that, with tendencies in exactly the same direction as the Oriental peoples with whom they were surrounded, the Jews were yet kept apart from the vices and idolatries into which these other peoples fell; or, at all events, produced prophets who periodically came forward to protest against all such tendencies. Under two laws of development and accommodation, much that at first view seems inconsistent is accounted for and reconciled, with great show of reason. Several of the things which so staggered Bishop Colenso are here straightforwardly dealt with; and, with an astonishing prevision, are explained, or reconciled with other facts. Altogether, the two volumes are very remarkable, and full of thought of the kind exactly suited to meet Alford; and there can be no doubt whatever that he learned much from their perusal, as others have done. Indeed, in his "Life" we have frank acknowledgment of this.

As a commentator, Dr. Alford's maxim seems to have been, "Never shirk a difficulty, but frankly face it." His practice was to examine, as far as was possible, and then unreservedly to admit the presence of contradiction or unauthorised reading. He had, perhaps, undergone more labour than any other English commentator to make sure his ground on his points; and his patience and industry were equalled by his singular ingenuousness. What could be more aptly illustrative of this than the

candid manner in which he tells us that no countenance whatever is given to the episcopal office by the word in the New Testament which in Acts xx. is rendered "overseers" in our version? And this is only a sample of what, almost at every turn, meets the student either of his critical Greek New Testament, or of his valuable English Version. They are truly great works. To have accomplished such undertakings would alone have made the reputation of another man. The Greek New Testament, as we have seen, was commenced when he was in his thirty-first year, and occupied twenty years of the best portion of his life. It is his *magnum opus;* and by it he has laid Christian England under great obligation. Of the specific merits of the Commentary we need not speak. Suffice that it is an immense repertory of sound information, gathered from many sources, especially German; and, to those who can give the time necessary to sift out the meaning of the notes, it must always prove serviceable.

As a preacher, Dr. Alford was earnest, unlaboured, unconventional. Simplicity was attained; but it was not affected. It sprang rather from depth and calmness of conviction, which made the thought easy and natural. His sermons are wholes; and, though he was not a great thinker, there is a diffused and gentle eloquence which could not but attract a miscellaneous audience. His eloquence flows on smoothly, chastely, like one of the quiet English streams which he loved so well, and which seldom throws itself through tortuous gorges, or leaps over precipices, but, in its still serenity, reflects the heavens more faithfully. He was poet enough to command ready illustrations; but these are never overdone. He was neither florid nor high-flown, deeming that the majesty of the truth should awe the ambassador into

simplicity. Never failing himself to regard preaching as being one of the most important functions of the Christian minister, he spared no pains to give his sermons all allowable literary graces. He sought to draw men by the winning attractions of Jesus rather than to arouse them by the stern denunciations which also may often be effective to salvation in the preacher's hand; but occasionally he did wax the more powerful in his stirring appeals, from the prevailing quietness of his manner. He not only set a good example in this way; he was earnest in his desire theoretically to improve English preaching generally, and students could hardly do better than read those papers in his "Essays and Addresses" which specially deal with this department of pastoral work.

As a poet Dr. Alford is not now so much spoken of as he deserves to be, though in that branch he received no lukewarm welcome. Professor Wilson praised his poems, and said that he was worthy to "walk with Wordsworth in the churchyard among the mountains." Other reviewers compared him to Tennyson. But as we have said, he has far more affinity to Wordsworth than to Tennyson. His poems have little intensity. They are meditative and full of joyful, gentle love of nature. Vivid in picture, they deal with the more striking moods of human feeling but rarely. They have lyrical sweetness and grace, but they want passion. Nor does he deal with the complex and involved moods said to be german to the time. All is simple and calm. The atmosphere is peaceful; the distant sound of streams, the low buzz of insects, and the chirp and chatter of birds, are the only noises that break the stillness of his mood. But there is much of beautiful self-revelation in them. This is not perhaps the best, but it is one of the most characteristic, alike in sentiment and form :—

"Peace I have found in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky;
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

"I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love;
By the flickering of a twilight fire
And in a leafless grove.

"I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought;
In calm, half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught.

"But seldom have I found such peace
As in the soul's deep joy
Of passing onward, free from harm
Through every day's employ.

"If gems we seek, we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high;
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy."

It is, however, as a hymn-writer that Dean Alford will take rank among the English poets. A few of his best hymns will live, and must find a place in every hymn-book that in the least strives to represent the whole circle of Christian thought and feeling. The baptismal hymn, the harvest hymn, "Lo, the Storms of Life are breaking," and "Forth to the Land of Promise bound," are familiar to most people; but several of his later ones, written expressly for his "Year of Praise," are quite equal to these. One of them, which was sung over his grave, we feel sure will now recommend itself to the general Christian heart. It begins:—

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.
'Tis finished—all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in."

Of Dr. Alford as an essayist, there is little need to say much. He was no dilettante. He did not seclude himself with the remote and colourless topics which enchant the student and feed the egotism that looks askance at the hard work of life. He was eminently practical. When he retired to his study, he always carried some great interest with him. Latterly, as we have seen, he was much exercised with the question of Christian unity. He would even have seen the Church of England disestablished, if true Christian unity could have been thus secured. He was wont to laugh, in his own quiet way, at the idea that the Church of England could not exist without her endowments. He had figures at his finger ends, proving the enormous amount of private endowment which would be forthcoming, in the event of change, and which was at present rendered unavailable.

We can say no less of him as a man than that he was true, simple, childlike in all things; devout in heart and open in mind. He "looked to the things of others," and was most ready to admit merits in those who differed from him. His extreme dislike to appear in any way to force his own advantages as against another, often made him appear timid, even vacillating. Of this the present writer could give many instances.

It was his privilege—one which he looks back upon

with peculiar pleasure—to have been for a short period associated, though in a subordinate capacity, with Dean Alford in literary work. The quick appreciation of merits, and the wise considerateness for his associates, were qualities in the Dean known to many; but his ready tolerance, his quiet patience, his willingness to overlook in others mistakes which had sometimes caused him to be not only misunderstood, but misrepresented and maligned, were qualities not so generally known, and indeed, in one whose utter honesty made him prone on certain points to treat his adversaries with perhaps a little overplainness of speech, were hardly to be looked for. But these elements co-existed in him and found a harmony in his character. His unreserved frankness indicated something of youthful freshness; his ready allowances sprang from a true counterbalance of youthful generosity. He never harboured secret dislikes; never brooded over injuries done to him. It is known to the writer that he would put himself to special inconvenience to make, or to ask for, explanations, in cases where his position might have been deemed to set him above thought of taking any such step, and to justify him in treating such things with lofty indifference. His openness, his readiness to receive hints, was a beautiful and amiable trait; but sometimes it tended to affect his writing prejudicially in making it diffuse. His versatility was astonishing, and it was intimately associated with this characteristic. He needed many interests and mild reliefs in turn, and probably prized more the satisfaction felt in the first fresh brush of active production than in bringing himself and his worth into relation with ideal and objective standards. Hence, together with real generosities, a certain innocent self-will even in self-depreciation. He does not over-estimate

himself; but he so far evades the force of real criticism by a frank confession that he lays no special stress on the *particular* product under judgment. Not without its characteristic side is the following, which occurred in a letter received from the Dean, along with a copy of his "Lord's Prayer" for review:—

"Do not cut me up more than you can help: my old muse has put on her bonnet and shawl for a promenade; but, if snubbed, she will keep indoors for the rest of her life. No loss, perhaps, some people would be inclined to say; but I know you will say it, if you must say it, in a kindly way."

The review was written, and it is almost superfluous to say that the Dean did not express himself as though he felt he had been snubbed.

He was astonishingly free from the astuteness which much contact with men engenders. He was slow to suspect. And to some extent his extraordinary capacity for labour may be thus accounted for. More than most, he kept his mind free from worldly ambitions and distractions. His incapacity to become a powerful church politician substantially helped him here.

Never, perhaps, did a man support ecclesiastical dignity with less of assumption or affectation. He bore none of the marks of the dignitary. Of stately and impressive presence, there was yet in him an accessibility, a freedom and spontaneity of communicativeness, which must at once have struck and charmed those with whom he was brought into contact in ordinary society. And this lies near the prime quality of his character, which expressed itself in many ways. He was to the last young in heart. There was about him a youthful buoyancy and out-of-door gladness. He delighted in simple pleasures. To escape from his books for a quiet

ramble in the woods, or on the beach, or by the stream-side, was all the relief he needed or would have sought. He would sit and sketch familiar or beautiful objects with a patient assiduity. He loved long rambles on foot, and had a keen eye for the aspects of nature. His wanderings in France and Italy were specially memorable to him because of the enfranchisement he experienced then from many harassing rules and conventionalities from which he scarce could escape in England. He had a youthful gladness in learning new things, and in adventuring into new fields. Indeed, the one defect of his character shows itself here. He scarcely did justice to himself, because he was thus facile, and did not concentrate his powers in one channel as he might have done. Even his hymns have been, to some extent, injured by this. Scarcely one of them but has halting lines, which with a very little watchfulness and care might have been rendered flowing and perfect. He often came close to the verge of mastery and missed it merely by a word or turn of expression. We scarce could have a better instance of this than in the two lines italicised in the concluding portion of the hymn which we have already quoted from :—

"What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

"O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!

"Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate."

The element of reverence was a powerful one in his life. We have seen how he drew strength and fresh resolution by a return on religious motive. "With him in every period of his literary course," as has been well said, "study and prayer went hand in hand. The more severe the mental toil, the more humble and thankful it made him. This inner life of the heart, of which the outer man gave no obtrusive intimation, was the well-spring of that frank gaiety of spirit which sometimes made him a little forgetful of the nice proprieties beseeming his ecclesiastical dignity, and gave a keen zest to his enjoyment of the domestic bliss and well-deserved prosperity with which his cup was crowned even to the brim." *

He was personally without many faults of a positive kind. His ambitions were bound up closely with his self-respect, and therefore he had but slight experience of poignant disappointment. He had lived the studious, retired life which he loved, and could rest in the sense of having done his work faithfully. Yet his sympathies were warm, and were prone to take the most practical form. His friends loved him, and he had many friends all over the world. On the whole he is one of the best products of the English Church in recent days.

* *Saturday Review*, July 5, 1873.

XI.

JAMES Y. SIMPSON, THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

IT is not very many years since the present writer, by a statement perhaps loosely framed, rather untowardly raised a discussion on the question whether medical men had not a tendency to lapse into materialism, and whether they had not peculiar temptations to it in the practice of their art. Dealing constantly with the body, it was urged that they came to regard the mind as of subordinate importance, and almost insensibly slid into a habit of leaving the Soul out of account. On the other hand it was urged, that, as a matter of fact, devoutness was as characteristic of the medical profession as of any of the secular, educated classes—lawyers, architects, soldiers—if not even more so; that the daily contact with weakness, and suffering, and saddening scenes of death, instead of in their case hardening, subdued; that doctors were on the whole very open to the serious impressions such scenes were calculated to produce; so that the notion of their tendency to materialistic ideas was really nothing but a "vulgar error." If we were to take the suffrages of the profession itself, it is to be feared that their confessions on that head would hardly bear out this idea. No doubt there are very devout men in the

medical profession; but they would, we fancy, incline to class themselves as the exceptions, and to acknowledge that the sustaining in themselves of a keen sense of religious claims was one for which they had in an especial way to fight. For one thing, their duties require of them firmly to put aside all emotion at the very moment when sympathy and grief and pathos are most potent in the cases of others; and we know how powerful allies of religion these are. The steadiness of nerve, the clearness of eye, which are needful for handling instruments or detecting symptoms, and which a medical man must perforce encourage in himself, are more likely to be attained where a habit of mere intellectual curiosity has been formed, than where the feelings have been allowed to have play. It is true, that the very idea of healing carries with it a suggestion of sacredness, such as wholly relieves the sense of the repellant and disagreeable that may be connected with some phases of the office; and that, bating the clerical profession, there is no class of men who have more right to assume the air of "privileged" persons. The difficulty in their case is, to unite the calm self-possession of the man of science with the susceptibility and earnestness of the Christian—to temper the scientific curiosity, without which progress in the profession, or even faithfulness in it, were impossible, with the earnest thoughtfulness and educated feeling which is best sustained by honest Christian conviction. It is no scandal of the profession, at any rate, to say, that prominent examples of this happy combination are not so frequent as could be wished; and that the cases where the union of these is illustrated in any striking measure—especially when, at the same time, there has been exhibited such self-dependence, assiduity, and energy as would have been memorable in any walk of

life—do not deserve to fall out of view, but to be kept before the eyes of the rising generation. We believe that the life of Sir James Simpson is full of suggestive lessons in this regard, and that much profit —especially for young men—may lie in following an outline of it.

Sir James Simpson came of respectable, hard-working people in Bathgate—a little town in Linlithgowshire, about eighteen miles from Edinburgh. His ancestors had for a long period been small farmers—one family sometimes holding the same farm for three or four generations; so that feelings akin to those of ownership were called in to play; and when, "as in the case of James Simpson's father, a son left the farm for other work, his early training bore its characteristic fruits."

David Simpson, the father of the subject of this sketch, was a baker, who had commenced business in Bathgate in 1810, after two unsuccessful attempts in other places. James, the seventh son and eighth child, was born in June, 1811, and, at that time, circumstances were at a low ebb with the family. The father, in spite of great industry and intelligence, does not seem to have possessed the sort of tact for managing such a business in a small town. For a long period he had hidden the condition of affairs from his wife, but a crisis came, just shortly after James's birth, which made it necessary that she should be made acquainted with the state of matters. Hitherto she had left the business wholly to her husband, contenting herself with the management of her household; but now she assumed control of the business; and soon things began to look better. She was a woman of great energy of character; difficulties only developed her more sterling qualities: she was gentle in disposition and sincerely religious—such a mother as makes faithful

sons. She died when James was about nine years of age. But the impression left on the boy was deep and abiding. "In after-years he loved to speak of her worth. During his childhood her health had begun to fail, and he was left much with her while the other members of the family were at work. The memory of her appearance as she knelt in prayer, which was her habit several times a day, continued fresh with him through life."

After his mother's death his sister Mary became a second mother to him, watching over him with great solicitude, "helping him with his lessons, and storing his memory with tales of local superstitions, and cherishing high hopes of his success in the future." He had been sent to school when he was about four years of age, and his quickness and industry soon gained for him the top of his various classes. Lessons were very easy to him; he delighted in the school-work: and any instructive book seemed to be welcome to him. But he was ready also to romp and play, though his appetite for facts was literally insatiable, and he soon began to show fine observing faculties, and to take note of recondite appearances in nature. Even then, too, a love for hearing old-world stories, gave hint of the antiquarian bent in after-years to become so strong in him. He was winsome and lovable as a boy, and had a voice of silvery sweetness. Seeing the decided promise of talent in the lad, it was resolved to give him a superior education. In this all the family joined with great good-will; for they were always loving, united, and self-respecting. He was the Benjamin without exciting the envy of any. And they had their reward; for he was willing and helpful to them. His lessons were none the worse learned that he "was at the call of the older members of the family—running with rolls to Balbardie House, where,

as the 'bonnie callant,' he was a great favourite; or ready to keep the shop for a time, when he always had a book in his hand." His work sometimes, however, brought him trial. "I remember," continues his brother, "finding him sitting in the street on a very dusty day, sobbing bitterly, the tears running down his cheeks covered with dust. 'What ails you, Jamie?' I said, and he answered, sobbing as if his heart would break, 'I've broken the pony's knees.' I told him it was not his fault, but mine. I had ridden the beast so much for a couple of days, that it was worn out, and could not help stumbling. This comforted him, but he was very vexed."

It was a happy family life. The children were taught to consider their own interest as that of all the family. The father was the friend and companion of his children. The "till" in the shop had no lock and was free to all. By the time James reached boyhood, the family was in comfortable circumstances, and lavish care was bestowed on him. Alexander, the eldest, especially watched over him with care and tenderness. "He felt he would be great some day." When the social usages of the town and the prevalent free mode of living presented strong temptations to the boy, Alexander would put his arm round his neck and tenderly warn him: "Others may do this, but it would break a' our hearts, and blast a' your prospects, were you to do it." Having been thus spoken to on one occasion, when he had been later out at night than usual, "Jamie was greatly troubled, and cried a' the night, like to break his heart."

Bathgate is a thriving town in the midst of a bleak country, depending much on its coal and ironstone, and the mineral yielding the parafin which has become so famous. It has its objects of interest too: it is rich in flora and fauna, and has its "Catstane" and cromlechs

inviting attention not far off—objects which claimed interest from an inquiring boy like James Simpson; which interest did not cease with maturer years. Before his schooldays were over, he had made many excursions here and there, making notes of these and comparing them with each other. "It might have been expected," says his biographer, Professor Duns, "that a boy like Simpson would be early biassed, in such a district, towards natural science and antiquities. It was scarcely possible for an intelligent boy to escape such a bias. . . . . The industrial condition of the district is not now favourable to the development of these tastes. But in days not long gone by it was no uncommon thing for Bathgate weavers to take to classical studies, in order to be able to understand works on Natural History. I have heard Simpson speak of one man, whose earnings at the loom could never have amounted to fifty pounds a year, who could write a Latin inscription of a species of plant or animal in a way that an accomplished naturalist might have envied."

At fourteen, James Simpson entered the University of Edinburgh, where he found, as companion and fellow-lodger, one who was well fitted to exercise a good influence—John Reid, whose devotion to medicine led him, while still a youth, to be appointed Professor of Anatomy at St. Andrews. Simpson entered the art-classes, where his position was respectable, but not distinguished. What is most notable in his life at this time is, the evidence of the home-influence in producing thrift and self-respect; for, though the family at Bathgate, now in fair circumstances, were willing to contribute to James's expenses, he was determined to make no demand on the home-circle that he could by any means help. He tried for a Stewart bursary, and succeeded:

the rent of his room in Adam Street was only three shillings a week, and he kept an exact account of his expenses, which, at the end of the session, was submitted to the family. "During the first session, we are told that his expenses were confined almost to necessary food, the other items being 'fourpence for fruit,' and a few shillings for second-hand copies of a French Dictionary, Adam's 'Antiquities,' Milton's 'Poems,' and 'The Economy of Human Life.'" "In the growth of his student library," Dr. Duns says, "we see the first expression of that wondrous variety of tastes which afterwards distinguished him. In 1827, he purchased 'Monro on the Bones,' Byron's 'Giaour,' a Church Bible, Bell's 'Anatomy,' Fife's 'Chemistry,' &c. In 1829, 'Childe Harold,' *The London Dissector*, Paley's 'Natural Theology,' Fife's 'Anatomy,' 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' &c. The entries are often curious, and their association odd. Under one date, and as a single entry, occur Monro's 'Anatomy,' shoes mending, and stock. Under others, vegetables and 'Byron's Beauties;' Finnen haddies, *2d.*, and 'Bones of the Leg,' £1 1*s.*; subject, £2; spoon, *6d.*; bread and tart, 1*s.* 8*d.*; tin cup, 14*s.*; Mary's tippet 2*s.* 6*d.*; Duncan's 'Therapeutics,' 9*d.*; snuff, 1½*d.*; and 'Early Rising,' 9½*d.* The snuff and the book on early rising show how anxious he was to walk up to the advice of Dr. Macarthur [another gentleman from Bathgate, and formerly his teacher there]—'Sit late and rise betimes.'"

No sooner did he enter the medical classes than his singular aptitudes made themselves apparent. He took notes with the greatest care, interspersing them, however, with queries, and odd remarks occasionally upon the lecturers. Liston, the anatomist, was then the

famous man in Edinburgh, and Simpson was much attracted by his power, his dash, and his blunt manners. He must have admired, too, Liston's quick eye and dexterous hand as an operator, and his contempt, ever freely expressed, for the cumbrous appliances then in vogue. The young student must also have fully sympathized with his loud demands for hospital reform. What would, no doubt, astonish many people—though it is the key to much in Simpson's character—is his almost feminine tenderness of heart, which threatened at first to make him seek some other destination than that of medicine. "The almost womanly tenderness which was his from childhood, led him to shrink from a branch of the profession in whose practice he would have been compelled to witness the most intense forms of human suffering. It was when looking on the great surgeon's work that he first began to grope after means for the alleviation of pain, when the patient was in the hands of the operator. After seeing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman under amputation of the breast, he left the class-room, and went straight to the Parliament House to seek work as a solicitor's clerk. But, on second thoughts, he returned to the study of medicine, asking, 'Can anything be done to make operations less painful?'"

He would relieve his nights of hard study at this time by throwing off funny rhymes, in which he had considerable facility; but when at home for his summer holidays he did not let them pass unimproved. He took care to verify by observation, as far as he could, what he had read in books; and it is certainly remarkable to find a lad of eighteen or nineteen able to put such questions as Simpson now put, and to contest so ably the positions of scientific men of mark.

From earliest days, as we have said, he was a quick observer, apt to make bold guesses, and clever in finding means of verifying them. In his nineteenth year he records the dates of the arrival and departure of the summer and winter birds of passage, and speculates on the causes of the migration. He specifies the spots in the neighbourhood, or around Edinburgh, where rare birds have been met with, and wishes to find out if there be "a law determining the appearance of stragglers, as well as of the birds which regularly visit this country at particular seasons." He refers to the facts which show that the swallow is in Northern Africa in October, in the South of England in April, and at Bathgate in the first week of May. With reference to the woodcock, he asks, "Is it true that the males arrive before the females?" By noting the space over which different birds fly in a given time, he determines velocity, with the view of showing how long a short-winged bird, like the woodcock, would take to reach our shores from its summer haunts. He criticizes the views of Jameson and Munro on the phenomena of torpidity, in the light of what he had seen in the case of the hedgehog. Jameson's geological lectures, and his own reading in the same department, are taken as guides to unravel the structure of the Bathgate hills, but not with much success. He is more at home with the phenomena of organic than with those of inorganic forms. His highest powers of observation come into play when he has to do with the presence of life and its varied manifestations. Even his antiquarian notes illustrate this. He passes at once from the things to the thoughts and feelings of the men associated with them. The use of birds to the farmer and gardener is more than once referred to. In his notes on the weather, he compares

its changes with the habits of certain birds, and the appearances of certain plants, with the view of finding natural prognostics, which might serve when a barometer could not be conveniently consulted. He concludes that the quantity of air in the air-cells of birds, and the electric properties of their down, should make them excellent weather prophets.

Clearly for a lad who can set himself stubbornly to work in this fashion there is hope of a great future.

His father's death occurred in 1830, and somewhat interrupted his studies just when he was on the point of going up for his examination for his degree. He was afraid of being "plucked," but he passed with ease—becoming a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, in his nineteenth year—still too young to practise. He now took up his abode in the house of his brother, Alexander, who describes him as "ever busy, fond of wandering about the Bathgate Hills in search of stones and plants; assisting Dr. Dawson, the local practitioner, by visiting his patients, or sorting his laboratory."

In 1831 he returned to college, took his degree of doctor in medicine, for a time assisted Dr. Gardiner, and cast about for a steady appointment, being disappointed in an application for a ship's surgeonship, and also for the situation of surgeon to the small village of Inverkip, on the Clyde. "When not selected I felt, perhaps, a deeper amount of chagrin and disappointment than I have ever experienced since that date. If I had been chosen, I would probably have been working there as a village doctor still. But, like many other men, I have, in relation to my whole fate in life, found strong reason to recognise the mighty fact that assuredly—

> "There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

Dr. Thomson, the professor of pathology, had been struck by the ability of Simpson's graduation thesis, and offered to make him his assistant. Simpson himself thus tells of the circumstance :—

"Professor Thomson, to whom I was then personally unknown, but to whose advice I owe a boundless debt of gratitude, happened accidentally to have allotted to him my graduation thesis. He approved of it, engaged me as his assistant, and hence, in brief, I came to settle down a citizen of Edinburgh, and fight amongst you a hard and up-hill battle of life for bread, and name, and fame."

It was whilst assistant to the professor of pathology, and under his advice, that Simpson resolved to devote himself specially to midwifery, with a view to becoming a teacher in this department of medical science. With characteristic foresight and decision, he immediately began to seek distinction in the scientific literature of this department. His papers soon secured the notice of great continental physicians, and were at once translated into French and German. The high ideas of his profession, which, in after-years, he never lost an occasion to set forth, were now what guided and directed his own practice from day to day. As a good specimen of his mode of regarding his profession, take these few sentences from one of his addresses to the students at the close of their studies.

"Nature has happily ordained it as one of the great laws on which she has founded our moral happiness, that the performance of the love and kindness to others should be a genuine and never-failing source of pleasure to our own hearts. It is thus strictly, as well as poetically, true—

"That, seeking others' good, we find our own."

The exercise of the profession is, when followed out in its proper spirit, a continued realisation of active beneficence; and, in this view, a continued source of moral satisfaction and happiness to the generous heart. The objects and powers of your art are alike great and elevated. Your aim is, as far as possible, to alleviate human suffering, and lengthen out human existence. Your ambition is to gladden as well as to prolong the course of human life, by warding off disease as the greatest of mortal evils; and restoring health, and even, at times, reason itself, as the greatest of mortal blessings. . . . . We dispatch you as Argonauts across the rough sea of life—not in search of a shadowy golden fleece, but with a far higher and holier commission, viz., to carry hence the rich and blessed gifts of medicine to all the ends of the habitable globe; to give, as humble agents under a higher power, ease to the agonized, rest to the sleepless, strength to the weak, health to the sick, and sometimes life to the dying; to distribute everywhere freely a knowledge of those means which are best fitted to defend our fellow-man against the assault of disease, and to quench within him the consuming fire of sickness. . . . . .

"In some professions and occupations man's principal duty is to *think;* in others his principal duty is to *do.* The practice of physic and surgery calls for the constant and resolute exercise of both qualities—of thought and action. It is, however, the part of a medical practitioner not only to be ready to think and act for the relief and cure of his patients, but *also to feel for them in their sorrow and suffering.* An unsympathizing physician is a physician bereft of one of the most potent agencies of treatment and of cure. He knows not, and practises not, the whole extent of his art, when he recklessly neglects and eschews the marvellous influence of mind over body."

Elsewhere he characteristically lays it down that the best way to win from patients a full knowledge of their case was to secure their confidence.

Professor Simpson was now fairly launched on that busy career of careful practice and devotion to the literature of the profession which are often said to be incompatible. It was his habit—notwithstanding his rare original powers—to make a complete study of all that had hitherto been done on any subject on which he proposed to write. Greek and Latin authors, as well as mediæval, were hunted up, and not only read, but studied; so that on one occasion when he had a difference with a fellow-physician in Edinburgh, this opponent, on repairing to the library for a little-known book, was told that the doctor had it, "Nobody knows of these books but himsel'." His antiquarian studies, to which latterly he gave a good deal of attention, and in which he succeeded so well as to become an authority, were the natural outbranchings from the pathway he, in this manner, so perseveringly opened for himself in the antiquities of medicine. Had he not loved to follow up the history of medicine to its source as he did, it is doubtful whether, after all, he would have been the antiquarian he was.

"His method of study was purely inductive. Even his first important paper showed how rigidly this method guided him. In approaching any subject in the literature of his profession, his first task was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the views and opinions of others; his second to test these by facts which had come under his own observation. In the MS. of his early papers there are nearly one hundred references to the literature of the subject—many of them to works not likely to be known by any one not smitten with bibliomania. But in his case there was no parade of authori-

ties he had not consulted, and no marshalling of the ancients, as if they only had spoken and contemporary workers had not. It was his custom to consult authorities at first hand, and when not familiar with the language in which the work was written, to ask an adept to make search for him. . . . . As an antiquary everything old and remote had ever a potent charm for him. But the influence of the archæological tastes was kept in check and balance by his love for what was fresh and new. From the outset of his professional life he sat loose to authority and to traditional modes of treatment, and no man was readier to welcome new light from any source."

So intent was he on his professional work now, that his visits to Bathgate became rare, in spite of his love and regard for his family, who began to fear his excessive application might have a bad effect upon his health. "James," said his sister Mary to him, in 1834, "you are working too hard, and hurting your health." "Well, I am sure," he replied, in a serious way, "it's just to please you all." And no doubt this was sincerely spoken, for the Simpsons were always anxious to please each other.

In 1833 he had become a member of the Royal Medical Society, and met there with much stimulus and aid. In 1835, through the ready monetary help of his brothers, he was enabled to visit London, Paris, and other places, in company with his friend, Dr. Douglas Maclagan, with a view to observing medical practice. And he now found the benefit of that cultivation of the eye, which led one to say of him, that "he sees not only every thing that is, but a great many things that are not."

Some of his letters home have a touch of that humour which he often afterwards found of signal service. This is a specimen :—

"MY DEAR SANDY,—I received your long, long expected letter only on Saturday. . . . . The morning I received your letter I had just finished the first page of a most thundering philippic against the laziness of one and all of you, which I was going to send off by the next post; but I gladly threw it aside on receiving your welcome letter, and the very welcome news therein contained. . . . . We have got some most excellent bread in Paris. It is beautifully white, and costs sixpence the four-pound loaf, or rather I should say the four-pound roll, for it is all in the form of roll, from four inches to four and more feet long. They are the most 'unearthly' looking rolls you ever saw. I have never seen a bake-house, but I saw two bakers emerge from one a few days back; they had only a shirt and a petticoat on, and no such article as trousers. Think only of you stalking about in a coarse white petticoat! . . . . . With kindest respects to Janet, Mary, the two J.'s, Dr. Dawson, and believe me,

"Yours ever sincerely and affectionately,

"JAMES Y. SIMPSON."

It was on his way home from this excursion that he called on Mr. Grindlay, of Liverpool, and first saw Miss Grindlay, who afterwards became his wife.

On his return, he was elected one of the presidents of the Royal Medical Society, and we have his appearance there at that time thus faithfully chronicled by one who was present:—

"The chair was occupied by a young man whose appearance was striking and peculiar. As we entered the room, his head was bent down, to enable him, in his elevated position, to converse with some one on the floor of the apartment, and little was seen but a mass of long,

tangled hair, partially concealing what appeared to be a head of very large size. He raised his head, and his countenance at once impressed us. A poet has since described him as one of 'leonine aspect.' Not such do we remember him. A pale, rather flattish face, massive brent brows, from under which shone eyes now piercing as it were to your inmost soul, now melting into almost feminine tenderness, a coarsish nose with dilated nostrils, a finely-chiselled mouth, which seemed the most expressive feature of the face, and capable of being made at will the exponent of every passion and emotion. Who could describe that smile? when even the sun has tried it he has failed; and yet who can recall those features and not realise it as it played round the delicate lines of the upper lip, where firmness was strangely blended with other and apparently opposing qualities? Then his peculiar, rounded, soft body and limbs, as if he had retained the infantile form in adolescence, presented a *tout ensemble* which even had we never seen it again, would have remained impressed on our memory. 'You are in luck to-night,' said our conductor, 'Simpson is President.'"

In the beginning of 1836 he was elected a corresponding member of the Medical Society of Ghent—the first of those honours which began to fall on him so thickly not long afterwards—and in the spring of the same year a chance of promotion as a lecturer in association with Dr. Mackintosh was allowed to slip, because he would have been required to give lectures in Medical Jurisprudence, as well as midwifery, to which he had ere this resolved to devote himself, and from which the other lectures would have tended too much to withdraw him.

In this circumstance we see another instance of that wonderful concentration of purpose to which he owed so

much; and a further instance is found in the fact that, in order to become more thoroughly acquainted with practical midwifery, he, in May, applied for the situation of house-surgeon to the Edinburgh Lying-in Hospital, and, through the liberality of Dr. Hamilton, was immediately appointed to it, and continued to act in that Institution for upwards of twelve months. He had great pleasure in hospital work and did it thoroughly. Recently he had often asked, 'Cannot something be done to render the patient unconscious while under acute pain, without interfering with the free and healthy play of natural functions?" He had carefully studied mesmerism and magnetism in relation to this, without result. But the idea had taken deep hold of his mind, and was yet to yield fruit. In the end of 1837 he was appointed interim-lecturer on Pathology in the University, which raised his reputation, though he said afterwards that it was a mistake—that he ought to have been lecturing for himself.

Writing to Miss Grindlay, for whom he had already begun to entertain sentiments warmer than those of friendship, he says:—

"It was decidedly, as I can see now, rather an unfortunate step that I took when I accepted of the interim-lectureship of Pathology last winter. I ought to have been lecturing for myself, and by omitting to do so, have allowed others to get started before me in the field. But I shall try and make up to them next winter. The race of life is a long one in some respects; so long that I hope the advantage they have gained will only stimulate me more to exert myself with the hope of gaining upon them ere the end of it."

Meanwhile his practice had increased to such an extent that he had to rise regularly at three in the

morning to get all ready before breakfast. On the resignation of Dr. Hamilton, in 1839, he became a candidate for the midwifery chair, and by dint of great effort on his own part and that of his friends, he obtained it in spite of his youthfulness, of which his opponents did not fail to make use. He was only in his twenty-eighth year. Immediately after his appointment he was married to Miss Grindlay, and began to prepare for his chair. Hitherto his personal expenditure had been of the smallest. The salary of £50 from Dr. Thomson had been sufficient while he was assistant, and afterwards the fees of the extra-academical class, the small income from practice, and the moderate *honorarium* for his writings, kept him in perfect comfort; but now, what with the expenses that had been incurred in connection with his candidature for the professorship, and his extra outlay, he had for a time a severe struggle to make ends meet. But he had learned the virtue of self-help, and he was full of faith in his own capacity to raise himself to the top of his profession. "This thought upheld him and he worked with a persistency, heartiness, and determination truly marvellous. After days of unceasing toil, he refused to give to sleep more than three or four hours. He laboured apparently without distraction, in circumstances in which to most men work would have been almost impossible. Patients began to crowd his house. From the outset he exercised a singularly attractive influence over the sick or those who imagined themselves sick. Schemes of philanthropy got his attention, and he was overwhelmed with questions and requests of a sort lying quite outside his profession. While helping and healing many, he took scant care of his own health. 'Well or ill,' he said, 'I must work. In fact, I can't afford to be ill.' Even in the beginning of his career, his work was

thus engrossing, and he gave himself up to it, heartily and enthusiastically. But never merely for the money it was expected to fetch. . . . Had the getting of gain been Dr. Simpson's ruling motive, he would have looked more closely after his fees, and have given less of his valuable time to work that brought no fee. When urged by relatives and others to regulate the management of practice so as to make the fee secure, he said: 'I prefer to have my reward in the gratitude of my patients.'"

So, with a class-room crowded beyond precedent, and largely increasing practice, time passed on—the Scottish disruption, among other things, taking place, and Dr. Simpson going with the Free Church. In 1845 he was sent for professionally to London; and, while there, was entertained at Stafford House. He was appointed a physician to the Queen in the beginning of 1847; and an operation which he saw about that time revived all his long-cherished desire to find relief for such sufferers. "I most conscientiously believe," he says, "that the proud mission of the physician is distinctly twofold—namely, to alleviate human suffering, as well as to preserve human life." He therefore once more set himself earnestly to find a prevailing anæsthetic. Sulphuric ether had ere this been made trial of; but had been accompanied with many drawbacks, especially irritation of the bronchial membranes after application. Simpson set himself to experiment on other chemical substances; and, for this purpose, spared neither himself nor his more intimate friends. Chloric ether had, a few years before, been the subject of purely theoretic investigation on the part of several chemists—Dumas among the rest; but its practical application in this way had not been dreamt of by any of them. Simpson, at length, found that the inhalation of a certain preparation

of pure perchloride of formyle answered all the demands; saw it successfully applied in obstetric and other cases; and as chloroform it has become known over the wide world—one of the most beneficent of medical agents. If the discovery of chloric ether is not due to Sir James Simpson, chloroform, as applied by inhalation in surgical cases, is entirely his; and it is certainly one of the greatest discoveries of later times.

With his wonted ardour, he now set himself to make it known to the medical faculty everywhere. But to his surprise, he had a battle to fight. He found prejudice, in many forms, arrayed against him. The medical profession were divided, not on its abstract merits, strictly understood, but on the advisability of it; and much was made of the "moral ground." One gentleman wrote: "I contend that we violate the boundaries of a most noble profession when, in our capacity as medical men, we urge or seduce our fellow-creatures, for the sake of avoiding pain alone—pain unconnected with danger—to pass into a state of existence, the secrets of which we know so little at present."

Others urged different pleas, and the whole gamut of objections, sound and unsound, was ranged; and what wonder that a man of Simpson's quick and impetuous nature was stirred to say some hasty words. Some of his own colleagues in the University of Edinburgh stood out against the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic. Attempts were even made to rob him of the honour of its discovery. One comfort was, that his gift was more readily appreciated at a distance. Foreign physicians took to it, and extolled the discoverer. For a while the attacks did not cease, but became more and more personal. This is the way in which he disposes

of that one made on him by a certain Dr. Ashwell, in *The Lancet*:—

"In our professional duties omissions and commissions amount to the same crime in principle. And I believe all your reasonings and efforts amount to this 'Red-Indian result.' To prolong your medical prejudices, you argue that you and your brethren are entitled to perpetrate medical cruelties and torture on the poor women who commit themselves to your charge. I know you will in a few years *look back with horror* at your present resolution of refusing to relieve your patients merely because you have not yet had time to get rid of some old professional caprices and nonsensical thought upon the subject. . . .

"In the meantime let me allude to one or two of your most prominent errors in the libel alluded to.

"In some particularly absurd remarks in your P.S., in which you seem to doubt the truth of the Bible relation of the sleep of Adam, you say, 'Dr. Simpson surely forgets that the deep sleep of Adam took place before the introduction of pain into the world, during his state of innocence.' Now, I will not offend you by comparing the theological opinion of Calvin with that of Samuel Ashwell; but let me ask you one question. Is it anywhere stated in your Bible that pain came in with sin, or that there was no pain endured when there was no sin? If so, then let me add, *your* Bible differs from mine. . . .

"'Unnecessary interference with the providentially-arranged process of healthy progression is sure sooner or later to be followed by injurious and fatal consequences.' Hence all the railway accidents and deaths. If you refuse to interfere with natural function because it is natural—why do you ride, my dear doctor? you

ought to walk, in order to be consistent. Chloroform does nothing but *save pain*, you allege. A carriage does nothing but save fatigue. Which is the more important to get done with?—*your* fatigue, or your patient's tortures?

"You quote Paul Dubois against me. He is a better man than you take him for. Piqué (Dupuytren's nephew) was here a fortnight ago. He tells me Dubois uses chloroform now constantly."

The religious objection here merely glanced at took more decisive shape shortly afterwards, and caused a great stir in Scotland; and Dr. Simpson had to write a third pamphlet to prove that a man did not commit sin in trying to lessen pain, because there would always be plenty of suffering in the world to testify to the original curse!

To qualify these painful attacks came messages of more grateful savour from all quarters; and Dr. George Wilson, the famous chemist, wrote one of his most graceful and characteristic letters, from the patient's point of view, in defence of chloroform.

No sooner was the battle of chloroform over, than Dr. Simpson was interesting himself deeply in cottage hospitals, at the same time that he was busy in scientific researches that lay close to the proper work of his chair. An occasional holiday was much enjoyed; and, in midst of his many calls, he could afford a social evening now and then, when he gave himself up unreservedly to innocent pleasure; his children now afforded him another interest, especially a lame boy—Jamie—with whom he would spend hours in working out a piece of carpentry, or such like. His next great work in practical surgery was his experiments with metallic ligatures, instead of silk, for stitching and tying arteries. So

successful was this plan, that, in spite of a difference of opinion, it was very soon adopted by large bodies of the profession, under the name of acupressure.

Hitherto the development of his character had been mainly on the moral and intellectual side; now circumstances were arising that were to bring religion, as a new power, into his life. He began to question and to feel the need of something which knowledge, however wide, brings not to the human heart; and at length he found it. This determination was made the more decided by the death of "Jamie," with whom he used to spend those quiet hours in carpentering; but now, at any rate, he interested himself more thoroughly in home-mission efforts, and the work of evangelization generally—never sparing person or money where he was convinced that real good was to be done. "Jamie became a changed boy for many months before he died; and perhaps he was one of the great means (let me *whisper* this in your ear)—for God has raised up others—why my whole household has seemed to change to me."

One of the first fruits of this change was the desire to come to a better understanding with any of his colleagues from whom he had been estranged, and a new life in that respect was also begun. He was still as busy as ever in his professional work, and as interested in scientific and antiquarian researches; but all who were brought into close contact with him saw that some of the fire had gone—that he was more alive to the feelings of others and readier to make allowance for them. He was now visited by attacks of illness, which made it necessary for him now and then to seek rest and strength in change of air and scene—now in the Isle of Wight, now in Ireland, and again in Switzerland.

In 1866 the Queen conferred on him the honour of a baronetcy; but scarcely had the sound of the congratulations on that royal gift ceased to be heard, when his household was once more darkened—another son, David, called away. It was a little time before he recovered from this stroke, but, by-and-by, he resumed his antiquarian work, writing on the sculptured stones of Scotland. One disappointment of his life he had yet to experience, and that was his non-appointment to the Principalship of the University of Edinburgh, which he would have much esteemed. Hospital reform in 1868 and 1869 engaged much of his attention. He had come to the conclusion, which he had taken care to support by a wide induction of facts, that in the greater hospitals, where large numbers of patients are congregated together in one ward, what he called "hospitalism," or the generation of special forms of disease, largely increased the death-rate. He sets down figures to prove that the numbers that die after certain operations in hospitals are four times greater than in rural practice. He therefore urged the adoption of cottage hospitals, and gave to this subject immense thought and close attention, and was unwearied in his efforts to rouse the public mind on the subject, because he had become convinced that the common good was involved in it. "The great disinfectants and antiseptics," he said, "should be abundance of space, abundance of light, and, above all, abundance of fresh, pure, and ever-changing air to every patient and every ward in the hospital."

It became clear to his family that he was more "easily knocked up" than he used to be. Great care was taken, but still he kept to his work. Journeys to London were exhausting; but he could not always escape them. The year 1869 saw yet more unmistakable symptoms of

declining strength, and in April, 1870, he was confined to bed, from which he never rose. After suffering a good deal of pain, he passed away peacefully in May of that year, to the great loss of his country and of the world.

We may say of Sir James Simpson as one famous French operator said of another in his *éloge* on his death, "If my friend had not found his way to be a surgeon, Providence had been unprecedentedly baulked of her rights," Sir James Simpson's was one of those original, divining minds that are content to run quietly in the ordinary grooves, and yet are ever making bold excursions into new territory, and, hitting the right mark with unerring instinct, return to open fresh pathways and unite the old and the new. In addition to his fine imagination, which kept him always on the "search," if we may so speak—his keen, quick grasp of possibilities that bred in him the restlessness of the discoverer—he had all the slow common-sense and hard logic of his race, and never for a moment became a dreamer. He had little patience with mere schemes—"hobbies," as he called them, characterizing them with no little humour at some length in one of his lectures,—yet no man perhaps ever suffered more by the professional tendency to treat the innovator as the "man of a hobby." He had all the "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*," and was so keen in discerning the practical bearings of anything new, whether of his own or another's, that he was sometimes hasty in his expressions towards his professional opponents; but most often the greater blame lay with them in the long run; and notably so in the case of that difference with Professor Syme, which unfortunately grew into a confirmed coldness between two men who had done more than almost any other two to raise the Medical School of Edinburgh to its high position. But it is clear that

Professor Syme was not a pleasant man to deal with. Clear, powerful, self-sufficient, never doubting his own way, he succeeded by his firmness and decision rather than by delicacy, and was, we fear, little inclined to appreciate or even acknowledge that in another which might threaten to draw off attention from himself.

In spite of some faults—warmth, occasional indiscreetness of speech, and obstinacy of opinion among them—of which Sir James Simpson cannot be held altogether guiltless, there were very lofty qualities in him, which did much to counterbalance them. He was faithful to his friends, generous, and self-denying in view of the general good. It has been well said that "in Sir James Simpson, along with wonderful common-sense, capacity of push, slow plodding assiduity, and tact of a certain kind (for without it he could never have succeeded with his patients as he did), there was a dash of the impulsiveness that most often accompanies real originality. By reference to this, many reactions and changes of attitude are, in our opinion, to be accounted for. When we get a Sir James Simpson —a man with such marked genius as would have made itself felt in almost any department of human activity—we must be content to make some allowance for occasional displays of warmth and hasty words. They are the almost inevitable accompaniments of that very apprehensive type of character."

Two things he deserves to be specially honoured for. The first, his indifference to money for its own sake, and his readiness to give advice, according to his own phrase, "as a friend." The second is his faithfulness to his early associations, his love for his family, and honest pride in his origin. This is a good anecdote, and aptly illustrates this phase of his character:—

"He delighted to recall homely recollections of his

mother. When in the height of his fame, I heard a lady tell him of an industrial school for girls which she had set up in a village near Bathgate. 'And what does your schoolmistress teach the girls?' he asked. 'Some fancy work,' was the answer, 'and plenty of plain sewing and darning.' Shortly after, he said to me, 'Do you know, the mention of "darning" a little ago, recalls a very, very old and precious memory? One day, when a child, I came into the house with a big hole in the heel of my stocking, and my mother set me on her knee, darned the stocking, and, as she drew it on, said, "My Jamie, when your mother's away, you will mind that she was a grand darner." I remember the words as if they had been spoken yesterday. I would like to give a prize to the best darner in the school.'"

Another thing still, well worthy of being signalised, is his love for the patients. He never sank the man in the physician; and never ceased to regard *them* as men and women. We have seen the high place he accorded to sympathy as a rare element in the power of healing and helping. "An unsympathizing physician," he says so finely that it is well worthy of repetition, "is a physician bereft of one of the most potent agencies of treatment and cure." He speculated, he theorized, as Dr. Duns says, or took to strange ways of doing common things; but in all it was clear his ruling motive was the good of others.

This delicate consideration for the feelings of the patients which everywhere appears, very often imparts a lofty, philanthropic, almost half-unprofessional, view to his remarks. He is not solely intent on attaining new light on disease by the ordinary means; he perceives clearly, and never fails to proclaim, that the physician's first concern—whether in private or hospital practice—is

the good of the patient, and that on the security of this good lies most hope of improving medical methods. Hence the value of such remarks as this, in his diary of his first visit to Paris, which are constantly recurring:—

"*May* 27. . . . . M. Dubois made some remarks of about a quarter of an hour's duration over each patient, the students and himself standing around the bed. *I think this system bad.* It would, in my opinion, be much preferable to give the *clinique* in a separate room after the visit, and this would be attended with no disadvantages. But it is very apt to frighten patients to hear their cases discussed at such length at their own bedsides."

It is by no means an uncommon thing to hear medical men who come from the country or a distance to visit the London hospitals, speak with horror of the off-hand and indelicate manner in which cases are often treated—more especially in certain branches, where supreme care is needed if the delicacy of the students is not to be completely destroyed; but custom seems in some degree to have deadened delicacy in those accustomed to the work.

Sir James Simpson's position as to hospitalism was mainly determined by such considerations as dictated the remark on Dubois' practice, and had it not been for exceptionally powerful influence these had with him, it is doubtful if he would, first, have so devoted himself to the study of anæsthetics generally; or, next, have fought the battle of chloroform so bravely.

That he did so devote himself, and that he never lowered the high ideal of the office of the physician with which he first set out, is one of the strong claims he has on the notice of all who are in training for that profession; while the fact that his jealousy for this ideal—which

in most instances it was that led him into the difference with others of which we have spoken—communicates even a dignity to what have been denominated "squabbles." He, to use Dante's phrase, followed his star; and in finding the good that he wished for humanity, found, along with it, name and fame.

HENRY LAWRENCE.

XII.

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, THE SOLDIER.

IN the year 1806, a lady who had been resident with her husband in garrison up-country, in Ceylon, had come down to Galle from Matura, famous for diamonds, and on being asked by a friend whether she had brought any of these precious stones with her, replied readily, "Yes;" and, with a pride above jewels, called in the nurse with her little boy, and, presenting him, said, "This is my Matura diamond!"

"Like mother, like son," is an old saw which has found many remarkable illustrations in history; but hardly could one cite a more remarkable instance than that of this son and this mother, who so unconsciously presents herself to us in guise like to that of the ancient heroine of Roman story. And throughout her life, in many of its phases, she was Cornelia-like; proving the worthy wife of one who showed perhaps more of Roman or Spartan virtue in the service of his country than most of his contemporaries, in a time when the courage and virtue of the English soldier were right well tested. She was the wife of Alexander Lawrence, the youngest of several sons of a mill-owner at Coleraine, who had come of a Scottish race. The boy had

had tolerable schooling, and all inducements to settle down in the fair county of Derry, with sisters' loving care about him; but his restless spirit would not brook sisterly government; and at sixteen he left home, and sought service in the army as a volunteer. He joined His Majesty's 36th Regiment, then serving in India, and, before very long, had shown such metal that General Sir John Burgoyne, commander-in-chief, appointed him an ensign in the 101st Regiment; and a good while afterwards, when he had served through an arduous campaign, he had the mortification to find the "commission not confirmed at the Horse Guards." Encouraged by his senior officers he continued to serve, and again was recommended for a commission, to be disappointed a second time by the commission being diverted to a "half-pay officer in England." His friends and fellow-officers, who knew his worth, now made practical efforts to purchase a commission for him; but this was not realised for four years, during which he had served constantly in the field. He was gazetted to the 52nd Regiment; and in the year 1788 was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 77th. Then he was in the thick of all the hard service in India through the stormy years that followed. He was at Seringapatam, where, losing his baggage, he laid the foundation of fever through lying on the wet ground at night; he was at the siege of Cochin; in the expedition against Colombo, in 1796, and next year in the severe and harassing service in the Cotiote country under Colonels Dow and Dunlop, who both recommended him for promotion. He was in the action of Sedaseer in 1799; and in the same year commanded the grenadier company of the 77th Regiment at the second siege of Seringapatam, where he twice greatly distinguished him-

self, successfully leading the Forlorn Hope in spite of wounds. "The first ball hit him just as the party reached the top of the glacis, where they found that the storming party 'had formed, and commenced a fire,' instead of rushing in. Lawrence, wounded as he was, 'ran from right to left' of the rear rank of the Forlorn Hope, 'hurrahing to them to move on;' but at last was obliged to run through the files to the front, calling out, 'Now is the time for the breach!' This had the desired effect. At the foot of the breach he received the second ball, but even then did not give it up, till he saw the few remaining men gain the breach; then fainting from the loss of blood, he was removed to a less exposed place."

He himself, in after-years, used to tell his children the story of this siege and its touching sequel, as regarded himself: "He was left scarcely sensible on the breach, under the burning midday sun of May; and his life was only saved by one of the soldiers of the 77th, who, strolling over the spot after the heat of the conflict, recognised the facings of his own corps on what he supposed to be a dead officer. Stopping and turning the body over, he muttered to himself, 'One of ours!' then, seeing who it was, and that the lieutenant was not dead yet, the soldier raised him with a violent effort (Lawrence was six feet two, and stout in proportion), and staggered off with his burden to the camp, swearing, as he toiled along, that 'he would not do as much for any other man of them!'"

Before he had recovered from his wounds, and because of the scarcity of officers, he joined in the siege and assault of Jumalabad; and suffered shipwreck on the Malabar coast in going from it to Cochin. He tells us himself that he "did not leave the beach until

he saw every man safe on shore, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that by his exertions his men were saved, though by it he lost the use of his limbs for many months."

In May, 1800, he was appointed to a captain-lieutenancy in the 19th Foot; and as soon as he was recovered from the effects of the wreck, he joined that regiment in Ceylon, and remained with it there till the year 1808, "when from repeated attacks of the liver and rheumatic fever, brought on by hard service on the continent of India, he was obliged to return home, as the only chance of saving his life." Reaching home only to find himself superseded in the majority of his own regiment, he was introduced by his colonel to the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, who named him to the next majority in the 19th Foot, and ordered him to Yorkshire to enlist recruits. Three years later he was appointed to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 4th Garrison Battalion at Guernsey. In 1815 the regiment was ordered to Ostend, and Colonel Lawrence commanded the garrison there throughout the Waterloo campaign—not, however, without occasional stirrings of the old spirit. We are told that he chafed at being cooped up in this post, and appealed to the Duke of Wellington, for "Auld lang syne," to let him come to the front with a body of picked men from his garrison. The Iron Duke replied that he remembered him well, and believed he was too good a soldier to wish for any other post than the one which was given to him.

On returning to Ireland, an abscess burst in his liver, and it was feared he would not survive. However, by his own bravery, and great care on the part of others, he reached home, and so far recovered—to sell out his

commission, in order to save the little it was worth for his family; to bear the mortification of making vain appeals to the War Office for some recognition of his long services, and something in lieu of the £300 pension, of which, "under the rules of the service, he had made sure;" to turn at last to the East India Company with better success; the Court of directors at once voting him a present of a hundred guineas and a pension of £80 a-year for life, which, in 1820, they increased to £130 a-year, "to mark their sense of his merits."

Colonel Lawrence after the siege of Seringapatam had married, in May, 1798, while yet a lieutenant, Letitia Catherine, daughter of the Rev. G. Knox, of the county Donegal, collaterally descended, as she loved to tell, from John Knox, the reformer. Few wives have more devotedly shared a soldier's fortunes. She was with him in most of the changing circumstances of the latter part of his earlier career, in midst of war and the trying climates of various portions of India; and, during their eight years' stay in Ceylon, five children were born to them, Henry, the "Matura diamond," being their fifth child. George, the first-born, had died in his third year in Ceylon, on the very day that there was added to the family that sister Letitia whose influence on Henry and the younger brothers in future years was so marked and so beneficial. The shock, we are told, endangered the mother's life. In few cases can the influence of the parents on the children, forming them to high motive and strong character, be more directly traced than in that of the Lawrences. One of the sons thus writes:—

"Both my father and mother possessed much character. She had great administrative qualities. She kept the family together, and brought us all up on very

slender means. She kept the purse and managed all domestic matters. My father was a very remarkable man. He had left home at fourteen years of age, and had to struggle with the world from the beginning to the end. But he possessed great natural powers: ever foremost in times of war, and somewhat restless in times of peace. He was a fine, stout, soldier-looking fellow, a capital rider, a good sportsman, and an excellent runner. I have heard old military men, when I was a boy, say that he was one of the hardiest and best officers they ever met, and that he only wanted the opportunity which rank gives to have done great things. . . . . I fancy he was rather headstrong and wayward; and, though much liked by his equals and inferiors, not disposed to submit readily to imbecility and incompetency in high places. When I was coming out to India, my poor old mother made me a speech somewhat to the following effect:—'I know you don't like advice, so I won't give you much. But, pray, recollect two things. Don't marry a woman who had not a *good* mother; and don't be too ready to speak your mind. It was the rock on which your father shipwrecked his prospects.'"

From first to last the mother's training and example were in strictest keeping with these parting words. When the little Henry was two years old, he came, with father and mother, to England. Many stories are told of his childhood which illustrate his faithfulness, and his great love for his mother, in which it had root. Nurse Margaret, who was a favourite, now and then ventured, in spite of clear rule, to indulge the children with jam to their tea. Henry used to refuse it, because "Mamma said we were to have bread and milk."

The family income was so very narrow that the place

of abode was chosen more with regard to its cheapness than almost anything else. They were first in Guernsey, and then at Clifton, Bristol, where the preaching of Robert Hall proved a great attraction to the family. And that is a very quaint and beautiful picture of the two brothers, Henry and John, uniting their hands, and carrying the delicate Letitia up the hills from Clifton to be in time for the preaching.

In 1822, when they went to Guernsey, Letitia had been left at school at Southampton, in the family of the Rev. Dr. Mant. This separation was a terrible grief to her and to her brothers; and, at Henry's suggestion, the boys saved up all the Spanish pieces and crooked sixpences that were given them in Guernsey, and sent them in a bag to Letitia.

But their schooldays also were close at hand. In 1813 Alexander, George, and Henry, were all sent together to Foyle College at Derry, of which their uncle, the Rev. James Knox, was head-master. Whether it was the fault of the boys or of defective training, they did not learn much there; but it is something that they did not fall away from the moral training of their home, but were established and settled in it. "It is a substantial, inornate building," says Sir John Kaye, "with a bold grey frontage looking across the high road towards the river, from which it has derived its name of Foyle College. There is something grim and forbidding about it, suggestive of stern discipline and hard training. . . . . And there they heard the grand historical traditions of the famous city by which they dwelt, and went forth into the world with the old watchword of Derry, 'No SURRENDER,' engraven on their hearts."

And if in this way the courage of the lads—which had, doubtless, often been aroused by tales heard from their

father's lips of the wild campaigns in which he had figured—was anew called forth and confirmed, there can be no doubt that the tenderer and more pitiful elements in them were awakened and stimulated by the presence of their "Aunt Angel" beside them; for she had had disappointments such as are wont to figure in fiction to advantage, but in real life are seldom found to produce such gentle nobility and strength of purpose as they did in her. "Her room was ever the happy resort of all the children, and latterly they came more and more under her influence as their father's failing health absorbed more of their mother's care. Mrs. Lawrence often told them that it was a "blessing to them to have Aunt Angel living with them, and that some day they would understand it; but on none of them does she seem to have made the abiding impression that she did on Henry. It happened, very fortunately, that during four of the six years that he was at school at Derry, Aunt Angel was there too (her brother James's house being her home), so that her influence over him was sustained just when it was most wanted and would ordinarily have been lost. If Henry Lawrence got little learning in Foyle College, he got Aunt Angel's teachings well by heart, and remembered them gratefully through life."

There were college customs, too, that must have impressed him and remained in his mind. "One of these," his biographer says, "may have had its share in eliciting that recollection of the ever-present poor, and that native desire to minister to them, which became so strong a habit of his mind. There were no poor rates then in Ireland, so that relief was dependent on private charity, and Mr. and Mrs. Knox were in the habit of distributing what was left from the college table among

the poor of Derry, who collected at the lodge to receive it. The assistants of the great and good man who, in after days, amid the cares of high office, and pomps and vanities of a Native court, never forgot the poor, and was so fond of collecting on Sunday mornings, under the shade of his verandah, crowds of halt, blind, and leprous, and, undismayed by the army of flies which hovered round them, walked so compassionately through their ranks, putting money into their hands, and speaking sympathy to their hearts, may, perhaps, trace the first outlines of those scenes in the portions given to the hungry at the lodge-gate of Foyle College."

Clearly a training that was not without its own advantages, especially on a character like that of Henry Lawrence.

The bitter experiences of the father led him to resolve that none of his sons, if he could help it, should enter the service which had rewarded him so poorly; and it was fortunate that Mrs. Lawrence, in addition to being an excellent administrator, had for a cousin Mr. Huddleston, who was one of the directors of the East India Company. Through his influence, cadetships were procured for Alexander and for George, who accepted cavalry appointments; and in 1820 another Addiscombe appointment was procured for Henry, who declined a cavalry commission in order that he might show that a Lawrence could pass an examination and fit himself for a scientific branch of the service. He was not brilliant, but he was patient and determined—always inquiring into the causes of things, and resolved to do what he did thoroughly. He finally took a good place. As at College Green, so at Addiscombe, Henry Lawrence was the friend of the helpless, the defender of the weak, and the brave, generous ally of everything noble. While he was ever

ready to flash out in indignation at all that was mean and grovelling, he was not ashamed to be seen carrying help to poor people, even in those boyish days; and there is one incident of the Addiscombe period which brings out this characteristic so thoroughly that we must give it here: "At the end of the vacation, when leaving home for Addiscombe, he would go round the family and collect clothes for a poor lady in London; and on arriving in the metropolis, carry the bundle through the streets himself and deliver it."

But it must not be thought that Henry Lawrence was, therefore, a little priggish, precocious ascetic, looking down on those about him; nothing of the kind. Though he did not join in the games and sports, it is to be presumed this was more because of the subscriptions and the expense to which they led than because of inaptitude for the games themselves; for he had resolved not to apply to his father for more pocket-money than was given to him. He was fond of companionship, and, above all things, enjoyed a walk with a lad of spirit anyway congenial. "His own approval was his only aim, and his minute and searching pursuit of truth was tempered and beautified by a vein of poetic ardour, which never, perhaps, could have shaped itself in words, but gave glory to the warm affections, the manly aspirations, the matter-of-fact reasons, and solid sense of the youth and of the man." So says one of his early companions, who also testifies to his thoroughness, the slow but complete grasp which he took of every subject he studied—"walking slowly, as it were, and marking the road."

"I remember my brother Henry," says Lord Lawrence, "one night in Lord Hardinge's camp, turning to me, and saying, 'Do you think we were clever as lads? *I don't*

think we were!' But it was not altogether that we were dull. We had very few advantages—had not had very good education—and were consequently backward and deficient."

But one of the most noticeable and most admirable traits in Henry Lawrence was his teachableness—his docility and readiness to make the most of his opportunities. This is well brought out in this incident, which, besides, shows how he leant on his sister Letitia in matters intellectual as well as others: "Sometimes Letitia, sometimes Henry, would borrow a new book from a friend, and then away went both up into her room to study it together. One day, just before Henry went to India, they were thus feasting on the 'Life of Washington' (whose character made a lasting impression on his mind), Letitia, looking up between the chapters, soliloquised 'that it was a pity they had not been better taught.' Henry mildly replied, '*Well, that's past. We can now teach ourselves.*'"

And so successfully had he already acted on this axiom that, in spite of early disadvantages, he successfully passed for the artillery branch of the service, and left Addiscombe in May, 1822, not sailing for India, however, till September. During the interval he was brought afresh under the influence of "Aunt Angel"—who had ere this done much to form his character. When he was about to sail, his sister Letitia so bitterly bewailed his leaving them, that he actually proposed to take her to India with him, to set up a school or a shop in the Himalayas; but Mr. Huddleston at once put an end to that project, and pacified her by saying, "You foolish thing, Henry will distinguish himself. All your brothers will do well, I think; but Henry has such steadiness and resolution that you'll see him come back a general. He will be Sir Henry Lawrence before he dies."

He was appointed to the station at Dum Dum; and on the voyage out had the good fortune to have for fellow-passenger a John Edwards—bound for the same destination. He found in Edwards so much that was congenial that they agreed to live together; but Edwards, evidently a serious, studious fellow, soon fell ill, and was ordered off to Singapore by the doctors, and Ackers, his successor in the bungalow, before long shared the same fate. But Henry is able to say of himself:—

"For my part, I feel as well as ever I was in my life, and only require plenty of English letters to make me as happy as I can be at such a distance from my friends. I used foolishly to think it would be very fine to be my own master; but now, what would I give to have some kind friend to look after me! Give my love to all the dear little creatures, and to old Margaret [the nurse]."

He abstained from all extravagance; he did not join the regimental hunt, or frequent the billiard-room or the theatre; but devoted himself to professional reading and study, sometimes relieving the monotony by a game of chess—of which he was very fond. But he was now about to step into a circle which was to do much for him. The Rev. George Crauford, who still lives, and is known to us as Sir George Crauford, had gone out in the same ship with a young officer named Lewin, who had known Lawrence at Addiscombe. As assistant-chaplain, Mr. Crauford soon began to exercise great influence on the young men around him, as well as to fight for the religious liberty of the Sepoys, which he conceived to be infringed by the arbitrary orders of the Government, which forbade an officer to be present at the baptism of a Sepoy, or even to speak to a Sepoy on the subject of religion.

Opening a house which it is said well deserved its

name of Fairy Hall, Mr. Crauford had drawn around him a company of choice spirits, who were resolved to live a religious life. Of course, they had made up their minds to meet a good deal of ridicule. Lewin was one of their number, and Lawrence by-and-by followed Lewin to Fairy Hall. "There is a play here to-night," he says in one of his letters home, "but as I did not feel inclined to go, I took tea with Lewin, and am just returned home. It is really wonderful to me, the conversion of Lewin, having known him as a worldly-minded lad. His whole thoughts seem *now* to be of what good he can do. I only wish I was like him."

Probably what at first led Lawrence to Fairy Hall was the quiet and the thoughtful atmosphere that was felt by him to be favourable to study and to his own development. It is noticeable that on Christmas Day, 1823, we find Lewin making this joyous entry in his journal: "Lawrence took the Sacrament: God bless him, now and evermore." Thus, very soon, Lewin's influence prevailed, and Lawrence is found reading his Bible more and more, and, later, joining the friends at prayer, though he was averse to lead devotions himself, or to speak much of his religious state.

But an event was at hand that was to scatter the circle at Fairy Hall.

In March, 1824, Lord Amherst declared war with Burmah. The Burmese had shown too much desire to expand their empire towards British India, and were not over scrupulous of means. The dynasty at Alompra had for years insulted the governor-general, who had sent envoys to the Golden Foot and then forgotten the Burmese—till they presumed on their power, and actually invaded Assam and Cachar. Henry Lawrence was ordered to Arracan to lead what was called the

Chittagong column. After very bad weather, Chittagong was reached on the 18th of June. It is worth remarking that Henry Lawrence carried with him a volume of Scott's Bible, which Mr. Crauford had given to him, and which, in the absence of any regular chaplain, he found of service; whilst Havelock, who was with the main army at Rangoon, converted a cloister of the great Shoag Pagoda into a church, and by the light from a lamp set in the lap of the image of Guatama, he ministered to the soldiers of his Majesty's 13th regiment.

One of the hardest and most harassing marches on record was undertaken in this war—through swamps, and hills, and jungles, with here and there "beautiful streams and glens." Lawrence says, "The roads throughout the march were, in general, most wretched; in fact, in many places there were no traces of any." Reaching the sea-shore, there was a long and painful march for many miles along the beach; then through a succession of gullies and ravines, such as required in the officers the utmost coolness and dexterity; and the Arracan River is reached on the 4th of March. There were a number of skirmishes, and then a hard contest for the possession of Arracan, the capital, in which many of the attacking force were killed or wounded; and the first thing Henry Lawrence does, when he has seen his corps bestowed in their quarters, is to hurry to the hospitals "to see our poor fellows who were wounded." Well may his biographer remark, "It is natural and well to jot down with sorrow in our journals, after a battle, the brother-officers 'shot through the body,' or 'the leg,' likely to get over it or not. But it is well too, nay better, to remember (as Lawrence did) the Neelands and the Smiths, with a hearty comrade interest in their wounds, and a commander's knowledge of their individual merits;

and not to leave them altogether to the sad chronicle of the surgeon and the nurse."

With the fall of Arracan the whole Burmese province fell into the hands of the British; but it was a victory for which a dear price was paid. Before General Morrison could lead his division to a junction with that of Sir Archibald Campbell in the valley of the Irrawaddy, the rains had set in, and what had before been a swamp now reeked with malaria. Officer after officer succumbed and had to leave. Henry Lawrence was appointed to the adjutancy, and for some weeks he and his colonel were the only officers of artillery. At length he, too, was struck down, and was sent to Calcutta for three months' air. At the end of this period he returned, and remained till again attacked with sickness, after the declaration of peace. He never got rid of the tokens of these Arracan fevers.

Meanwhile, on this second return to Calcutta, sick, he was tenderly nursed by his former friend, Mr. Crauford. "Talk of the affection of women," he said, "nothing could exceed the tenderness of that good man." At length, as the only means of restoring him, he was ordered home to England; and, under medical advice, chose to proceed by the China route. He reached England in May, 1827, to find such companionship with his sister Letitia and her chosen friends, as left deep impressions on him; for was not Honoria Marshall—his cousin, a fair Irish girl, with remarkable mind—one of the circle? Of her we shall by-and-by hear and see much; let us now notice that Henry Lawrence, observing that no regular worship was held in his father's house, managed to initiate it, and with such prudence and quiet tact that the old man was pleased at the pious habit and the courage of his young Arracan campaigner. He had

several relapses, but his strength of constitution, aided by the English climate, so far prevailed that he soon had active interests, having got leave to join the Trigonometrical Survey in the north of Ireland (in which he was much interested, and in which he did good work for himself), and having set about learning to sketch from nature. He meets Honoria Marshall now and then—has many inquiries as to her training, her tastes, and the books she reads—and thoughts and feelings to which he can give no voice arise in him; he feels that Honoria could never care for him and he cannot speak to her. Instead, he consults Aunt Angel, who shakes her head over it, declaring it *imprudent*. The word "imprudence" had been enough; for he has a scheme in his mind of creating a fund for his father and mother, so that the old colonel, who hitherto had refused all offers of aid from his sons, might not be in want; nor his mother, should the colonel die. So, with the sense of duty thus stirred in him by Aunt Angel's words, he deliberately contrives to bid Honoria good-bye on the "steps of a shilling show in Regent's Street," that a scene might be impossible. He swallows down his own fondest desires, and leaves, with no word of love spoken to her.

On the 2nd of September, 1829, Henry, with his brother John, who, in spite of his desire to be a soldier, had, at the urgent entreaties of his friends, accepted a writership, sailed for India, their sister, Honoria, with them. Henry at once got posted to a company at Kurnaul, where his brother George also was, and for eighteen months he lived under George's roof—the one helping the other in their studies—Hindustani and the rest. Then he went to Cawnpore, where he took lessons in riding—as he pictures himself, "a gay trooper bumping away in the riding-school!"—but where he also attracted notice for

his studious ways, passing his examination in the native languages with great credit, and thus qualifying himself for staff employment. On the 23rd of January, 1833, he was named interpreter to a Golundaz battery at Cawnpore; but he had scarcely entered on these duties, when, on the 22nd of February, he found himself appointed an assistant revenue surveyor in the North-West Provinces. Of the manner in which this office was secured we have the following anecdote:—

"George had been so successful the year before in getting the Commander-in-chief to put Henry into the Horse Artillery, that he thought he might as well now try the Governor-general. Accordingly, he sought and obtained an interview. 'Well, what have *you* come for?' asked Lord William Bentinck. 'Nothing for myself,' answered George. 'What then?' said his lordship. 'I can tell you, you're the first man I have met in India who wanted nothing.' George then explained that he wanted his lordship to appoint Henry to the Revenue Survey; and the Governor-general, after asking a few pertinent questions, said, 'Well, go and tell Benson; and, although I make no promises, I will see what can be done.'"

Clearly the inquiries into Henry's qualifications and character had been found satisfactory, and those days devoted to labour on the Irish Trigonometrical Survey, when there was every excuse for idleness, and most men would have taken their ease, now bore their own fruit.

In India, where the Crown is really the proprietor of all the land, and where a survey fixes the rent, or land-tax, to be paid, and many other things, there is great call for correctness and for fairness. Carelessness may be broad injustice and wrong. It was this conviction that

led to the survey; and the practical work could not have fallen into better hands than such as those of Henry Lawrence. The people were to be benefited and public money saved; and he went into it with ardour. But his ardour was tempered by patience, and skill, and thoroughness. And these were essential to success. "Beginning with large circles of villages, the work descends to single villages; and from them to every single field. Not only has he to map these, but to give their areas, and collect their statistics; and when the large circles have thus been elaborated, they have to be fitted together like the pieces of a puzzle, and be united into a whole, which then becomes the map of a district. An Indian district corresponds with an English county, and it may readily be understood how laborious would be the task of surveying two or three such districts with the utmost minuteness of detail, under every possible disadvantage of climate, instruments, and establishments."

But Henry Lawrence was never the man to deal with "land-measurement" as "a thing apart." It took-on all its interest for him because men and their well-being were involved in it. He now learned more of the natives and their wants than he could possibly have learnt elsewhere; and we shall see how, in no long time, he turned his knowledge to account. He saw the immense importance of good roads, and urged on progress in forming them. And those under him he drilled into honesty and self-respect. This is an anecdote out of many such:—

"A native surveyor, who refused to go back some ten miles to revise a serious error that had been discovered in his work, was laid upon a native bed by order of Henry Lawrence, and carried by bearers to the spot,

where he was turned out to rectify his error. The man was obstinate, refused to re-observe his angles, and returned to camp. Lawrence ordered him up into a mango-tree, where he kept the recusant guarded by two Burkundazes with drawn swords, until hunger changed the mind and temper of the surveyor. The man ultimately proved an excellent worker."

Mr. Reade, of the Bengal Civil Service, with whom he now renewed a much-valued friendship, thus tells of some of his habits at this time:—

"At Goruckpoor, his house and mine were in adjacent compounds. A plank bridge led from the one to the other, and my kitchen was midway between the two domiciles. Lawrence, who in those days seemed to live upon air, and was apt, in the full tide of his work, to forget every-day minor matters, used frequently to find that he had no dinner provided, though he had asked people to dine with him; and we used to rectify the omission by diverting the procession of dishes from the kitchen to his house instead of to mine. My inestimable major-domo had wonderful resources, and an especial regard for Lawrence. The gravity of manner with which he asked in whose house dinner was to be laid, was a frequent source of amusement. We had other matters beside a kitchen and buttery in common. He had taken by the hand a young man, who had been in the ranks, by name Pemberton, who afterwards rose in the Survey Department. At the same time I had charge of a young fellow whose discharge from a regiment had been recently purchased by his friends. Interested in a young Scotch student who had found his way to India by enlisting in the Company's Artillery, Lord Auckland had recently emancipated him, and sent him up the country, to be master of the English school at Goruckpoor. To that

school, Lawrence, who was greatly interested in it, and who supported it with personal aid and liberal pecuniary contributions, gathered all the boys of poor Christian parents to be found in the cantonment and station, and thence transplanted them, with some of the more intelligent lads of the city, to the Survey Office. Some of the former were little fellows—so little, indeed, that Mr. Bird used to call them his 'Lawrence's offsets;' but his care of them was as kind as his teaching was successful. He had a tattoo (pony) for each of them, and relieved the labours of the desk by hurry-skurrying them over the country. I note these particulars, 'because in comparing the experiences we elicited of inner barrack life from the young men above mentioned, as we often did, in the teaching and manipulation of the said offsets, and the satisfactory result, I think we may trace the germ in Lawrence's mind of the noble design of the great establishments imperishably associated with his name.'"

For five years Henry Lawrence thus wrought on at the survey work—so unremittingly, that he brought "reproach" on himself, from some quarters, for increasing the amount of work demanded; but his eyes are opened to possibilities beyond. So, when his health fails, and he has to go to the hills in the autumn of 1833, we find him writing thus:—

"On my way back from Simla, if I have time, I may come by Agra, and rap at Sir Charles Metcalfe's door, for I have taken a violent fancy to push myself into a Civil situation. Oude, I fear, is beyond my mark. Besides, *it is not ours yet!* However, I'll take anything—political, magisterial, or judicial, and will willingly give up my claim of firing large guns at the black people, or blowing off people's heads, as Marcia used to insist was my delight. No! I would now

much prefer preventing them breaking each other's heads, and be instrumental in leading them into paths of civilisation."

And now that he and his brothers have succeeded in forming that "pious hoard" for the benefit of the declining days of father and mother—in the making of which he showed all the "fervour of an apostle and the simplicity of a child," as was afterwards said by a friend of his, who knew all the circumstances, to Sir John Kaye—thoughts of Honoria begin to be cherished again. About this time he wrote to his eldest sister:—"I really think I shall be mad enough to tell her my story, and try to make her believe that I have loved her for five years, and said nothing of my love. The thing seems incredible, but it is true." And now that circumstances seem fully to justify his writing to her, he shrinks from doing so.

Returning to duty, he applies himself so closely to the work, that friends come in with warnings. "But either he must fag and forget Honoria Marshall, or else talk of her to his sister Letitia by way of rest." And that talk at length accomplishes more than he had hoped. Meanwhile, he hears of the serious illness of his father, who closed his brave life in 1834. It was a comfort to Henry Lawrence to know that the grand old man at length forgot his wrongs, and ceased to grumble, having found the true Remedy at last.

It was now speedily arranged that Honoria Marshall should, in a year, join him in India, whereupon John writes his warm congratulations, adding—"You must try and get some other appointment than in the Survey, which will never do for a married man, as you can't drag your wife about in the jungles in the hot winds." But where there's a will, there's a way.

Once more Henry Lawrence, broken down by hard work, had to seek the hills, and Honoria landed at Calcutta whilst he was there, to be taken in charge by his friends, the Hutchinsons. Her letters to him fixing her time of sailing had miscarried. But he hurries down from Simla on hearing the news, and is married on the 21st of August. Scarcely was the marriage over when they both fell ill of fever; but, through it all, she remains cheerful, and soon writes the bravest, most charming letters. Nay, she is already exercising a benignant influence on those about her, and is reflecting deeply on the characteristics of Indian life, and the possibilities of improving some features of it. She writes to a friend:—

"During my short residence in this country I have been struck by the depth of colouring with which the scenes of existence are here painted. Life is so uncertain, disease so rapid—there are such lengthened separations, and so many uncertainties in the conveyance of intelligence, that I feel quite bewildered at the startling occurrences I hear of. . . .

"I think the system respecting servants in this country is very hurtful to one's own mind. You hire your servants at so much a month. They do your work, and you have no further concern with them. If they do not please you, you dismiss them. They make their *salaam*, and next day you are surrounded by new faces. All this is very free from care, but has a sad tendency to make you selfish. At home every conscientious person feels responsible, to a certain degree, for the moral conduct and religious instruction of his domestics, as well as the duty of consulting their comfort. Here the difference of religion does away with the first; and the habits of life, in a great measure,

do away with the second. It is difficult for the master and mistress to recollect that their servants are responsible, immortal beings, or to think of more than their own convenience. I was surprised to find among Europeans the prejudices of *caste*, and that many of them object to a low caste native (simply on that ground) as much as a Hindoo would. This is surely contrary to our faith, though I can easily understand the feeling gaining on one. The obsequious manner of the servants annoys me greatly. I do not mean that they ought not to be respectful, but a man standing with folded hands waiting for his master's orders, seems to me more like devotion than service."

If this had been the feeling of the bulk of the men and women who had previously gone to India in similar capacities, it is hardly too much to say that some of the horrors of future days might possibly have been spared. At any rate, Honoria Lawrence brings a fresh sense, and a cultured sympathy, to the side of her husband that may aid him. She is deeply impressed by the work done at the Orphan Refuge by Mrs. Wilson; and we see at once that she will speedily become a power through her husband. "She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."

In opposition to all that John and others had said, she accompanied her husband to "the Rechabite home in the Survey Camp," near Goruckpoor. One who owed to Sir Henry Lawrence much of his training thus writes of these days:—

"He gave himself little rest even at night. I was called up at all hours to take a meridian altitude of Sirius or some other star for the latitude, or an elongation of Polaris to test our meridian line, and not unfrequently more for fun than utility, for a lunar observation, which

we called 'humbugging the stars;' for we could seldom come within twenty miles of our exact longitude, and used to wonder how such very uncertain observations, with their intricate calculations, could be turned to account at sea. . . . . The natives employed upon the survey evinced great aptitude in learning the use and great delicacy in the manipulation of the theodolite, but he would not employ them when there was any danger to be apprehended. Thus, on one occasion after his marriage, we had to enclose a large tract of the Dhoon, at a season of the year when Europeans had never ventured to expose themselves, so he took one side of the area himself and gave me the other side, and we were to meet. It was a dense jungle at the foot of the Nepaul hills, intersected with belts of forest trees—a famous tiger tract. The dews were so heavy, that my bed under a small tent was wet through. Fires were kept constantly lighted to keep off the tigers and wild elephants, which gave unmistakable indication of their proximity, and it was not till eleven or twelve o'clock that the fog cleared sufficiently to permit of our laying a theodolite. It was in such a tract that, after three or four days, we connected our survey, and when we met, to my surprise I found Mrs. Lawrence with him. She was seated on the bank of a nullah, her feet overhanging the den of some wild animal. While she, with a portfolio in her lap, was writing overland letters, her husband, at no great distance, was laying his theodolite. In such roughings this admirable wife (a fitting helpmate for such a man) delighted to share, while at other times, seldom under circumstances of what other people call comfort, she would lighten his labours by reading works he wished to consult, and by making notes and extracts to which he wished to refer in his literary compositions. She was one in a thousand;

a woman highly gifted in mind, and of a most cheerful disposition, and fell into his ways of unbounded liberality and hospitality with no attempt at external appearance of luxury or refinement. She would share with him the wretched accommodation of the 'Castles'—little better than cowsheds—of the Khytul district, and be the happiest of the happy. Or we would find her sharing a tent some ten feet square, a suspended shawl separating her bedroom and dressing-room from the hospitable breakfast-table; and then both were in their glory. No man ever devoted himself more entirely to what he considered his duty to the State, but it did not prevent his devotion to the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-creatures, whether European or Native, and no man in either duty ever had a better helpmate than he had in his wife. It was one day, when on leave for the benefit of his health, that these two, in happy commune, were reclining on the side of the Sunawar mountain opposite Kussowlee, when the thought occurred to one, was responded to by the other, and taken up by both, that they would erect a sanatorium for children of European soldiers on that very spot. The result is well known, and the noble institution, now under the direction of Government, bears his honoured name."

Henry Lawrence is moved to Allahabad, to go through the same process of hard survey work there; but now he has a helper. She has literary tact, and encourages him to write. There is great activity and development of mind during these years; and such decisive powers of administration and government making themselves felt as lead him to desire another sphere. Acquaintance with the people in their rural life corrected the prejudices and enlarged the ideas of the young English officer in cantonments. The vastness of the land, the density

of its population, and the vital importance of the Civil government, now came home to him. "Things he had read all fitted themselves into their places, and he got glimpses into the thousand questions of our position in India which lie on the right hand and on the left of so many of our countrymen without their even knowing of their existence. Day by day he explored these byways of native society and British rule; and year after year found him more informed of existing conditions, more thoughtful of our mistakes, more earnest to correct them, more clear as to directions that reform must take." He has suggestions for those in power on roads and canals, and on army organization, drawn from his experiences in the Burmah campaign, and offers proposals for a staff corps.

Before long the first note of the Afghan war was sounded, and Lawrence entreated leave to join his regiment. He had proposed the formation of a corps of guides, which was acted on; but he was, after some delay, attached to his own corps, the 2nd brigade of Horse Artillery; and, to his mortification, it was decided soon after he had joined, that this brigade should remain behind with the army of observation at Ferozepoor. It was whilst they were in the midst of preparations for this move that their first child was born. But, in spite of this, Mrs. Lawrence in a few weeks was at Ferozepoor, with the infant, Alexander Hutchinson. "No words can express," she said, writing to a friend, "the fountain of delight he has opened up to us." But as Henry Lawrence was not in action—the only inducement he had had to request to join his corps—he was anxious to fall back on political employment, and appealed to Mr. George Clerk, now well known as Sir George Clerk, Ex-Governor of Bombay, to secure this. He was accordingly appointed, in January, 1839, to the civil charge of the little princi-

pality of Ferozepoor, which had come into our hands a few years previously. His friend, Mr. Currie, who had interested himself in securing the appointment, wrote :—"Now I have helped you to put your foot into the stirrup, it rests with you to put yourself into the saddle." And well did Henry Lawrence act on the advice. Never was Ferozepoor so well ruled; it rose up a fresh city; so that the agent to the governor-general had specially to "report his satisfaction derived from witnessing the flourishing state of the town, and the great improvements made on the fort and public buildings." Mrs. Lawrence was at the same time as active in trying to form there a mission centre, in which she managed to unite the various denominations, drawing from the Rev. John Newton the remark, "Mrs. Lawrence's sentiments about differences of denomination have my cordial sympathy;" which leads Sir Herbert Edwards to add, "Yes; there is nothing like a heathen land for drawing Christians together. Differences about bishops look very small under the shadow of an idol with twelve heads."

As Mrs. Lawrence well put it in one of her letters home, "This bleak spot (Ferozepoor) is now become of great importance as the depôt from whence troops, provisions, and treasure, are forwarded to Beloochistan and Cabul." And Captain Lawrence had become of importance, too, if hard and faithful labour can make one so. Knowing how anxiously the troops engaged in Cabul would look for their letters, Captain Lawrence and his wife—because the Government could not afford a post-clerk!—would sit up half the night sorting them, after the multiform duties of revenue-collector, engineer, commissariat officer, and paymaster, had been discharged. But this is only one instance out of many of Lawrence's exquisite regard for others.

Six months after Lawrence was appointed to Ferozepoor, Runjet Singh, our faithful ally, died, the Sikh kingdom passing into anarchy. To Lawrence it is due that order was restored, and that we were not then subject to a Sikh invasion, making necessary then a lengthened Sikh war. In March, 1841, overwork and exposure prostrated him, and he had once more to betake himself to the hills, his wife joining him at Subathoo; and there the couple were allowed to rest for a little while, and there they buried the little girl that had been born to them. Meanwhile the Cabul war proceeded—that disastrous war the result chiefly of our inconsequent policy in allowing Persia to be absorbed in defiance of treaties, and not supporting as we ought to have done the strong *de facto* powers along our frontiers, so as to have had a ready-made means of keeping invaders back—by which we aimed at dethroning a reigning prince to set up an exile. Snow and disease enfeebled the army, and General Elphinstone, on the 5th of January, had to retreat. Many died, some were taken prisoners, and among them George Lawrence. Lord Ellenborough succeeded Lord Auckland, and, like the eccentric administrator he was, blew hot and blew cold by turns—that defeat of General England at Hykulzye, in the attempt to reinforce Nott at Kandahar (who thought so little of it as simply to order him to come on again), leading Lord Ellenborough completely to change his mind, and order retreat instead of the advance of a few weeks before, and wholly forgetting the captives; while those who had foreseen disaster were inclined to pique themselves on prophecy rather than on action. But not so Henry Lawrence. Supports had to be sent up to relieve the unfortunate prisoners. Henry Lawrence's "first duty was to expedite the march of these troops,

and he worked at it with a will." The resolute Nott had refused to evacuate Kandahar. The absurd condition of undertaking a war without a base was now clearly seen, and even the Sikhs, who by treaty were bound to aid us for Shah Shoojah, began to sneer at us. Lawrence's heart was set on retrieving the evil. It was now purely a question of British honour and British bravery; and right willing was he to go into Peshawur to get together the Sikh force, for which George Clerk had obtained the order—although no common difficulties lay in his path. It was most important to show the Afghans that the Sikhs were with us; but the problem of how to get Sikhs and hired Afreedees really to aid us in keeping communications open through the wildest hill-country was one fit to tax the best administrator; and it was only by the rare tact and skill of Captains Lawrence and Mackeson that it was managed.

And when, in letters home at this time, he justified his own daring to his wife, assuring her he ran no risk that could be helped, being "mindful of you, and of my boy, and of myself," she, like a true soldier's wife, wrote back such words as these:—

"No, my own husband, I do *not* think you forget wife and child when you fly about. I need not talk of my prayers for your safety, but I never wish you safe by keeping out of the way. No; I rejoice you are there, with your energy and sense; and if I could but be a button on your sleeve, I never would wish you to come away. . . . . Who talked of your force turning back? God forbid that such counsel should prevail. . . . . Doubly mean would it be now to turn—to run from such a wretched foe, whose force lies in our vacillation—and to turn our backs on our friends in distress. No, my husband; I would not see you back to-morrow on

such terms. . . . . Oh, how much sharper would be the trial of receiving one cold or unkind line from you! While this does not, cannot happen, let me be thankful and happy."

General Pollock was chosen to lead the avenging army that had been organized along with this Sikh contingent. On the Sikhs, truly, no great confidence could be placed; at first they showed no disposition to go forward, or to fight, rather were they inclined to plunder their allies; but Lawrence managed them admirably, and soon Pollock made it plain that he meant fighting. The Khyber Pass was forced on the 5th April, 1842; and the Sikhs began to see that their interest lay in pushing forward, as there might be a chance of booty at Cabul, hardly elsewhere. Lawrence was interpreter, commissary, and artillery officer. He himself humorously says he was general, artilleryman, pioneer, and cavalry, at different times. He was literally unresting. His guns played beautifully from the heights, and slowly Pollock advanced up the long, fearful eight-and-twenty miles, to find, on reaching Jellalabad, Sale's garrison coming out to meet them, their band playing "Oh, but ye've been lang o' comin'." Sale's men had driven off the Afghans who besieged them, 1,800 to 6,000. "They moved down upon the line of the Afghans in three stripling columns, led by Havelock, Dennie, and Monteath, like David going down to meet Goliath."

In spite of orders from Lord Ellenborough, Pollock and Nott now made a race for the capital, rescued the captives, and returned in triumph. Of the episode of the Khyber Pass there is an anecdote. "Sir George Pollock still recalls how, about 3 o'clock in the morning on which the Khyber Pass was to be forced, he repaired to Lawrence's tent, in order that they might start

together with the main column, and found him sitting up, deadly sick and vomiting, apparently attacked by cholera. The general was obliged to leave him in this desperate condition, and says, 'I did not expect to see him again alive;' but, to his great surprise, when he reached the front of the pass, there was Henry Lawrence with the guns, helping to get them into position—all bodily infirmities subdued by force of will and sense of duty."

Here again, too, Havelock and Lawrence met—the former having been in Jellalabad garrison; and here, as aforetime, they passed many hours in prayer and religious converse, having got up meetings of the soldiers and officers, by which great good was done.

But hard work, as much in keeping with Henry Lawrence's character, followed when he reached his station; and for it he as much deserved the Governor-general's thanks as for his services in the Khyber Pass. We must let Sir Herbert Edwards describe it:—

"During the months of March and April the frost-bitten and crippled native soldiers and camp-followers, who had escaped the wreck of the Cabul army, had been crawling into Peshawur 'by hundreds,' and strongly drew out the humanity of Lawrence's character. He lodged, fed, and visited them continually; made up camel-panniers 'for the poor creatures whose feet were destroyed;' and at last dispatched them in a large caravan, under charge of a native doctor, to British territory. Here, too, for the first time, we find him going the round of the military hospitals, which, in after years, even in peace time, became a settled habit with him, and greatly endeared him to the soldiery.

"No one who has ever seen him walking thoughtfully and observantly down a sick ward, pointing to windows

that should be opened, or stopping by the bedside of some bad case to consider what comfort could be given, what kind word spoken, or what fruit from home for the poor fellow, will ever forget it."

And the consciousness of duty done thus nobly and well was soon supplemented by the praises of his superiors. For the immense service of getting the mutinous Sikhs to march on to Jellalabad, when the heat in the Khyber was such that Lawrence himself said "one day's march would kill hundreds of our troops, and cattle too," and showing the Afghans that Lahore was with us, Mr. Clerk addressed to him a special letter, in which he said that he was "very sensible of the persevering exertions, patience, and care, that must have been exercised on your part to induce them to move onwards." And it is very characteristic that what Lawrence best of all liked in this was being called "patient," notwithstanding that he had shown something more than that when he led these same Sikhs into action at Tezeen, compelling the special praises and thanks of Colonel Richmond for the service rendered.

Lawrence had fallen back on his political assistantship on the frontier, as we have seen; but hopes had arisen in his heart that promotion would come as it was earned. He was passed over—even the honour of a C.B. was denied him, though Lord Ellenborough seemed at once to accuse and excuse himself in so addressing him, when sending him the Cabul medal. He confesses: "Like many others, I was disappointed at the distribution of honours; in fact, it would seem to have been supposed I was a kind of assistant, in the Commissariat Department, to Mackeson. However, the least said, the soonest mended; so I have tried to hold my tongue, and should now be packing up my traps for England, but for my Peshawur

accounts, not an item of which has yet been passed. So I must fag away here for another year on the same pay as when I went to Peshawur, being less than if I were with my regiment."

At length Lord Ellenborough tried to make amends by appointing him to be superintendent of the Dehra Doon, as pleasant a spot as there is in India, at the foot of the Himalayas, with the Ganges on the one side, the Jumna on the other. But it was found this could only be held by a covenanted civilian; and he was no sooner settled in it, than he was recalled. So he was transferred to Umballa, with the title of assistant to the envoy at Lahore; but he mourned the loss of Dehra Doon as a field for pioneering work.

Work and worry once more made their mark on him, and he is inclined to seek a respite in England. He writes to his sister Letitia at this time:—"Here I am again, with my old wife, in our pleasant cottage of Kussowlee. My visit is a flying one, but better than none. . . . We have got *two* rooms in our house, and have four children, as well as our four selves, and to-morrow or next day are to have another—a little Napier. We are building another cottage close to this, and shall then be very comfortable. Clerk, we hear, is Governor of Agra. I *ought* to succeed him here, if knowing anything about the work has aught to do with the matter. . . . I don't think that you would see much difference in me, further than the wrinkles that time has drawn on my face; in all else I am much as I was—perhaps a little tamed and quieted by years, but still with impulse enough for half-a-dozen such frames as my own."

In a few months the death of the childless Rajah of Kythul, a territory close to Umballa, led to that province

lapsing to the British, and Lawrence was appointed to administer it. Retainers of the rajah's family, themselves eager for plunder, had incited the soldiery to resist the transfer, and Lawrence had some work to do to arrange matters. Even officers of British regiments were corrupted and joined in the "looting," and courts-martial followed. Lawrence soon restored order; and left the province in excellent order, when, in September, 1843, he was appointed Resident at Nepaul. The healthy air of the hills soon had a beneficial effect, he had less of active work than heretofore; the business being rather to wait and watch demurely, than to interfere in the affairs of the Nepaul court—a policy the more necessary as the Nepaulese were almost as jealous of foreign interference as the Chinese. So now he finds the use of his pen; and, aided by his wife's cultured mind, he contributes articles to the organ Sir John Kaye had just established as *The Calcutta Review*—articles which showed such experience, foresight, and sagacity, as made men in power ask after the writer. In one of the earliest of these he says:—

"Perhaps our greatest danger arises from the facility with which our conquests have been made; a facility which has betrayed us into the neglect of all recognised rules for military occupation. Our sway is that of the sword, yet everywhere our military means are insufficient. There is always some essential lacking at the very moment when troops are wanted for immediate service. If stores are ready, they may rot before carriage is forthcoming; if there are muskets, there is no ammunition. If there are infantry, there are no muskets for them. In one place we have guns without a man to serve them; in another, we have artillerymen standing comparatively idle, because the guns have been left behind."

Then he goes on to examples—Delhi, Agra, Bareilly, Kurnaul, Benares, Saugor; and recites a scheme of military organization. And what is very characteristic of him is, that all leads up to the best means of influencing our native army to faithful service. "We forget that our army is composed of men, like ourselves, quick-sighted and inquisitive on all matters bearing upon their own personal interests; who, if they can appreciate our points of superiority, are just as capable of detecting our deficiencies, especially any want of military spirit or soldierly bearing."

And so, having got a post which demanded great qualities rather than great work—the power of wisely and unobtrusively advising, rather than of ordering or taking initiatives—he finds new outlets for his practical energies, as such a man always will. With the mingled humility and strength which is apt to puzzle one at first, he has taken advice from those whose opinion he values—from Mr. Thomason, Mr. Clerk, and others, and duly saturates his mind with it. Such a counsel as this must have sunk deep into a nature like that of Lawrence:

"A Native minister is never the worse for the advice (given quietly and unobtrusively) of a British Resident, supposing the latter a proper man; and nine times out of ten he feels obliged for it.

"The mischief is, that we are so elated when such advice produces good consequences, that we hasten to make manifest our influence, exhibit the minister in leading strings, and thus kicking down all his popularity among parties, destroy his efficiency; and then we cast about for another."

His wife is with him in his endeavours, helping him to realise the words she had written to him before she joined him at Nepaul:—"How delightfully snug we

shall be! How much we shall read and write and think! How regular will be our life, and how strong we shall become! How we shall teach Tim, [pet name for Alexander, their first child] and grow wise and good ourselves! May these visions be realised; and, oh! when they are, may we in our new walk of life have 'the blessing of God, that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it.'"

He faithfully held by the "let alone" policy in Nepaul; observed the Ghoorkas, saw through their intrigues, and detected their weaknesses; but acknowledged they were good masters; the peasantry so happy and well ruled, that he had no desire to hasten the taking of the country before the Ghoorkas themselves compelled it, although he saw that its possession would supply a splendid "line of sanataria from Darjeeling to Almora."

His own health was not strong, but he made temperance his best medicine. "I often ail," he says, "but, with the exception of slight dyspepsia, do not remember to have been confined to my bed for a day since 1826. My habits are extremely abstemious. I keep very early hours, eat sparingly, and scarcely touch wine, beer, or spirits. I believe I can stand fatigue of mind or body as well as any man in India. I have repeatedly ridden eighty and a hundred miles at a stretch in the hottest season of the year."

He read, studied, wrote; and now in his leisure his thoughts turned more and more to the elaborating and perfecting of a work which remains for him a lasting monument. This is the Lawrence Asylums for the children of Indian soldiers. When at Dehra Doon, and at Umballa, he had resolved to establish European charity schools, but found it impracticable. In a country like India, where strict limitations are put on marriage

amongst the soldiery, there is terrible immorality in barracks, which it is one of the worst things children—girls especially—could be near to or witness. One woman, in barracks, dies annually out of every twenty; one child out of every ten. Moved by these facts, not to speak of the influence of far higher considerations in Sir Henry Lawrence's mind, he now devoted his leisure to develop his idea of charity schools into great homes for these children in healthy hill-parts of India. The chief men not only approved, but helped—his friend, Sir George Clerk, among the rest; and to ensure permanence and support, he was desirous to get the sanction of the Government, which was soon obtained. Addressing it, he says—"My proposal is no sudden freak of enthusiasm, but the sober result of long acquaintance with the condition of barrack children, and of the especial degradation of girls. . . I calculate that, under good management, each child will not cost above 10 rupees per month; as soon, therefore, as Government sanction is obtained, a commencement may be made with the subscriptions and donations already registered. I have, however, little doubt that, as soon as the institution is fairly set on foot, many persons who have hitherto held back will come forward in its support. I have purposely refrained from drawing up any definite scheme of management, being desirous that in the framing of rules the institution should have the advantage of the judgment of the committee."

A year before this he had offered £500, if the managers of the Military Orphan Schools in Calcutta would remove them to the hills, but without result—a proposal which, however, was adopted afterwards, to his delight, when the first Sikh war had been begun. The first Lawrence Asylum was planted at Subathoo, near Simla;

and commenced with a girls' asylum to the extent of one hundred orphans in excess of paying children; and then, according to the extent of funds in hand, a boys' establishment was to be commenced within a reasonable distance from the female asylum. This institution, as our readers can conceive, was largely supported through life by Henry Lawrence, and was most tenderly watched over by both him and Mrs. Lawrence. The major's wisdom was well seen in one of his instructions. "Being about to proceed to the plains, I now record my often-expressed opinion that the chief defect in the school is a defect of bodily energy in the children. I wish each boy to learn the use of his hands at some trade—I don't care what it is: let him cobble, carpenter, tailor, or smith. This should be apart from telegraph, survey, printing, or gardening work. . . . The boys, and indeed the girls, should be occasionally taken across country; and encouraged to break the monotony of their walk, by running races double-quick, &c., &c. I wish the dullest child to be made to understand that a prize may be obtained by industry and good-conduct. Every one that tries, and whether he or she succeeds or not, shall have a prize next year."

Ere long other asylums, on the same model, sprung up at Murree in the Punjaub, at Mount Aboo, in Rajpootana, at Ootacamund, and on the Neilgherry Hills in Madras. The Bible, without sectarian comment, is the corner-stone of the system of education; and this was not objected to by Roman Catholic parents, though it has been so by Roman Catholic priests. Only in one instance did difficulties arise, and this was in the case of the Ootacamund school, when he wrote thus to Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, the secretary:—

"From the outset all the children at the Lawrence

Asylum have read the Bible. Of the first batch of children sent to the Asylum from Lahore by me in 1847, seven or eight out of about sixteen were Roman Catholics, whose parents *were distinctly told*, by myself, that *all children* admitted to the Asylum must read the Bible. Not one parent objected. It is quite true that the proportions of Roman Catholics have since greatly decreased, and that there are now few in the Asylum; but this is attributable to the priests, not to the parents. I have no desire to force the consciences of Roman Catholics. Indeed, I do not desire that disputed points of Scripture be mooted in the schools, but that such portions be read in common as Protestants and Roman Catholics acknowledge. . . . I beg, then, it be understood that my donations and subscriptions will depend on the authorised version of the Bible being read in open school, in the spirit of Rule XXVII." We should mention, however, that Roman Catholic priests were allowed to visit and teach children of their own persuasion.

It was his delight to snatch a few days from pressing duties, together with Lady Lawrence, to visit the Asylums. "In 1850 they remained a fortnight on the Asylum premises at Sunawar, and again stayed there for two months in the autumn of 1851, daily looking into all departments of the institution, and testing its working in all branches. Lady Lawrence, during these visits, daily talked to the girls, and evinced a mother's interest in their welfare. Being unable to walk among them, they would flock around her litter, and watch for its coming down to their playground." And it is very touching to record that when dying, amid the shot and shell of Lucknow, he faintly murmured, "Remember the Asylum; do not let them forget the Asylum."

But we anticipate. From amid the quiet of Nepaul he had just arranged to send Mrs. Lawrence to England for her health, when, at the close of December, 1845, the first Sikh war broke out, setting the whole Punjaub in a blaze. Lawrence was at once summoned to action. He transferred his charge at Nepaul to his assistant; and, receiving the news at 7 P.M. on January 6, was off next day at 3 P.M. So, as the plan of sending Mrs. Lawrence home for the sake of health, and for the children's sakes, was still adhered to, he was left to pursue his course alone.

Lord Hardinge knew well the merits of Henry Lawrence, and had him named Governor-general's agent for the Punjaub. The battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur, and Aliwal had been fought; but Sobraon was still to come, and Lawrence was present at it. Though he was a "political," he followed his old precedent of having a hand at working the guns. But, after this great victory, the political battle remained. Lawrence—opposed as he was to annexation—convinced himself that the Sikh kingdom could be reconstructed, and set himself to the task with energy, notwithstanding that few who knew the Ranee, and the character of the ministers she surrounded herself with, believed it possible. Besides, there was the Cashmere difficulty. This little state had been the payment accorded by the vanquished, according to agreement, for the expenses of the first Sikh war; but as it would have been difficult to hold Cashmere while the Punjaub was still an independent state, it was made over to Gholab Singh, the Jummoo chief, on payment of the sum for which it was equivalent. The people of Cashmere did not like to be so disposed of, and the Sikh governor hoisted the flag of rebellion. Henry Lawrence had therefore to proceed in front of Gholab

Singh with a Sikh force—"the very men," says Kaye, "who had recently been in conflict with the British"—and at great risk he managed to settle matters, attaining, in the course of this business, such remarkable influence over Gholab Singh, that he prevailed on him to abolish suttee, female infanticide, and slavery, throughout all his dominions. Not only so, but the Hindoo chief contributed munificently to the Asylum on the Hills, showing what a rare influence a straightforward English officer may exercise over the native princes. And yet, according to others, Gholab Singh was a common villain.

Time, however, powerfully showed that Lawrence had been too hopeful of the Sikhs. In spite of his desire to act, by suggestion and no more, upon the native Durbar only for good, he was disappointed and thwarted: the Maharanee had to be separated from the young Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and a Council of Regency established, of which, of course, he became the head. If there was a weakness in Sir Henry Lawrence's government, it was a fault that leaned to virtue's side as government goes—it lay in his high opinion of human nature, and his belief in the power of sympathy and benevolence. His success was such as to justify him in most cases. But it was doomed to fail in the Punjaub; and, by-and-by, it led to something of difference between him and his brother John, who had been associated with him in the council—John urging a more robust and decisive policy. Certainly the *sentiment* was all to the honour of Henry, and if in the view of some, as compared with his brother Lord Lawrence, he lost as an Indian administrator, he certainly gained as a man. The materials he had to work with in this case had, however, gone too far in decay—the train had been set on fire before he touched it;

vice, crime, and intrigue so abounded, that the evil, staved off for a time by his wisdom and mingled gentleness and resolution, broke out when he had gone to England with Lord Hardinge to recruit his strength, and to receive at last his hard-won K.C.B. All through the year 1847 there had been a lull, and no outbreak could have been anticipated when he left. The lower orders were quick enough to see that so far as he had been compelled to act directly on a corrupt Durbar, it had been in their interest; so that we can the more readily accredit the words of Colonel Abbott on this topic:—

"The people of the Punjaub—I mean the industrious classes—blessed the name of Sir Henry Lawrence; but the Sikh nobility and gentry cursed from their inmost hearts those foreigners who, by raising up the people and instructing them in their rights, were rendering their future oppression difficult, if possible.

"Such was the state of things when Sir Henry Lawrence's failing health obliged him to return to England; and Sir Frederick Currie, a Bengal civilian, was appointed to his place. The Sikh army rose as our Sepoy army has since risen. The master mind was away, and for a while they prevailed; but finally their indecision enabled us to crush them, and the Punjaub was annexed, greatly to the grief of Sir Henry Lawrence. Had he been present his genius might have averted this blow for a few months; but the conspiracy was deeply laid, and no human skill or presence could have prevented the outbreak. Upon this subject, he who had left the Punjaub in such profound repose, may naturally have come to a different conclusion; but the assistants to the President, who were in charge of the several districts of the Punjaub, had all foreseen for some time the coming storm.

"I need not, to you who were eye-witnesses of his acts, expatiate upon the powers of mind which this annexation called forth; the watchful benevolence, the catholic charity, the wisdom—far-seeing, provident, and sound—which calculated every contingency, and provided for every emergency. What the watchmaker is to the watch, that was Sir Henry Lawrence to the Punjaub. His assistants fashioned wheels, pivots, springs, and balance; but it was his great mind which attributed to each his work, which laid down the dimensions of every circle, the power of every spring, the length of every lever, and which combined the whole into one of the greatest triumphs of modern polity. His was the spirit which inspired every act of the local government, which touched the heart of all his subordinates with ardour to fill up each his own part in a system so honourable to the British name."

As soon as Sir Henry Lawrence heard of this outbreak, he hurried back to India with Lady Lawrence, though the Court of Directors had left him to act on his own judgment. There was some stiff fighting, in which he bore his share. Active on the fatal field of Chilianwallah, though without recognised position, he managed to save Lord Gough from the error of withdrawing his army from the scene of action, as the Sikhs would have certainly accepted this as evidence of defeat, and taken fresh heart. He assumed the post of Resident at Lahore; and soon this loss was retrieved at Goojerat. The Punjaub was annexed: Sir Henry Lawrence allowing the justice but not the expediency of this step. However, he was made head of the Board of Administration, at which was seated his brother John and other young officers of note and promise.

Sir John Kaye says, "Never, perhaps, had a little

band of English administrators done so much good within a short space of time; yet there was something in the machinery of the administration which the Governor-general did not like." Sir Henry Lawrence was too inclined to hold out a helping hand to the ruined and impoverished Sikh nobles; Lord Dalhousie's policy was one which did not allow for this—did not recognise its possible use. The differences, also, between the brothers, which have been hinted at, soon became more pronounced; they were, in fact, in spite of themselves, representatives of opposing policies. The one felt, the other thought; the one sympathized, the other reasoned.

It would be impossible for us here to give any idea of the thought and assiduity with which Sir Henry fulfilled his duties as head of the Board. He was wont to make periodical progresses over every part of his dominions; indeed he tells Sir John Kaye that, in 1850, he had been twice round the Punjaub, visiting every station. The Punjaub must have been well governed when, as one of his colleagues tells us, he went, in March of that year, a circuit of not less than 1,000 miles, the greater part with an escort of 1,000 men, half of them Sikhs—often for days with a single soldier, and for one march, in the Kholat Pass, with half a company and half a troop. But his frequent absences from head-quarters were not approved at Calcutta.

Lord Dalhousie, as has been said, sided with John; the administration was plainly found fault with by him; and after the shedding of much official ink, Sir Henry at length for peace's sake, and the prosperity of the Punjaub, agreed to accept another appointment, and leave John at the head of the Board. This was the first real grief and disappointment of the kind he had had, and for long he fretted over it; a grumble against Lord Dalhousie coming

often into his letters. Sensitive to blame, he regarded his transference from the Punjaub as a premeditated slight; and we believe we do not go beyond the truth if we say that, notwithstanding that his high sense of duty and his happy domestic relations did much to sustain him, he was never the same man after. He, who had hitherto been so free from internal dispeace, now fretted and mourned, and failed to carry his whole mind so completely into his work as was his wont. He tried it faithfully, but was only too conscious of the effort it cost him.

"I am now," he said in one letter, "after twenty years of civil administration, and having held every sort of civil office, held up as wanting civil knowledge. . . . . As for what Lord Dalhousie calls training, I had the best sort. I trained myself by hard work, by being put into all sorts of offices, without help, and left to work my way. I have been for years a judge, a magistrate, a collector; for two years a Chief Commissioner; for five years President of the Board. I am at a loss to know what details I have yet to learn."

And his wife, always ready to come to his side at a crisis, thus wrote ably and well, in reference to some criticism of his rule in the Indian newspapers:—

"If the new doctrine that sympathy with a people unfits a man to rule them, then, indeed, Sir Henry Lawrence has shown himself unfit for his position. If it be unlike an English gentleman to consider the rank and feelings of other men, irrespective of their colour, creed, or language, then truly has he renounced his birthright to adopt 'native ideas.' . . . . . I watch the conduct of the English in India, and from the private soldier to the general officer, from the clerk to the judge, I see prevalent the spirit that talks of the 'black fellows;'

that, perhaps unconsciously, assumes that the natives are very much in our way in their own country, except so far as they may be turned to our comfort or aggrandizement."

Men of all ranks wrote, mourning his removal. John Nicholson—who died like a hero not very long afterwards, wrote thus:—

"MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—I have just got your express of the 1st, and am very sorry for the country's sake to hear you are going, and also not a little selfishly sorry on my own account; for I don't know how I shall ever get on when you are gone. If there is any work in Rajpootana I am fit for, I wish you would take me with you. I certainly won't stay on the border in your absence. If you can't take me away, I shall apply for some quiet internal district like Shahpoor."

Sir Henry was transferred to Rajpootana, where he endeavoured to apply his beneficent ideas of Christian government, but found it hard, up-hill work; and he longed to be back in the Punjaub, which is proved by the fact that when he heard his brother John had got leave of absence in England, he applied to be appointed his substitute. He had been misinformed, but the fact is significant. He had for a little while longer to bide among his Rajpoots. Sir John Kaye says of them: "Traditionally, the Rajpoots were a brave, a noble, a chivalrous race of men; but, in fact, there was little nobility left in them. The strong hand of the British Government, which had yielded them protection, and maintained them in peace, had enervated and enfeebled the national character, and had not nurtured the growth of any better qualities than those which it had subdued. They had ceased to be a race of warriors, and had become a race of debauchees."

Sir Henry Lawrence tried faithfully to discern whatever

principles of good were in them, and to work on these; but it was a severe labour; and it was a pleasure to him to escape sometimes from the cares of government to Mount Aboo, with Lady Lawrence, whose health rapidly declined. But he did not go so often as he might have done, or was needful for him. Lady Lawrence grew worse and worse, and died, praying that her boys in England might be good boys, and live to be good men. Her memory is preserved in the little chapel of the Asylum at Sunawar by a stained-glass window and an inscription on a monumental slab. Her death was a great blow to her husband.

He devoted himself to his work more thoroughly than before. He inquired into the position of suttee in the kingdom; he visited the jails personally, and managed to effect great reforms, demanding classification of prisoners; and he had his mind full of schemes of improvement. He had arranged, too, for a furlough in England, and looked forward to it eagerly. "My health," he says to the Governor-general, "has been for some months so indifferent that three doctors have given me medical certificates; but I do not propose to remain in England beyond the end of autumn. Had my health been better I should have placed myself at your lordship's disposal for serving towards Herat, if an army go in that direction, though I sincerely hope that no such step will be taken."

This was written on the day after Christmas, 1856; but scarcely had the new year come in when he received a summons of a different sort. The administration of Oudh had been most unfortunate. The civilians who had been entrusted with it had mismanaged the land settlement, and alienated the class whom it was most their interest to conciliate, and had then quarrelled

among themselves. General Outram had then come in, and tried strong military measures, which, it is not too much to say, only made matters worse. When, at the end of March, 1857, Sir Henry reached Lucknow, he found the city up in discontent, which was fast spreading to the country. He knew well what he undertook, and saw what might be in the future. He told Mr. Reade, whom he saw on his way there, that "the time was not far distant when he (Mr. Reade), with the Lieutenant-governor and other big Brahmins, would be shut up in the fort of Agra, by a rebellion of the native army." As he made himself acquainted with details his worst fears were confirmed. Large sections of the upper classes were thrown into utter ruin—some were actually starving. The settlement of the pension list was in abeyance, and meanwhile crowds suffered beyond the power of language to pourtray. "Sir Henry Lawrence, who carried with him to Oudh the best of heads and the best of hearts, saw at once the terrible omission, and promptly proceeded to redress the wrong. Like many other good deeds done by good men, it was too late."

Had he organized the administration from the first there would, in all likelihood, have been no rebellion in Oudh; and its nobles might have been used, as were those of the Punjaub, to aid us in putting down the uprising. He saw clearly that if the Sepoys once rose in Oudh, the rebellion would soon spread to other classes. His efforts to undo the evil were no half-hearted ones, and they might have availed had not the spirit of revolt been so deep and so widespread. Though the European force at his disposal was only 700 strong, such was the power of his name, and the success of his measures, that "in ten days" the worst of the difficulties had disappeared.

He saw clearly that the cartridge difficulty was but a symptom, and acknowledged to one who worked with him, that "the rule of strangers was only tolerated because they could not help themselves." But he did not believe the Sikhs would yield, and his endeavour was to segregate them from the rest of the native soldiers. This was wise: but he did not trust to chance. Weeks before any one else really believed that Lucknow would be besieged, he began to lay his plans.

"He bought up and stored grain and supplies of every kind; bought up all the supplies of the European shopkeepers; got the mortars and guns to the Residency; got in the powder and small ammunition, all the shot and shell, and the heavy guns; had pits dug for the powder and grain; arranged for water supply; strengthened the Residency; had outworks formed; cleared away all obstructions close up to the Residency, and made every preparation for the worst; and when, after the fight at Chinhut, the mutineers closed in on the Residency, and the whole population of the city and the province rose against us, they found the little garrison amply supplied with provisions, ammunition, and resources of every kind. . . . . It was Henry Lawrence's foresight, humanly speaking, that saved every one of the garrison. But for him, I do not believe that one would have escaped."

Lucknow, under his able administration, might have been saved; but it was only one point, and was acted on by other points, as if electrically. At Berhampoor and Barrackpoor in Lower Bengal, and at Meerut and Delhi in Upper India, the storm had already burst; and, on May 30th, the long-expected outbreak at Lucknow came. But Sir Henry Lawrence was so well prepared, in spite of all disadvantages, that the mutineers

were completely defeated, and their revolt suppressed; so that they had to make their way out of the city, to join their more formidable allies at Delhi. He had shown singular wisdom in his distribution of his forces. The artillery he had placed with the European infantry, he had taken care to distribute well the discontented irregulars, he had skilfully garrisoned the fort Muchee Bawn. And not only so: he had comfort and advice for others. Lord Canning looked upon him as a "tower of strength;" and the Home Government had done him the honour which he would have delighted in, but which he was never to know of—he was nominated Provisional Governor-general of India.

On the 19th of June his health was declared to be such that it was absolutely necessary he should remain quiet for some days, and he reluctantly named a council of administration. Affairs did not work well in their hands. During the few days that the council conducted business several steps were taken that Sir Henry did not approve of, especially that act, for which we have reason to believe Mr. Gubbins was responsible, of disarming all the Sepoys and dispensing with them. Sir Henry sent messengers after the Sepoys, and had the satisfaction of seeing numbers of them return to their post with tokens of delight, the honesty of which was verified by their loyalty during the siege. It was on the fourth day on hearing of these acts of the council that he declared it at an end; and at once resumed his work.

On the 29th, probably owing to his own weakly reduced condition, he listened to the urgent representations of the party who were in favour of more active measures, and marched out of Lucknow to reconnoitre the rebels at Chinhut, about eight miles from the city. He had with him only 336 white troops and 11 guns; his 220 natives

went over to the enemy. This is Sir John Kaye's description of it:—

"Some six or seven miles from Lucknow, Lawrence halted his force, and, dismounting from his horse, walked into a grove which skirted the roadside, and remained there for half an hour—it is believed, instant in prayer. When he emerged, he remounted, and gave his orders for the troops to advance. They had not proceeded far when they came upon the whole body of the enemy, consisting, it is said, of fifteen or sixteen thousand men, with more than thirty pieces of ordnance. The action at once commenced, but it was soon little more than a rout. Our native artillerymen cut the traces of their guns and went over to the enemy. Colonel Case, at the head of the 32nd Regiment, fell gallantly, and his men were disheartened by his fall. It is a wonder that any of our people, deserted and betrayed as they were, escaped from such an overwhelming multitude of the enemy. Our loss was very heavy. It is probable, indeed, that the whole of the 32nd Regiment would have been destroyed but for an act which manifested Henry Lawrence's coolness and fertility of resource in this distressing conjuncture. When there was not a shot left in our tumbrils, he caused a gun to be drawn up and portfires to be lighted as if he were about to fire, and under cover of this harmless piece of ordnance the Europeans were enabled to retreat. It is related that he was always in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from point to point, amidst a terrific fire of grape, roundshot, and musketry. It is added, that he was deeply moved by the sufferings of our people. He wrung his hands in agony of mind, and was heard to say, 'My God! my God! and I brought them to this!'"

They were now shut up in the Residency, and all that was left for them was to prepare to stand a siege.

Sir Henry still held to his work, though very weak, and often requiring to lie down to rest. As he was thus lying, on the 2nd July, his nephew beside him, a shell came through the roof of the Residency, and struck him —"a sheet of flame, a terrific report and shock, and dense darkness." Colonel Wilson, who had come into the room at the moment with some papers, fell down stunned. On recovering consciousness, he could see neither Sir Henry nor his nephew for the smoke and dust. In deep concern, he twice cried out, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" The third time there came the low response, "I am killed." He was carried, by some soldiers of the 32nd, to a safe room in Dr. Fayrer's house. His wounds were soon seen to be unto death, and all that the physicians could do was to dull pain with opiates. But his mind remained clear. Dr. Fayrer says:—

"He remained perfectly sensible that day, and for great part of the next, the 3rd. He died from exhaustion, on the morning of the 4th, at about eight o'clock. I was there, and his last moments were peaceful, and, I think, almost painless. You remember how much he said during the first day, when he gave instructions concerning his successor, about what he wished us to do, and what he thought of the coming troubles; how thoughtfully he dwelt on every point of importance in reference to the defence of the garrison; and also, when speaking of himself, how humbly he talked of his own life and services. I have no doubt you remember that he several times said, he desired that no epitaph should be placed over him, but this: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.'"

In these dying hours he did not think of himself;

he had called round him those officers he had best known, to tell them the lesson of his life. "Earnestly he entreated them to consider the vanity of earthly things, and the importance of living unto Christ while life and time were granted to them. He exhorted them not to set their hearts on the transitory pleasures, or honours, or riches of the world. . . . He spoke most humbly of himself as having failed to do what he ought, though he had tried; spoke of himself as unworthy, and died, I hope and trust, a humble, good Christian, none the worse for being a soldier of the centurion's stamp, who did not deem himself worthy that our Lord should come under his roof."

What gives a peculiar attraction to the character of Henry Lawrence is the admirable balance in him of the ideal and practical elements. His greatness and heroism are of the Puritanic order, but they are softened by the glow of a later chivalry, of which neither the Middle Ages, nor the Puritan era, knew. Unconsciously to himself he was essentially a modern man—a man of the day, easily touched by those flitting and evanescent lights and shades, which derive from a complex order of civilisation. Yet one could not say he was *subtle* in mind—that was about the last word one would have applied to it—rather the utmost simplicity at once of conception and expression marked his every effort. But behind there was the sensitive imagination, always busy at many points, realising distant events, guessing and clasping remote possibilities, and holding a whole store of reasons in reserve for actions which, as they could not always be *logically* justified with the precision that is loved by officials, were sometimes apt to puzzle men of a more exact and stolid temperament.

He had thus in large measure what usually, in lesser

or greater degree, accompanies the sympathetic impulse, especially where it is subdued and coloured by high religious motive, the divining and forecasting power. He foretold the Afghan war, thinly veiling his prophecies under a gentle, semi-humorous disguise, for he hated to be the bearer of ill-news to his brethren; he saw the Mutiny afar off, and knew the sort of form it would take, and prepared for it with the discreet calm that is found only in such natures, along with the enthusiasm that to the end imparts a dash of youthful fervour, and draws willing followers. But his sense of duty was even stronger than his forecasting power. His readiness to go to Oudh, where he knew that, humanly speaking, only danger, if not death itself, could await him, is wholly in keeping with his character. And nothing could be more illuminative than that episode in the Afghan advance, when Akbar Khan proposed to yield up the English captives if Pollock would retire and release the Afghan prisoners, and Henry Lawrence at once offered to take the place of his brother George in the hands of the murderer of MacNaghten—a proposal in which, wonderful to say, he had the full acquiescence of his wife—which marks her a heroine as conclusively as it marks him a hero.

His was, in the highest sense, a trained nature—a cultured one. Proofs have come before us beyond number of the strength of his sympathies, which yet were held in rein by that wonderfully vivid sense of duty which controlled all. His love for Honoria Marshall, subdued for many years, and unexpressed even, under the necessity and duty of providing for his parents, is enough; all the grandeur of the man's character in this aspect may be said specially to sum itself up here. Even that apparently inconsistent episode of the duel, which his

wife's remonstrances failed to put him past, and only his confrères' decision, that his honour did not need such justification, rendered unnecessary, is thus to be viewed. His intense sensitiveness, and his intense self-respect, touched by his vivid imagination, made slights more than slights to him; and it was a necessity for him that he should be "without reproach." All his tendencies were to impulsive action, but he had learned to restrain and subdue them, and to wait till the suggestions of happy moments could be at least partially tested by practical demands. With his foresight, his sympathy, his fine sense of immediate demand, along with his hunger for a fully realised ideal, he was especially a reconstructor, a builder, more fitted, perhaps, to adjust affairs in a crisis than to sit at the helm of government in quiet or prosperous times, when his sympathies might have seemed to claim too large a place in the machinery of administration. And notwithstanding that he himself, in several instances, gives colour to the idea that he regarded civilian duties as really higher than those of the soldier, yet he was a great civilian, essentially because he was first a great soldier. The same qualities of personal attraction—the power of drawing men around him with complete trust—by which he managed to lead mutinous, greedy Sikhs, against their own immediate interests, and with no inducements in his hand save the charm of his presence, into the wildest of Afghan passes, was that which enabled him to rule as he did—which drew young, ingenuous souls like John Nicholson to his feet with the profound reverence of disciple to master, even of son to father. Wherever Henry Lawrence was placed he would have been fatherly; as a soldier he sought to be the father of his troops; as a ruler, the father of his people. Nay, he was constantly striving to place himself

in loco parentis to the great unfathered clan of wanderers —of vagabonds—who drift to our Eastern settlements, and, with a kind of fatality, too often find themselves friendless or sick in India; and we have reason to know that he had said he should not consider his work of Asylums complete till he had provided one for the sick and infirm of such, and another for the poor waifs and strays—the children of English fathers and native mothers, who are so often most miserably neglected. Alas! alas, that this work remains undone! In his fatherly sympathy pre-eminently lay his strength; and made him beloved. There was in him no conflict between the official and the man; his character was strong enough to blend the two into kindliest harmony. And so we can say with safety that India has had no more benevolent or more gifted spirit in her service—no one more fully endowed with the power of fashioning schemes of polity, mainly by the divining instincts of sympathy, aided by no ordinary shrewdness in choosing the instruments for their realisation.

In spite of all that has been said about the reactionary attachment of the native people to the English rule, it needs to be well borne in mind that the ingrained traditions of generations exist, under supple helpless compliance, like long-laid trains ready to catch fire if the spark could be hopefully applied. The Mutiny was too much treated as if it had been an isolated phenomenon; whereas it was but a powerful expression of the native sentiment, that India, after all, with its historical faiths, its castes, its customs hoary with antiquity, is, by divine appointment, for the dusky races alone; and that white men are but intruders. It was often with a pang that Henry Lawrence thought of the ground given them for this their secret view; it is one of the greatest tributes to

his statesmanship that, while faithful to his duty, he made himself so beloved, that had there been many like him, the Mutiny had been impossible; for the "spirit that talks of the black fellows" had assuredly its own share in that grim work.

Sincerity in intent, and thoroughness in the carrying out of any plan of whose fitness he has convinced himself, these are Henry Lawrence's first qualifications. Though he is sensitive and imaginative, he is never *sentimental.* There is a core of shrewd practicality in his most wayward fancies, as witness *Darby Connor.* Personally humble, and no way inclined to insist on his dignities, his ideas, rising from the depths of his character, and always touched with *religious* light, are by him to be jealously guarded and realised. Hence he becomes to us a yet more elevated type of the *sufficience* of which we have spoken in former pages. If he does not believe in himself, he believes in a charge that has been given to him, in a strength that has been vouchsafed. Here, as in his severity of habit, and his self-denial, he is Puritanic; but the delicacy and apprehensiveness of his emotional nature made it impossible for him to close his ideal in rigid rules. So he preserved about him a savour of poetry, sympathy, romance, religious enthusiasm, for there was in it something of all these; and he remains for us one of the greatest of Indian soldiers, and the humblest, and yet highest-hearted, of Indian statesmen.

XIII.

JAMES D. FORBES: THE PHILOSOPHER.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON'S apparently paradoxical declaration that there was no discovery that had not been the result of exact measurements, perhaps has not in recent times had a more salient illustration than we find in the life of Principal Forbes. He was come of an old and honourable family, and had in many respects all the advantages that such a position can command; but the value of his biography for us lies in the clear testimony it affords that in the realm of science especially there is no partiality shown to birth or to high connections. If a man will be regarded as of weight in that republic he must work; he must observe; he must patiently measure; he must soil his fingers by contact with the common earth. One of the reasons why the cultivation of the higher sciences and arts is of such importance, is their essentially levelling character. A glow of practical healthfulness is diffused by the contact of various classes, which does much to promote a unity deeper than that arising from any merely political tie—in the view of common ends, such as demand from rich and poor alike the same industry, devotion, and reverence. In this regard—though there were involved

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no higher interests, such as those of truth and the knowledge of God's ways in nature—Science would demand from an enlightened body-politic the highest consideration and the most liberal aid. An object which, in a period of high civilisation and transition like ours, when sudden changes of attitude on the part of individuals are determined by the most recondite and complex of causes, gathers men together on a platform where these are effaced, and another set of predominating ideas called forth, is of vast social consequence. That Hugh Miller, the working-man, (for he never ceased to be such), should stand alongside of an aristocrat like Principal Forbes and be hailed as an equal on the ground that both are in the true sense working-men, is a fact of vast import, and is an outstanding influence toning down the rough edges of class-life. Such a fact clearly says:—Here at least all are equal in the bond of work and service; the honours, in the long-run, being evenly dealt. James Forbes, by tradition a Tory and an aristocrat, yet vindicates this aspect of science in quite a special way. He was one of the most patient, faithful, persistent, and industrious of men—a true and noble worker—as faithfully illustrating the idea of self-help in all his difficulties and experiments and investigations as the poorest man among us. It may therefore be profitable to glance at the main facts in his life, so that we may know him the better when we come to see him for a little at work.

James D. Forbes was born in Edinburgh on the 20th April, 1809. His father was the representative of the ancient house of Forbes of Pitsligo; and being left poor, he came southward while still young, with his widowed mother, and settling in Edinburgh, founded the famous banking-house which was long known by his name. Sir William Forbes's "notes" were welcome and well-known

items of currency in Scotland some forty years ago. His mother was Miss Williamina Belches Stuart, daughter of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn—a pleasant estate planted in the most fertile portion of Kincardineshire. This lady had the high honour to captivate the heart of Sir Walter Scott. She was that "first love" of whom Lockhart tells; the acquaintance began in the Greyfriars Churchyard, where rain happening to fall one Sunday after church time, Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady, and the tender having been accepted, escorted her to her home, which proved to be at no great distance from his own. To return from church together had, it seems, grown into something like a custom, before they met in society. But it would appear that Miss Stuart had been already engaged to Sir William Forbes; and though Scott's disappointment was such that Mr. Keble even hints we are in some degree indebted to it for the romantic strain which developed in him, yet Scott and Forbes remained good friends—the banker at the later crisis in the poet's life coming to his side with substantial help. If there be any truth in Mr. Keble's view, it shows how the true poet of Scott's stamp is *sufficient* too; transforming his private sorrows and disappointments into melodious and blissful gifts for mankind.

James David Forbes was the youngest of six children; and his mother died about eighteen months after his birth—a circumstance which could not fail to affect him in its results; for his father, inconsolable for the loss of his wife, withdrew into complete seclusion, at Colinton House—a beautiful mansion situated on the banks of the water of Leith, near Edinburgh. There the utmost quietude reigned, save for the merry games of James and his brother; for he is said to have shed light abroad like a sunbeam, notwithstanding that he was far from

strong. This consideration increased the father's watchfulness, secluded him still further and made school for the boy a thing not to be thought of. "The family of Colinton were their own society, the visits even of relatives were rare, and there was little or no contact with the world beyond. Such a mode of life, acting on a nature itself strong and intense, could not but increase and concentrate still more that intensity which was ever afterwards its most marked characteristic. The stream, confined from the very first within high and strong embankments, channelled still deeper the groove in which it naturally ran."

So writes Principal Shairp; and he might have added that there is a touch of irony in the way in which the fond father himself first awakened that love for scientific pursuits, which, for long followed earnestly in secret from boyhood upwards, disinclined the lad for that devoted study of the law, on which the father had set his heart. "In order to beguile the long winter evenings, and to afford his children a rational amusement at home, Sir William had fitted up a room with chemical apparatus, an air-pump and an electrical machine, which were better used, and with a more earnest purpose, than he dreamt." Prior to James being, at sixteen, placed under Mr. Hunter, parish schoolmaster at Colinton, he had had no teaching save what he had received at home from the governess. But from his earliest years he had followed a very strict course of self-education. "While quite a child, he kept a constant watch over the variations of the thermometer and barometer, with such a singular delight in the study of the Almanack that it went in the family by the appellation of 'James's Red brother.'" From making, when a mere boy, trains of toothed wheels to measure the speed of a velocipede, he went on, when thirteen or fourteen, to

construct a "pasteboard semicircle with sights, clamps, and tripod support for measuring vertical angles, and, somewhat later, he made an elaborate metal quadrant for astronomical purposes." And his sister bears testimony to his entire truthfulness, telling us that no prevarication ever crossed his lips.

He had a room of his own and was always busy, this grave young philosopher. He carried on many series of experiments and methodically recorded results: composing a journal, which he entitled "Ideas of Inventions," and which he tells us himself was really of use to him. His father on one occasion being about to leave for London called his children, and asked each what he should bring from the great city. James unhesitatingly said, "Bring me a telescope, papa;" when Sir William shook his head, and said, "Ah, Jemmy, you'll never make salt to your porridge." For his father had by this time fixed on the law as James's profession; and does not seem to have been aware how wholly the boy was wedded to another mistress. He tells us himself that he had thought of entering the Church of England, and says he was only withdrawn from it by his father's express wish; but he adds, "had I been brought up at Cambridge, I should have done well." He had, indeed, entirely on his own account gone through a very exacting course of mathematics before he went to the University of Edinburgh. Having once entered there, he endeavoured as far as he could, for his father's sake, to make his studies fall-in with the idea of the law as his professional goal.

But how could he be wholly successful in this when, together with Latin, he takes Professor Hope's Chemistry class the very first year, which has the result of suggesting a thousand new ideas, and of exciting inexpressible

yearnings towards the field of scientific discovery. And then there were the classes of Sir John Leslie and Playfair and the rest to follow; so that the boy's natural bent was not likely to want for stimulus. He carries on his observations and experiments assiduously; training himself to be patient and accurate and able to reason from scattered data. He rises by daylight to enable him to do a certain amount of work ere starting with his pony for Edinburgh. Before the session is closed—that is, about the spring of 1826—he has taken the bold step of anonymously sending an article to Dr. Brewster—whom we know better as Sir David—for his *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, and has the gratification of having it printed. At the end of this session he went with his father and the rest of the family to the continent for a year. The winter was spent at Rome and Naples; most of the famous cities in the way having been visited; while Switzerland was taken in the return route, when James first set foot on those glaciers, which then excited his imagination and were afterwards to form so great an interest in his life. Everywhere he went his eyes were open to the new and strange. His barometer and thermometer were always observed, strange places were visited, and notes systematically taken. As a specimen of the surprising power and industry of one so young, we may mention that, from amid the excitements of Rome and the wholly new, and what must have been untoward, circumstances amid which to write, he sends to Dr. Brewster a set of observations on the horary oscillations of the barometer, and from Naples he dispatches a series of physical notices of the Bay of Naples. All of these appeared in due time in the pages of the journal. The observations of Vesuvius leads to strange speculations as to "all the various agencies of Nature

being united in some indissoluble bond, which perhaps it is the lot of this age to discover. If connection exists and should the latent principle be discovered, it is impossible to foresee how great may be the extension of human intellect, how deep our insight into the physical economy of all that surrounds us."

On returning home he resumed his studies at the University of Edinburgh, attending the moral philosophy and natural history classes. Professor Wilson (Christopher North) taught the one, and Professor Jamieson the other. It is noticeable how Forbes, with that combined simplicity and subtlety which characterized him, managed to make the one work as it were into the other, and yield a unity of result, questioning and making clear to himself the result on the mind of the study of astronomy and of other sciences. It was with ease that Forbes carried off the gold medal for moral philosophy.

Before the next session began the household at Colinton was visited with a severe stroke in the death of its honoured head, whom his son describes as "the most affectionate, considerate, and uniformly indulgent of parents." The effects of this bereavement on James's sensitive mind were deep and lasting. We have seen already how distinctly the religious element in him had prominently come forward, prompting him to the priesthood of the English Church. His experiences now were such as to confirm and deepen in him a spiritual frame of mind. The entry in his journal of October 24, 1828, is striking:—"By the grace and power of God Almighty, I resolve that the first-fruits of this tremendous blow shall be a determination to keep steadily in view, as a tone of mind, the existence of a future state where my beloved father is now gone, a consideration which bears in its consequences upon every iota of our actions,

and of which I presently acknowledge myself wickedly forgetful. I make the resolution under a thrilling impression of mind, yet am not insensible to its real difficulty in general life, though now so appallingly thrust upon me. Yet with the aid of the Omnipotent nothing is impossible, and I crave his power to enable me to perform this matter so that when my time comes I may die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his who but an hour ago left me his example as a legacy."

And we shall have frequent occasion to note, even in our short sketch, how faithfully the religious life was kept intact from any of the scepticisms which are said to be inseparable from the scientific habit of mind in modern days. He now resolved to go forward with his law studies, so far at least as passing advocate was concerned, always, however, with an eye ultimately to a scientific life should any prospect of competence open. In losing his father, he had now lost his principal aim in the concealment of his name from Dr. Brewster, and he accordingly revealed himself in a letter, which called forth the heartiest congratulations. He now announces his wish to become a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and he proposed to write for various reviews. In the session 1828-9 he attended Sir John Leslie's lectures in natural philosophy, taking the first place in the class with ease, and enjoying the work much—though Sir John was now old and past his prime. The classes of civil and Scotch law were also attended; but with little satisfaction. Meanwhile, his scientific experiments were not forgotten, and further articles were forwarded to Dr. Brewster. In April, 1829, he was admitted a member of the Royal Society.

A visit to Dr. Brewster at Allerley, near Melrose, in

the autumn of 1829, was a source of great delight; together they visited Abbotsford, and Chiefswood, Mr. Lockhart's cottage, and various other places of interest. On his return we find him thus sketching out his future plans.

"My present thoughts are as follows:—To devote a moderate but steady share of attention to law, which, as far as I understand, may never occupy nearly all my time, and at first will leave me very great leisure. It is my intention not to pass my Scotch law trials till spring 1831. Then, if things go well, to go abroad for a considerable time. I confess my private views in this tour to be to examine with a much more scientific view than last time the south of Europe, to form scientific connexions in France and Italy, and—I have never had courage to record it either by word of mouth or on paper—to write a personal narrative like Humboldt, and Travels in Italy."

When the year brought round the anniversary of his father's death, a whole week appears to have been kept as a solemn season of remembrance and self-examination. His journal shows his severe sufferings at the recollection of the event, and his self-upbraidings at the little done towards the great end proposed the previous year, "that habitual remembrance of the reality and eternal duration of a future state which I have prayed for every morning;" and adds, "I now resolve to devote a more definite time before going to bed for reading the Bible, which shall include a short but clear self-examination, and on every Sunday I will, with devout deliberation, turn my thoughts to this day, and inquire how far its grief and contrition may have worked any good." His biographer tells us that "for several years the recurrence of this anniversary fills his journals with the most passionate outpourings

of grief, of which no abridgment could give any notion."

He finds astronomical calculations are so great absorbers of time, that he must deny himself, and forego them; reserving himself for more original fields, in which geology is to form a conspicuous part. Meanwhile, he was busy with the article "Thermometer" for the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," which led him, if possible, to still stricter observations in that department. He was at this time much exercised about a profession, and consulted several friends—some of whom advised him to stick to the law, making science the study of his leisure time, whilst others counselled science as a profession. Dr. Brewster was amongst the former, and tendered him this solid, practical advice:—

"I disapprove also of the idea of your making your income by your pen. I do not object to your making money by your writings, but I am sure that it would be injurious to your happiness to rely on such a source for a permanent portion of your income. The moment you do that you become a professional author, following the worst of all professions . . . But I would advise you not to expect too much happiness even from the fulfilment of all your wishes. The moment you have distinguished yourself, you become an object of envy and malice; men whom you believed to be lovers of knowledge, you will then find to be only lovers of fame, and haters of all knowledge that has not come from themselves. You will find that a life of science has in it no superiority to any other, unless it is pursued from a higher principle than the mere ambition of notoriety, and that a demagogue and a philosopher differ only in the objects of their selfishness. As you will now have experienced how unsatisfying even the pursuit of knowledge is when insulated from higher

objects, I hope, if you have not been fortunate enough to begin the study earlier, that you will devote yourself to the most extraordinary of all subjects, one which infinitely surpasses the mechanism of the heavens or the chemistry of the material world,—the revelation of your duty and the destiny of man as contained in the Bible, a book which occupied the best hours of the manhood of Newton, of Locke, and of Euler."

In July, 1830, after the usual legal examinations, he passed advocate, and at once bade adieu to the Bar and its studies. After many an hour of anxious self-scrutiny, he had resolved "to make science the principal and legitimate object of his life." With manly independence, too, he declined the generous offer of his brother, the late Sir John Stuart Forbes, of Fettercairn, to settle £300 a year upon him. In a prayer in his journal on his completing his twenty-first year, he refers to this clearing of his course with gratitude to God, and concludes thus: "Make every branch of study which I may pursue strengthen my confidence in thy over-ruling Providence, that, undeceived by views of false philosophy, I may ever in singleness of heart elevate my mind from thy works unto thy divine essence. Keep from me a vain and overbearing spirit; let me ever have a thorough sense of my own ignorance and weakness; and keep me through all the trials and troubles of a transitory state in body and soul unto everlasting life, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

During the winter of 1830-1, while carrying on his physical researches—making barometrical measurements and reducing his barometrical observations made at Colinton—he attended, amongst others, Dr. Chalmers's Divinity lectures. "I am strongly of opinion," he said, "that to hear such masterly lectures by Chalmers on

natural theology and the evidences is a most fitting conclusion to a course of liberal education, and singularly well calculated to prevent injury from the sceptical insinuations of Laplace, and other modern philosophers, whose works are likely to become oracles with those treading the path of exact science." He also attended Dr. Reid's class of practical chemistry, continued his studies of German, and took lessons in elocution.

In the spring of 1831 he visited London, Oxford, and Cambridge, where he saw Herschel, Lyell, Babbage, Buckland, Peacock, Airy, Whewell, Sedgwick, and many others; but it is not without its own characteristic side that he writes thus, after having spoken of all these:—

"The most extraordinary man I met is John Dalton, whose name is better known in almost any country of Europe than in his own, and in any town than in Manchester. He is generally styled by continental writers the father of modern chemistry, and is one of the eight associates of the Institute. Yet this man, between sixty and seventy, is earning, as I had a peculiar satisfaction in seeing with my own eyes, a penurious existence by teaching boys the elements of mathematics, with which he is so totally occupied, that he can hardly snatch a moment for the prosecution of discoveries which have already put his name on a level with that of the courtly and courted Davy. But the remarkable thing is that this simple and firm-minded man preserves all the original simplicity and equanimity of his mind, and calmly leaves his fame, like Bacon, to other nations and future ages."

In later days, when he referred to this period of life, he was inclined to wonder at himself, and thus puts his feelings on record:—"I often wonder at the self-possession I then felt; at the intense enjoyment I felt at being

able to communicate on subjects bottled up in me for so many years, and I was immediately a new man. I had thus a world of intellectual thought and intercourse opened up to me. My friends, and they now proved themselves such, were generally double my age."

The next enterprise in which Forbes was specially interested and engaged was the founding of the British Association, in which Sir David Brewster admits having received from him no slight help. This association, which took its rise amid the heat of the strife over the Reform Bill, is in itself sufficient historical proof of some remarks we made at the outset of this sketch. The first meeting "of the friends of science was arranged to take place in September, 1831. The time appeared in one respect unfortunately chosen. The excitement of public feeling incident to the discussions on the Reform Bill was so great, that the postponement of the meeting was at one time contemplated. It, however, took place without the smallest infusion of political bitterness."

Principal Shairp writes:—"To this first meeting at York, Scotland sent a numerous and powerful contingent. Forbes set out in September, along with Sir David Brewster, Sir John Robison, and others. The success of that meeting more than fulfilled the expectation of its founders. During the immediately following years, while it was still in its infancy, the association had to run the gauntlet of not a little ridicule. It was a butt for the shafts of the *British Critic*, the chief organ of the Oxford movement then beginning, which attacked it with no sparing satire. And though no doubt the gala days of the *savants*, enlivened by good dinners, railway excursions, and abundant talk, may still provoke a smile, those who know best the history of those meetings seem most assured that they have really been fruitful of solid results.

Of these services to science one of the most tangible is the establishment and maintenance by the association of the Observatory at Kew, for observing the phenomena of meteorology and terrestrial magnetism. During all his active life Forbes maintained the same interest in promoting the work of the Association which he had shown in its first foundation."

The winter of 1831 was spent in Edinburgh, carrying on the work of education by reading and experiment through processes much more after the fashion he had taught himself in those early years than anything he had learned more lately. So that his biographer is right in saying that Forbes "may be said to have been a self-educated man. Till his sixteenth year, when he entered college, the instruction he had had was of the slightest and most desultory kind. No doubt he was surrounded by a refined and intelligent atmosphere, one in which the tone was more than usually pure and serious. But the mental habits and definite information which he took with him to college were not put in him by the spoon; the habits were formed by his own self-discipline, the knowledge gathered by his own unwearied seeking; and even during his college years this was continued. The main thing was not the information furnished, nor the stimulus given by the professor's lectures, but the widening of his mental horizon by the action of his own swift intelligence and persistent effort."

In February, 1832, he writes to Sir John Robison informing him of his intention to stand for Sir John Leslie's chair should it become vacant. He says, "I feel the boldness of such a project, and am humbled by comparison of those who have filled that chair with myself; but I believe that under the existing state of science in Scotland—I say it without any emotion of

vanity—there are few who have had the means and inclination combined to pursue the course as I have done." So much for self-education!

The lengthened tour which he had projected so long ago as the proper finish to his education was now arranged for, and he started for the Continent in July, 1832, along with his brother Charles. Their way lay through France and by the Rhine to Switzerland, and we can easily imagine the delight of James in having with him a companion who had always sympathized with him and appreciated his efforts and discoveries as Charles had done. Geneva was reached in the middle of November, from whence he was suddenly summoned by the news that his friends had started him for the chair of natural philosophy which was now vacant. There were four other candidates in the field—one of them Sir David Brewster. Forbes was sorry to put himself into apparent opposition to his friend; but he was too far committed to retreat. The patronage was in the hands of the Town Council of Edinburgh, and to their credit, in spite of his youthfulness and the influence brought to bear by other candidates, Forbes was elected by a large majority in January, 1833. Doubtless Sir John Herschel's testimonial had done something to reconcile the council to his youth. He had said: "It would be the height of absurdity to think of raising any objection on the score of standing, to one who has already brilliantly distinguished himself, and whose talents and application can only be rendered more precious by the vigour of youth to which they are attached."

To those who knew only the fervour and resolution of the man—his self-command and clear-cut manner of disposing of difficult points, it must have been a surprise

to learn from his memoir how humble and self-doubtful, and how much dependent on aid derived from a Higher Source, he was. "Our senses are impressed when we see high and energetic character in men, and we say that nature has made them vigorous or persistent or conscientious. We say so, and in part truly. But there is another and a deeper side which we do not see. The inward struggles, the self-scrutiny of motives, the self-dedication, the casting of self back on a Higher Strength, these are things hidden from all eyes. Only when, as here, some secret records long after come to light do we get a glimpse of the inner springs whence that strength was fed, whose outward results men saw for a time and approved."

Having found what he felt was his true sphere, Forbes now threw himself into his duties with courage, enthusiasm, and thoroughness. Probably no man who assumed such an office so young maintained more of authority and yet contrived more thoroughly to make friends of his students. It was in later years that the present writer had the pleasure of sitting under him; but there was still the impulse of enkindling enthusiasm, and all the resolute clearness of mind and style. He was one of the most perfect lecturers Scotland has ever had. Wanting perhaps the *naïve* simplicity of Faraday, and the delicate poetic grace of George Wilson, he yet had much of the plain directness and clever adroitness in experiment of the one, and the polish of manner of the other, making the most ordinary things sometimes serve his turn. He was tall and slender, but well and firmly built, of refined and dignified bearing, yet not without ready and familiar touches; while his commanding, clean-cut features, lit up by the large lustrous eye, told of conscious power and rare self-respect. He was most laborious: no pains were

spared. He had time to ask after individual students, and was specially attentive to those whose circumstances were adverse to study, when he came to be aware of the fact, and if there was any token of talent or of industry. The progress of the students was tested by weekly written examinations. The students acquiesced in the somewhat stern discipline of the class, because they felt that they were in the hands of one who both fulfilled and exacted duty. Nor did the duties of the Professor end in the class-room. All were invited to come freely to him after lecture with difficulties and questions; reading was directed, the ardent were stimulated to original research, and many were gathered round him at breakfast or evening parties at the quaint old mansion-house of the Dean, where he resided for a number of years, and later at his house in Park Place, where he lived yet a longer space. In both houses his store of books, engravings, and specimens, were made the means to create interest in scientific pursuits, and to foster a taste for them. Excursions in the neighbourhood to observe and to exhibit the use of philosophical instruments were also not unfrequent, and in later life as in earlier years he drew from among his students an inner circle of friends, who found that the fancied sternness of the Professor was but the mask of a shy and sensitive nature concealing the tenderest and truest affection and friendship. In this he had the art of renewing his youth: and we have heard it said that a slight trace of what appeared "self-containedness" vanished as he advanced in life and had children of his own. Not a few of these students invited thus to closer intimacy, remained his attached friends through life, turning to him in periods of difficulty for help or advice, which was generally most cordially rendered. There are many instances of this brotherly

interest in his students, after they had gone out into the world. One of them having told him of a former fellow-student now engaged in mercantile life in London that he does not like it, the Professor writes the very next day to this effect:—

". . . . I hope that even if you should be unable to make up your mind entirely to like it, you will yet be able to bear with it. There are two very good grounds on which you may be encouraged to do so: first, that things the dullest and most repulsive, steadily pursued, gradually and insensibly, and in spite of one's self, become interesting in a certain way, chiefly from the satisfaction which always attaches to a sense of steady effort to do right; and, secondly, from the consideration of alternatives, namely, that in this world a majority of people are compelled to find happiness as they best may, in doing what they cannot altogether help, and in choosing what appears in prospect the lesser of the two evils, though it may ultimately turn out a real good; whilst on the other hand the few who really get their own way and have all externals and full luxury of choice for procuring happiness, may much oftener fail in doing so than those for whom some inevitable destiny or strong motive has chalked out their course in life. I am not writing from theory, but from very real observation, which I could substantiate by instances of A. B. C."

And surely the above is as wise and practical advice as a sage man of affairs could have rendered. To another student, about to go to Cambridge, he writes:—

"I hope that under any circumstances you will not lose sight of your physical pursuits in purely mathematical ones, which are of a comparatively narrow character. It is in the field of contingent truth that the triumphs most congenial to the human mind in a healthful condition are

to be gained. The disposition at Cambridge strongly aims in this direction, and I am convinced that you will reap as much credit, and more advantage, by studying mathematical physics as pure mathematics. I cannot conceive a better exercise than Airy's tract on Light, which contains some hard mathematics, but the acquisition of the clear physical views it presents is much harder. I am glad you should feel any interest on so unpopular a subject as polarized heat. I have now greatly extended my experiments, made the effects much more obvious, and made some new singular discoveries."

One of these friends also accompanied him, in 1837, on a tour to the Rhine and Germany; and another, John Mackintosh, of Geddes, "the earnest student," was in 1841 his travelling companion in Arran and the Pyrenees, and both have recorded the delight and instruction such companionship afforded them.

Though enthusiastic as a teacher, Forbes was ambitious to excel also in original research; and having early turned his attention to the subject of Heat, he in 1836 completed a series of experiments and observations, which resulted in what Sir G. B. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, has called "his splendid discovery of the polarization of radiant heat."

In January, 1835, he writes to Dr. Whewell at Cambridge—"I am quite full of polarization. I do not exactly know what you mean by double refraction existing without polarization, but at all events since I wrote to Airy I have made great progress. My original experiments related to polarization unconnected with double refraction, but I have since extended the proof to every recognised species of polarization; and non-luminous heat must be doubly refracted, because it can be polarized by tourmaline and depolarized or di-polarized,

if you will, by other crystals. Hence we are almost entitled to conclude that we might feel rays of dark heat if our hands were delicate enough thermometers. I can also make some approximation to the length of a wave—I have as yet communicated this to no one."

And then, on February 2, he resumes thus—"I cannot help writing two lines in a hurry to tell you that I succeeded yesterday in making the most curious discovery respecting heat, it seems to me, that I have yet arrived at, and one quite decisive of the identity of its character with that of light. I found that dark heat is copiously reflected within rock-salt at an angle too great for its emergence. This I had foreseen last summer before I was aware that Melloni had actually tried it, and at the same time I conceived the possibility of trying whether two total reflections would produce the same effect in the case of heat as in that of light. . . . ."

This discovery was soon verified and recognised; and in February, 1836, we find the students of the University of Edinburgh thus expressing themselves in reference to it:—

"The students in the Natural Philosophy Class in this University beg to convey their congratulations to Professor Forbes on the well-merited honour which he received last night as the successful demonstrator of the polarization of heat. The students would express their attachment to Professor Forbes as to an excellent and amiable teacher; their personal interest in his scientific pursuits, and their personal pride in the successful results of these. That he has not only succeeded in displaying the polarization and depolarization of heat, but that he has also detected signs of its circular polarization, strongly excite that expectation that the evidences

of interference will not long remain undetected by the delicate and judicious experimentalizing for which Professor Forbes is so justly celebrated. They hope to see the undulatory theory of heat as fully demonstrated as the undulatory theory of light, and Professor Forbes's name raised to the highest eminence among the philosophers of the day."

At a later period we find him thus defending himself:—

"When I published my experiments, the question of polarization was negatively answered by persons operating with every advantage which I possessed, and indeed, seemed to be set at rest. My discovery was the application of mica as a polarizing substance, first by transmission, then by reflection; and I have shown that repeating Nobili's experiment—the same as Berard's and Powell's—the quantity of heat reflected from glass is so excessively minute that the errors might well equal the total effect . . . As to simple reflection, Melloni should be mentioned alone; but I claim double refraction."

He engaged in many other researches, of which the most valuable perhaps were those on the conduction of heat by iron bars, and the observation of underground temperatures. Meteorology also, in all its branches, was a favourite; and a list is given in his biography of no less than one hundred and forty-nine communications between 1827 and 1866 to learned societies, and printed in their Transactions, on various scientific topics, not including numerous articles on kindred subjects in Reviews and Magazines. He maintained besides an extensive correspondence with men of science in Britain and on the Continent.

He also took an active share in the general business of the University. Observing with regret that graduation

in arts had fallen out of repute, he pressed the subject on the attention of his colleagues, and after considerable difficulty and discouragement instituted that complete working system of examination by printed papers, and judging of results by marks, which is now in use, and which brought the degree at length to be a distinction valued and sought after.

These successes were simply the results of a capacity for enormous labour, combined with wonderfully systematic ways. His summers were devoted to excursions here and there for the purpose of observation. He took no rest as men count rest, if that is not to be found in healthily varied labours. The following testimony to his order and exactitude may properly enough be cited here. Dr. Symonds says:—"When he was writing, nothing was more remarkable than the perfect ease with which he executed his work. His manuscripts nearly always went to press just as they were written; almost always without a blot, or an erasure, or a correction. I asked him one day, when I saw his table covered with sheets of the fairest manuscript conceivable, with lines so even, and interspaces so regular and orderly, and words so irresistibly legible, I asked him how he had acquired the power of writing off in that singularly finished manner. His answer was that from early studentship he had made it a rule not to put pen to paper till he had mastered his subject, or at all events till he was sure that he had something to say, and that he had a clear notion of what it was he wished to say."

We have already, when speaking of Forbes' kindly relations to his students, spoken of his travelling with John Mackintosh. This was in 1841. They went through the Pyrenees, and after that, they parted at Grenoble, Forbes going to meet Agassiz, to go on the

Aar glacier and ascend the Jungfrau. This was the first serious beginning of that glacier study which was to confer honour on his name before very long, and be the cause of some fiery conflicts in the sedate arena of scientific research which have not even yet wholly died down. We confine ourselves to admitted facts and pass aside from controversy. Forbes and Agassiz descended the Rhone to Valence, and thence drove to Thueytz, where Forbes was absorbed in the study of the volcanoes of the Vivarais. Then, having satisfied himself, he made his way to Agassiz's trysting-place by the passes of the Col de Sais and the Col du Célar, which had then been almost untraversed. Then he took up quarters with a party in a hut on the Mer de Glace, visiting other glaciers in the same chain of the Alps. Driven back on the first day by heavy snow, Forbes had in his short observation fixed the characteristic that was to lead to the real secret of glacier motion. "It was fully three hours' good walking," he writes, "on the ice or moraine, from the lower extremity of the glacier to the huge block of stone under whose friendly shelter we were to encamp; and in the course of this walk I noticed in some parts of the ice an appearance which I cannot more accurately describe than by calling it a 'ribboned structure,' formed by thin and delicate blue and bluish-white bands or strata, which appeared to traverse the ice in a vertical direction, or rather which, by their apposition, formed the entire mass of the ice. The direction of these bands was parallel to the length of the glacier, and, of course, being vertical, they cropped out at the surface; and wherever that surface was intersected and smoothed by superficial water-courses, their structure appeared with the beauty and sharpness of a delicately-veined chalcedony. I was surprised on remarking it to M. Agassiz as a thing which

must be familiar to him, that he had not distinctly noticed it before: at least, if he had, that he had considered it as a superficial phenomenon, wholly unconnected with the general structure of the ice."

At length, fixed in a hut on the Aar, 8,100 feet above the sea, Forbes was able to set about his work. This was a series of the most careful observations and the most elaborate measurements of the ice-movement, instruments having frequently to be framed out of what came readily to hand. Our business here is more with results than processes. One thing, let us say, taxed him much in his measuring, and that was simply the varying rate of motion at different parts of the ice-stream—its greatest disproportion being between the centre and the sides. This one season yielded clear results. It has been remarked that he was the first who *deserved* to succeed in the study of this curious problem, for he was the first to go to a glacier determined to measure and to examine what actually takes place, unbiassed by a desire to promote any particular theory.

Striated rocks in the neighbourhood were observed, the marks in which were clearly seen to be due to ice.

An accident by which he was partially engulfed in a crevasse, and which severely strained his back and legs, did not prevent him from pursuing his observations, but lack of proper instruments was a sad drawback. The amenities of life on the Mer de Glace were not of the comfortable order; but Forbes enjoyed them. "It is astonishing," he says, "how we accustom ourselves to everything. We have our wardrobe nearly all on our backs; and of course we do not undress very much; but this morning, by Agassiz's advice, I sponged myself over from a pail of iced-water in the open air with great refreshment. To complete the

novelty, I have just smoked a cigar for the first time in my life, with no disagreeable consequences, but the reverse." And he leaves with a determination to return next year, and go through the same thing again, with the aid of a more complete supply of instruments. And he does return and applies himself with such perseverance and system that the problem was solved. The results very shortly summed up were these.

The glacier is a plastic or viscuous mass, rather like a stream of wet mortar than of water, impelled by gravity down its rocky bed, more rapidly where the incline is steep, moulding itself on the obstacles which it encounters, except where it breaks into fissures or crevasses; the centre moving faster than the sides, and the surface than the bottom; the whole being in continuous motion winter and summer, but at a rate varying with the temperature—least in cold and greatest in warm and wet weather.

These results of his laborious observations and researches were explained in his "Travels through the Alps of Savoy;" which was published in the summer of 1843, and which contains a series of remarkably vivid descriptions of the scenery of these Alpine wilds, together with a luminous exposition of the various theories that have been held by previous observers, and a statement of the conclusions to which his own observations had led him. The book, illustrated with maps and engravings from surveys and sketches of his own, is perhaps one of the most charmingly popular of scientific treatises. Charles Kingsley in his volume of "Miscellanies" says of it:—"We have heard Professor Forbes's book on glaciers called an epic poem, and not without reason. But what gives that noble book its epic character is neither the glaciers nor the laws of them, but the discovery of these laws; the me-

thodic, truthful, valiant, patient battle between Man and Nature, his wresting from her the secret which had been locked for ages in the ice-caves of the Alps, guarded by cold and fatigue, damp and superstitious dread."

This book was the means of bringing Sir David Brewster and Forbes into correspondence again, for a certain coldness had, as was almost inevitable, supervened on Forbes's presentation to the chair. But it was not in Sir David's nature to cherish grudges; and he wrote a generous review of the book in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Forbes and he remained staunch friends to the end.

In one of his introductory lectures he had counselled his students to reap the fruits of the Day of Rest by assiduity and earnestness during the week, urging on them that nothing was more powerful to restore the tone of the mind than the Sabbath rest. "None," he said, "who have not made a strong effort, are aware of the admirably tranquillising influence of twenty-four hours studiously separated from the ordinary course of thought. Monday morning is the epoch of a periodic renovation." And on the Alps he faithfully observed his Sundays. He thus tells us of one spent on the Mer de Glace:—

"I spent this Sunday morning quietly at home till noon, just strolling down the edge of the glacier, where I read the morning service basking in the sun. What a cathedral! with all the aiguilles for pinnacles, the glacier for a pavement. 'He giveth forth his ice like morsels, who is able to abide his frost?'"

During the few recent years great progress had been evident in that toning and subduing of the character, which in some men of intense nature comes not till late. The death of his father seems to have had its own share in this. We find him some years before his death writing thus to one of his former students:—

"I find myself reaching that time of life when mere compliment and external demonstrations of the good opinion of our fellow-men lose much of their first attractions, and I continually attach more and more weight to the personal attachment of those whose moral and intellectual qualities I can admire, and whose amiable dispositions I can love. . . . In truth, I attach more importance to the friendships which my position as a teacher and cultivator of science may enable me to make, than to any celebrity which I may acquire in that department."

Later such sentiments are often in his mouth, though he was not free to make such matters common talk.

In the summer of 1843 he married Miss Alicia Wauchope, and set out on his marriage-tour to revisit the scene of his Alpine labours and continue his observations. But at Bonn he was seized with gastric fever and pulmonary inflammation, and was brought almost to the brink of the grave. His recovery was slow, until by easy stages he reached Switzerland, and revisited some of his posts of observation on the Mer de Glace. The mountain air wonderfully revived him. He was constrained, however, to spend the winter in the mild climate of Italy, and his lectures were delivered by deputy; and in 1844, after a summer's work in the Alps, he returned recruited for his university labours. Next year he was gratified by an announcement from Sir R. Peel, then Prime Minister, that a pension of £200 a year had been awarded him "for the services he had rendered to science."

As an illustration of the almost feminine tenderness with which he clung to old scenes and places, take this from a letter written in 1846 to his old student Mr. Batten:—

"The old Dean is now a green grass-plot. I looked in the other day—the gateway bell, and all is as it was. How that bell reminded me of you! how often at its sound have I started up to see you walking up the avenue! The avenue and the holly-hedges are there; but, instead of terminating in the tall pile of masonry, it opens on a flat turf soon to be full of graves. Nothing more surely was wanted to point a moral."

And here at the end Principal Forbes's remains were laid in the spot he loved so well—at the foot of the aged yew-tree which used to shade the window of his library.

His professorial labours were carried on uninterruptedly till 1851. In the summer of this year he made an excursion to Norway to observe a total eclipse of the sun, and to explore some of the glaciers of that country. He had scarcely returned and commenced the work of his class, when he was seized with pleurisy. Early in 1852 he was able to be moved to Clifton, where he remained under the valued care of Dr. Symonds, with occasional changes in summer until the autumn of 1854. During this period of debility he was not idle. He put through the press another volume, descriptive of his tour in Norway, illustrated by his own drawings. He was able to corroborate in every particular his theory of the motion of glaciers, by the phenomena exhibited by those in considerably different conditions. At the request of the compilers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he also engaged to write a Dissertation on the History of Mathematical and Physical Science, principally from 1775 to 1850. This important work extending to six hundred quarto pages, begun in 1852, was completed in 1856, and could not have been entrusted to hands better qualified for the task. It has been remarked that

the author himself is one of the few to whose claims substantial justice has not been done in it.

The long period of feebleness no doubt contributed to ripen his Christian character. His patience was admirable: an intimate friend described his frame of mind as "heavenly." Yet he felt keenly his absence from home and wonted duties, and the following touching entry occurs in his journal soon after his return home:—"On the 20th September we reached our own comfortable house in Park Place, for which I thank God humbly and sincerely. O God, who hast visited us with many trials, and led us like the Israelites of old from place to place, without any certain abode, bless, we beseech thee, our return home, and mercifully grant that the afflictions and anxieties of that long probation may bear fruit in a more self-denying and godly life, and that we may have our hearts fixed on a yet more abiding resting-place, eternal in the heavens, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

We have before referred to his friendship for John Mackintosh, "the earnest student." On hearing, some months before the break-down of his own health, of the alarming illness of this young friend in Germany, he writes him an ardently affectionate letter, recalling the solemn period when he had himself been in similar circumstances in a foreign land; and he adds, "In all things I know you have greatly the advantage of me. Sincere and absolute will be your resignation; how habitual and deep your repentance for the sins and errors of your past life; how natural and unfeigned your trust in the Saviour whom you have constantly believed in.... And to such subjects your thoughts will most surely be turned when this letter reaches you; and should it be too fatiguing to write, do, dearest Mackintosh, send me some friendly message, your love and blessing by the pen of one of

your friends and watchers, and think of me as one who would be present with you in body if he could, but most certainly is so in soul and spirit; and that God Almighty and our Saviour Christ may be with you now and ever, to support and comfort and defend and reward you, is the prayer, dearest Mackintosh, of your affectionate friend, JAMES D. FORBES."

The following winter he writes in his diary—"The chief good thoughts which have passed through my mind the last six months are connected with the memories of John Mackintosh. May the same Saviour to whom he commended me from his dying bed be my support too when my hour shall come." Nearly three years later he wrote to a friend—"I am now reading 'Mackintosh's Life' [one of the most admirable efforts of one who will long be regretted—Dr. Norman Macleod] very slowly, having devoured it at first with a rapidity quite unusual with me, and I am enjoying it afresh. His buoyancy in his first tours awakens my own early recollections, when I felt the charms of nature with a rapture not a whit inferior to his, though I never recorded it. They were perhaps the most thrilling days and hours of my life, and to read his vivid pages makes me young again. I can indeed thank God for having disclosed to me the hidden charms of his beautiful world; and I could live contented to any age in the joyful recollection of them."

He was able, though much enfeebled, to get through the work of five more sessions, with the valuable aid of Dr. Balfour Stewart and others, but in 1859 he gratefully accepted the offer made by Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, then the Home Secretary, of the Principalship of the United Colleges of the University of St. Andrews. This promotion gave him relief from the daily task of lecturing. But the office in his hands was no sinecure; for, besides

the routine work, his mind was always full of some intricate piece of business or some useful project. Now it was the college finances which he found in confusion; then it was the restoration of St. Salvator's Church to serve as a college chapel; and again it was the institution of a college hall, where students might reside under academic superintendence. In this last much-needed scheme he succeeded after many difficulties in forming a limited liability company, by means of which the experiment was tried for some years with good results; and ultimately a commodious and suitable building was erected, by which permanence was secured to the scheme.

He also gave short courses of lectures to the students on subjects familiar to him, and as long as he had strength he attended the meetings of the Royal Society (of which for many years he had been secretary), and of the British Association. His summers were chiefly spent at his pleasant villa at Pitlochrie, one of the most romantic spots in the Highlands, and his pen was ever busy in corresponding on all topics of scientific or popular interest.

Increasing weakness induced him in the autumn of 1867 to seek relief in the milder air of Cannes. From that he removed to Hyères, where, however, in February, he became alarmingly ill, and it was with great difficulty that in May he reached England, where he once more put himself under the care of Dr. Symonds at Clifton. There he sank gradually, as long as strength remained to him writing letters of hope and cheer to his dear ones—especially to his daughter who was lying ill at Pitlochrie, and never recovered. So he lay from May till December—a period of unrelieved pain and weakness; but through all this long and trying time he showed such unshaken

faith in his Heavenly Father, such patience and self-possession, and such relish for spiritual exercises, as astonished many of those who were admitted to the sick-room.

"On the morning of the 30th December [1868], he took the hand of his eldest boy, as he stood beside him, and five minutes afterwards, at eight of that Thursday morning, the last day of the year, he passed away, still holding his son's hand. To the last moment he was perfectly conscious, and seemed to prolong his latest breath that he might have us a little longer with him. On January 5th he was buried in the Dean Cemetery, in a lovely spot chosen by himself the last time he was in Edinburgh, before he went on that last journey to Cannes. His grave is shadowed by the yew-tree which overhung his window when his home was in the old house of Dean."

James Forbes was a genuine man of science; but he was also a true Christian. He never allowed the sceptical ideas of science to intrude into the religious sphere; and demonstrated by a life of uncommon activity the possibility, not only of keeping them apart, but of making them aid each other. It is hardly likely that he could have carried into his work the same calmness, clearness, and firmness had his heart not been fixed and his faith settled on its object. He in one place almost says this in so many words. There is a lesson for all in his self-help, his industry, his uncomplaining patience: in his ready sympathies, too, and his capacity for helping others in the most efficient ways. If it is true that a certain coldness of manner sometimes led to slight differences with his fellow-professors, who equally with him had the cause of progress at heart,—his utter straightforwardness and honesty soon became so obvious, that some of these very men became his most attached friends.

It was scarcely possible for him to preserve rancorous or vindictive feelings: he was really generous, tolerant, and self-depreciating at heart; but then his self-respect was strong and imperious also, and had much to account for in his differences with others. Altogether, he is a thoroughly good specimen of his countrymen. Intense and self-assertive often, yet often despondent, doubtful, self-blaming; he achieved greatness by that devotion and patience which have been said in themselves to constitute genius, and his life, at every stage, furnishes a great lesson for the young,—that in true education the scholar, whether rich or poor, well-born or low-born, must really be his own teacher.

XIV.

THOMAS ADAMS: THE MERCHANT.

IN his discourse on trade-morals,* with which Canon Lyttelton prefaces his prudent reprint of that article of Mr. Herbert Spencer which contains such a compact list of short weights, false labels, adulterations, and other trade trickeries, that have become "acknowledged customs," at which even respectable men knowingly *wink* to each other, and under which honest men by force of circumstances helplessly succumb, he seriously recommends that all men engaged in business should have some pure enjoyment beyond business. "Learn," he says, "the pure, and elevating, and heart-warming joys of family life and the domestic affections, and let the practice and pursuit of all mercy and practical beneficence drive out the spirit of niggardliness, and the idolatry of money, and of the world's vulgar show; learn by actual experience to feel that it is 'more blessed,' and does a man's heart more good, 'to give than to receive.'" And the great practical means he would recommend for bring-

* "Sins of Trade and Business." A Sermon. By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton; and the "Morals of Trade," by Herbert Spencer. Reprinted by permission of the author. Isbister and Co.

ing public opinion to definite effect on the matter, is such a "*combination* of master-manufacturers with the inferior members of the world of commerce, and of customers with tradesmen, as would deliver individual men from many overpowering temptations, to which they are now exposed in almost every kind of industry."

We do believe that much might be accomplished by such a combination as Canon Lyttelton has in view; but, after all, the main difficulty lies in the individual case; and in the finding of such pure enjoyments as shall not tend to withdraw the real interests of affection from those whom a man has associated with him, or under him, in business. A friend of ours, who is blessed with sharp observation and some humour, on returning from a first visit to Paris and other continental cities, was wont sometimes to descant to us on the beauty of the sight which was to be seen in the City of London any evening from four to six, and especially on Saturdays from one to four. "See," he would say, "the great irregular regiment of industrials of all ranks and orders, bags in one hand, and umbrellas in the other, making their way from business as fast and eager as they ever made their way to it; their thoughts all of 'home' and domestic peace, and of wives and children, of friends and sisters. Some of them—alas! many of them—may have been doing a little *loosish* business, but then even that is not for ends of mere self-indulgence as you now see, but done most likely with some thoughts of others dependent upon them in their minds. You don't see such a thing as this in Paris or any other continental city," he would go on. "There you see at such an hour the men, hands in pockets, on the lounge to the restaurant, or already seated by the little table drinking, gossiping, smoking, and so forth, with the theatre or

the casino in mind as the evening's resource. But then," he would suddenly pull himself up and say, "but our way, beautiful as it is, has its own dangers. You see house and home and office, or warehouse, or shop, are with us, nowadays, such different things, so far distant from each other that they really have no connection; and the very purity and depth of affection in the ties of family or home are too often, from this circumstance, the very causes of hardness, indifference, and lack of sympathy, towards those who are employed, or with whom business is done. The cure lies in the development, after all, of imagination, and the sympathy that is allied to it—the power to enter into the joys and sorrows of others, and the capacity to look beyond the range of a narrow and *immediate* self-interest to a larger and more Christian one: in which, not only the *rights* of others are involved, but your own final success and true happiness."

And we are inclined to believe there was something in this, and certainly England does not lack examples of this higher prudence, which cares best for itself in the long-run by caring for others where no demand of contract lay, or could lie, upon it so to do. And as we believe that though sometimes

> "Truth in highest words may fail,
> Yet truth embodied in a tale"

(that is, in a personal example or history),

> "May enter in at lowly doors,"

we have the more encouragement to tell very shortly the story of Thomas Adams, who, in his whole life, alike in its ups and downs, illustrates the dignity, the glory, and the power for good, that may lie round the path of

the English merchant, if he will but strive to be practically faithful to the Christianity he professes.

Thomas Adams was born at Worksop, on the 5th of February, 1807. His parents were dissenters, pious and thoughtful. His father did not prosper in the business which he had started at Ware; indeed, he seems not to have been gifted with strong health. He died when Thomas was but a child, and the boy was thus thrown amongst his mother's people at Sheffield, whither she had returned with him after her husband's death. An aunt took a great interest in the lad's education, but it was found impossible to maintain him at school beyond his fourteenth year, or to give him languages which he much desired to learn, and over the lack of which he was sometimes inclined to lament in later years. He became a draper's apprentice in Newark, where, by care and faithfulness, he procured his master's regard; and when his apprenticeship expired, a situation was found for him in London. "Blessed by the influence of a pious mother, and the examples and prayers of excellent aunts, we have reason to believe that the seeds of what was really good had been early sown in his heart; and, although they had hitherto preserved him from positive *evil*, they had not yet developed into what was decidedly and unmistakably good. Now, however, he was launched in the sea of London life, and the tempest in which he was involved might have proved his shipwreck instead of his salvation."

The companions amongst whom he was thrown were not of the best sort, as is proved by a very remarkable adventure he had—the results of which first of all fixed in his heart the religious lessons he had been taught at home. A young man in the same warehouse, some years his senior, soon succeeded in gaining considerable in-

fluence over him; and, knowing that he had contrived to save some money, induced him to give up his situation that the two might go to Paris. Adams was to pay the expenses of both; and in return, as we presume, this young diplomatist promised to find Adams a good position in Paris. They crossed the Channel in an open boat; and poor Adams, who had never been at sea before, was overcome by sickness and utterly prostrated. In this condition, the knavish companion managed to persuade Adams to give up all the money to his keeping, as he knew the language and the currency, and could transact matters more easily for mutual advantage. This having been done, the knave disappeared and never turned up again, though Adams long and anxiously waited and sought for him. In great distress of mind and with much difficulty, Adams made his way to Paris, and sought out a house with which his former employers had had dealings. Explaining who he was, he was taken in, and, having told his story and his circumstances, it was arranged that he should have a situation there, if he got his friends' consent. He returned to London for this purpose, and not without some trepidation he went to his friends, for he had left without consulting them; but everything was made straight for him by his aunts; and at their urgent wishes, instead of going back to Paris, he found a situation in the house of Messrs. Boden & Co., where he soon gained a large experience. "From this date," says the Rev. W. Milton, his biographer, "his character became fixed, and that simplicity of faith and singleness of purpose which marked his life, and rendered him so practical and so exemplary a Christian, began to develop themselves."

In the course of a year he commenced business on his own account in the lace-trade in Nottingham, and was

wont to astonish his more intimate friends by saying that he would never rest till "by God's help his sales amounted to a hundred thousand a year." Any one who looked at the insignificant aspect of the Nottingham warehouse in these first years, would have been inclined to smile at such "high ideas." He had his dwelling, a small suite of plain rooms, at the top. "Where was the work, there, also, was the residence." Prosperity flowed in upon the young merchant, so that, in the autumn of 1830, he was married to Miss Lucy Cullen, a lady whose father had long enjoyed the respect of his townsmen as an upright and honourable man of business in Nottingham. In course of time as many as ten children were born to him, of whom eight were permitted to grow up to maturity. From the first his house was regulated on Christian principles, though without any of the over-strictness and sourness that is sometimes deemed the inseparable accompaniments. Cheerfulness was the predominating element in it, and this issued in good order in everything, from the smallest to the greatest. And the same principles as regulated his house he desired should regulate his business. His people should be his friends, and he should be their master in a far higher sense than a contract of service could define or secure. He was determined that speculation, show, or overreaching of any kind, should have no place in his way of doing business—he eschewed easy ways of making money, and was far from desiring that mushroom prosperity, which is often only the herald of a great collapse. He himself wrought harder than any of his people, while at the same time he knew each one of them, and was ready and willing to help wherever help was really needed. One of his old warehousemen, speaking of these homely qualities in his master, said, "I work as hard as almost

any young man can work, but Mr. Adams does three times as much as I." And this, as we have said, was no bustling, penurious, self-absorbed work; but steady, continuous, minute labour, directed by high principle, which found relief in careful consideration of those about him. He was indeed so uniformly kind and considerate, always trying to call forth the best in his servants by presuming its existence in them already, that he was often charged by his friends, even at this early period, with being too indulgent. There may have been in these, as in later years, exceptional cases where his kindness was thrown away: but, generally, he succeeded in so attaching his people to him, that others wondered how, when their hands were ever-changing, his remained staunchly by him. This was the case, we shall see, even when backward times came, and he was unable to maintain their salaries at the old rate. "The union became not a mere business connection, but, in many cases, a warm personal attachment; and while many a one had been in his employment for ten or twenty years, the service of some extended over thirty, and even forty years have been exceeded. When all the members of the warehouse were clustered round his grave, in saddened silence on that calm Saturday in May, a friend remarked to one who stood near, 'You have bid your last farewell to your head to-day. Have you been long in his employ?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'I have never been with any other. I began at thirteen, and have been with him ever since: he was indeed a good master!' The grey hairs were growing on the head of him who spoke thus; and one felt that, in spite of all the unsettledness of our times, considerate and faithful masters still create faithful and attached servants. Reciprocal duties ensure reciprocal affection."

And yet it needs to be distinctly said that Mr. Adams's success in business was due to no great faculty or to special physical strength. As for his health, it was always far from robust, and frequent serious illnesses were only warded off by great care and studious temperance of habit. And his powers were of the most ordinary kind. Patience, method, and assiduity were his ministers. What elevated him above his fellows were the qualities all alike may cultivate. Fixedness of purpose, and an aim above the mere selfish realisation of wealth, gave him power and self-respect, and dependence upon God added the crowning touch. "He regarded the warehouse as the sphere divinely appointed for him, and used humbly to say of himself, 'I can do pretty well when I am there, but elsewhere I feel myself to be but a poor creature.' And on another occasion, he said to a friend: 'I cannot speak like . . . . or make a figure, or appear in public like . . . . *but I can make money for God, and that I will try to do.*'"

And now having by great industry and perseverance laid the foundations of commercial success, his connection enlarged, his capital increased, and competent partners and assistants around him, we are to see how he realised this high ideal which he had set before himself—an ideal which, it is but too often said in commercial circles, is not realisable nowadays, save along with certain failure. And as it has been said of old that it is one of the most sublime of sights to see an upright man struggling against adversity, so in the outset we have to look on Thomas Adams in the midst of trials. No sooner did he see his business organized and his methods all fairly afoot, than a great reverse overtook him. The result of years of honest work threatened to vanish in a day. Then is the moment when the mer-

chant needs some other satisfaction to fall back on than the wealth that has gone.

A man whom he had appointed agent in London, and in whom he had placed unbounded confidence, had carried on a series of defalcations which, when they were brought to light, seemed absolutely ruinous to the house. Mr. Adams suffered a severe shock—the Bible and prayer alone steadied him, and enabled him to face the emergency with courage and resolution. "He at once accommodated himself to his altered position; reduced his personal and trading expenses wherever it was possible, and applied himself with redoubled energy to the duties of the warehouse. What gave him the greatest pain, was the possibility of being obliged to part with some of his assistants, who had faithfully aided him in his career from the beginning. 'He told me (says one friend), with tears in his eyes, that he could not continue to pay me the salary I had for some time been receiving.' The loyalty of his fellow-workers, however, was not to be broken by a reverse of fortune, serious though it was in its effects upon them, as well as upon him—sympathy with their employer made them willing to share in his losses. To meet this exigency, new arrangements were of necessity made, involving, of course, a considerable diminution of salaries; but, adds the same individual, whose words I have quoted above, 'at the end of twelve months, so much had matters improved, that Mr. Adams came to me, and with feelings of joy informed me that he should pay the whole of the accustomed amount of my salary.'"

Clearly many of the means by which he afterwards sought to benefit others—charity in his case truly beginning at home—may be traced to the reflection and deepened conviction of this period of trouble.

About this time the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Kaye) announced that he had received from an anonymous donor the sum of £500 towards promoting schools in Nottingham. We are told that the stimulus was greatly needed; and that if this money did not actually lead to the building, it greatly encouraged the good work of Christian Education in several localities. And with the Christian modesty which characterized Mr. Adams, leading him to hide his good works wherever this was practicable or possible, no one knew who was the donor of this money till the day of his death. It was a thank-offering to God, for mercies vouchsafed. Prospering more and more from day to day, and month to month, it became necessary for Mr. Adams to procure new premises; and ere long in place of the old, dingy, shabby warehouse, there arose one of the most beautiful pieces of commercial architecture to be found in any town in England. But what gives these premises their special significance to us is not their beauty in itself, but the manner in which they reflect and illustrate the mind of the man and his many thoughts for the good of his people. Up to that time, though many trials had been made of a similar kind, no such regular and systematic count had been taken of the tastes and habits of the work-people, or so thorough and comprehensive an effort made to "*establish, upon the commercial union, the higher relations of Christian love and sympathy*, and to develop them in every way that might promote the intellectual, physical, and religious welfare of all engaged in the warehouse." All had been done that could be done in the way of space and air—no sanitary arrangement had been neglected any more than commercial convenience; but the ground floor of one wing was devoted to a chapel, and other smaller rooms for libraries, &c. Here in this chapel half an hour is devoted

every morning to divine service, under the presidency of an excellent chaplain, who also is ever ready to assist any of the workers by advice or help in any difficulty. No constraint is put on any one to attend, but with few exceptions the whole body of workers have been present day after day, and the founder was particularly careful to guard himself from any appearance of desire to proselytize those of other religious opinions than his own—the partners themselves representing many different denominations. A service is read, which was compiled with special care and with reference to all this. The time spent in the chapel—some 25 minutes daily—is counted as part of the time paid for by the firm, and of course it is spent in work by those who do not choose to attend. "The service will be taken out of our time," said Mr. Adams in the address in which he requested his hands to come to the service,—and he went on to say:—

"I need hardly tell you that these arrangements will be attended with considerable cost both of time and money; and that the success of our endeavour will entirely depend upon your heartily co-operating in the effort we make for your best interests. It is in reliance upon your good feeling that the plan has been formed, and we shall be truly thankful to God, and feel amply repaid for all the expense it involves, if between employers and employed mutual confidence and good-will should be promoted, and we all become thereby better members of society and better Christians."

And when at the social gathering at which the new meeting-place was opened Mr. Adams spoke as follows, it was felt by all that his words were sincere:—

"It is but an act of gratitude to that good and gracious God, whose mercies have followed me all my days, to acknowledge that He has blessed us ever since we have

been in partnership, in a way that exceeds all we could have expected. I repeat, that *it is but gratitude to God* to tell you that, notwithstanding the late critical state of the lace trade, our firm has been favoured in our escape from all serious reverses, as well as in the fair amount of business we have done. While, then, I know there is something to make all men of business anxious, for ourselves, I feel bound to say, there is much, very much to make us thankful and hopeful. As we have now greater facilities for extending our business, so I trust, by God's blessing on our honest industry, that business may extend and prosper, both for your advantage and for ours. . . . . It is often charged against us, as employers, that we care nothing for our people beyond getting out of them as much labour as possible, without any regard to either their souls or their bodies. I hope this is not generally true; at any rate, we determined that, whatever may have been the case in times past, that charge should lie against us no longer: and it is to show you that we really feel for you as our *fellow-men* and *fellow-Christians* that the chapel has been set apart, and the chaplain engaged, whom I have the pleasure of introducing among you on the present occasion. The connecting religion with business is, I am happy to tell you, not a new or untried thing. It has been attempted, and that with great success and much benefit, in other places—why should it not be tried here?"

It would be too much to say that there were no instances of evil doing in Messrs. Adams, Page, and Co.'s warehouse after these services were begun; but they were far fewer than elsewhere. The workers soon came to appreciate the efforts made on their behalf, and to love the service, as is proved by the fact that hardly three months had passed over when, entirely of their own

accord, they commenced to subscribe to purchase an organ to take the place of the harmonium in the chapel. In presenting it on the anniversary of the opening of the chapel, they spoke thus in the course of their address:—

"The complaint very often made that the employers care for the employed only so far as their own interests are involved, can never be justly laid against the firm of Adams, Page, and Co.; on the contrary, you have created in the hearts of those who best know you, sentiments which it would be well if they were universally cherished. . . . . While the arrangements for divine service confer on you lasting honour, they have induced us to offer you a substantial proof of our gratitude, although we feel sure that the best acknowledgment we can make will be a cordial appreciation of them, by enjoying the benefits they were intended to convey."

Out of this sprang Bible classes, Sunday schools, reading-room, savings-bank, and a medical aid society—boons which soon came to be highly appreciated. In addition a school-mission was supported at Headingly, in the Red River Settlement, which stimulated greatly the interest in missions, both among adults and children. In all of these efforts Mr. Adams himself took a lively interest, and though his house was some two miles distant at Lenton Firs, he used to come regularly to service at eight o'clock, summer and winter, and enjoyed it so much that the day seemed to feel differently if at any time it was missed. One of the employed speaking to the chaplain of the influence of the daily service, said:—

"I see a decided improvement in the behaviour of the people; the hasty are more gentle, the dissatisfied yield more readily to the force of reason, the people agree

better among themselves, a feeling of sympathy between employers and employed is manifest, and the machine moves on as if it had been fresh oiled." And it should be added that no one left the service of the firm without carrying away a memorial of it—suitable and good books were given by the chaplain; memorandums were also kept of the reasons for leaving, and in many instances friendly intercourse was maintained when business connections no longer existed. And so an eye was thus, so to speak, kept even on those who had left, and an influence for good still exerted over them. Mr. Adams had a special way of interesting himself in the young men who entered his establishment. If any symptom of dissipation or extravagance appeared he would take an opportunity of giving kindly warning, and often his words sank deep. He has even been known frequently to advance money to relieve such as were embarrassed. Nay, even on strange young men his influence directly told. On the wall of his room he had suspended these texts: "*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*" (Mark viii. 36, 37). "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you*" (Matt. vi. 33). One day a fast young commercial, got up in the first style of fashion, his fingers, especially, being adorned with magnificent rings, was introduced into this quiet retreat. After a while Mr. Adams was called out of the room; upon his returning all the rings had disappeared from his visitor's fingers. The texts had told him that the way to win confidence in that house of business was not by a display of gorgeous jewellery, but by manly principle at least, if not by vital godliness. Mr. Adams thus took care that his profession of religion should not be left

down-stairs, locked up in the chapel, but that it should be seen at least in that which was his own special sphere of operation, to which those alone were admitted who had confidential or important transactions with the firm.

So years passed on, with efforts for good multiplying and influence extending. In most of the philanthropic movements in Nottingham—education, asylums, and the rest—he took an active interest, and made frequent contributions, for the most part anonymously. Additional partners had been admitted to the firm; for it had always been Mr. Adams's idea that in business it was only right and the true interest of all that those who had wrought hard should be advanced to a permanent interest in the results of the work. And he had enjoyed an uninterrupted period of success till the crisis of the year 1857.

The lace-trade, as can easily be conceived, is one of the most fluctuating of our industrial pursuits. Being very largely an article of luxury, the demand for lace is affected by the varying conditions of the country beyond all our staple commodities; and when the crisis came on America, it very soon affected that industry; for the firm of Adams, Page, and Co., had had very extensive relations with the United States. Mr. Adams himself confesses thus:—

"I have of late had so much to contend with in business that I have been unable to fix my attention on anything else. To attempt to describe my perplexities would be not only useless but impossible. I humbly hope all real danger is past as far as we are concerned. I will sum up all in one word—*The crisis has been terrific.* It can only be through our Heavenly Father's goodness that I am where I am."

In the midst of these perplexities it must have been

helpful and strengthening to receive from his work-people an address couched in terms of the utmost respect, affection, and sympathy, signed by twenty-one heads of departments. In the course of a reply to this address Mr. Adams said:—

"The last two months have indeed made a sad difference in our establishment, and taught us the great uncertainty of all earthly possessions . . . It was after many a severe pang that I *felt it a positive duty* to discharge some of our men, and it has cost me much anxiety that the earnings of our females have of late been so small. We are, however, in God's hands. I feel persuaded that his blessing is with us."

The difficulties of this trying period were with care, self-denial, and rigorous curtailment of all expenses, gradually surmounted; and before very long the firm was in a better condition than before. We have told how, that acting on a profound conviction at once of its fairness and policy, Mr. Adams, long prior to the passing of the Limited Liability Company Act of 1862, gave a stake in the concern to the heads of departments. Now, following out this policy, the establishment was converted into a Limited Liability Company, of which for eight years he was chairman and managing director, as before he had been the supreme head. So successful was the administration that before he died the shareholders were receiving as much as 15 per cent. for their money, while the shares of £20, upon which £10 had been paid up, stood in the market at 23½ and 24 on the day of his funeral.

As illustrative of the manner in which it was his wont to deal with the matters of false labels and lengths let this anecdote be given:—

"It was the custom of the firm to place on every piece of goods a ticket, giving the quantity it contained. A

large customer, from whom they were in the habit of receiving considerable orders, requested that besides Thomas Adams and Co.'s ticket, the firm would affix the ticket of this customer, marked with a larger number of yards than was really in these pieces. Pressure having been put upon some of the salesmen, the thing had actually been done a few times, when it was brought under the notice of Mr. Adams. At that period trade was exceedingly bad, and orders scarce, yet, as soon as he was apprized of the fact, he boldly declared to his customer that he could be no party to a transaction so unjust, and that such misleading tickets could not again be affixed to goods going forth from his warehouse. The customer was exceedingly angry at this practical rebuke of his injustice, and withdrew all his orders immediately. After a time, however, he re-opened the account on a scale as large as ever, and was content to deal with Mr. Adams on his own terms."

Another instance with a similar bearing may be added. "When it was said to him one day by a rebellious spirit, 'I can't go to chapel while such and such things go on in the business,' 'then,' said Mr. Adams, 'let the chapel regulate the business, and don't let the business extinguish the chapel. Let us give up everything which we cannot ask God to bless;' and the stumbling-block was removed out of the way.

Of his large and numerous benefactions it is impossible for us here to speak at more length; but it would be wrong were we not to add that when he was made a magistrate he carried into his duties in that sphere the same strictness and prudence, tempered by the same benevolence and Christian sympathy. The following extract from his Memoir may here be fittingly given:—

"As a *Justice* of the Peace, indeed, his duty was to

punish the offender, but, as a *man*, his anxiety was to reform and restore him, wherever the circumstances afforded hope of improvement. Casting about as to the best manner of attempting somewhat in this direction, it occurred to him that, if an agent could be employed to follow up certain cases with which the magistrates were called upon to deal, such was the power of Christian counsel and sympathy, if combined with judicious help, that many an unhappy one might not only be saved from deeper sin, but be led back to rectitude and to God. With this object in view, he proposed to the managers of the Nottingham Town Mission the engagement of a suitable agent for this work, offering to contribute a considerable portion of the salary. The plan was adopted: and, day by day, the good missionary was in court, watching the cases as they were heard, taking notes, getting into conversation, and afterwards visiting many of them at their own abodes. There is every reason to believe that this ministry of mercy has been very largely crowned with Divine blessing.

"One instance which I have heard him relate with great interest was that of a poor creature brought up for being drunk and disorderly, unfortunately not for the first time. His night's imprisonment in the cell had sobered him; and when he was placed at the bar he seemed so deplorably wretched, that Mr. Adams was moved with pity. Being sentenced to imprisonment or a fine, which, with the expenses of the court, amounted to a pound, he was turning away in custody of the police in a hopeless condition, as utterly unable to pay. 'I called the missionary to me,' said Mr. Adams, 'and asked him to look after the man, at the same time putting a sovereign into his hand to pay the fine if he thought well.' The missionary replied, 'Sir, I have got

the money, for, as I was coming into the court, I picked up a sovereign on the staircase.' Deeply impressed with the circumstance of having found the sovereign, he then went to the man, and said, 'Now, God has given me the money to help you, and if I were to pay the fine will you engage not to touch drink again?' The poor creature solemnly assured the missionary that he longed to be free from the snare. The fine was therefore paid, and the missionary accompanied him to his house, which was the abode of wretchedness, the wife and children being in the deepest poverty. He then knelt and prayed with them all; the drunkard signed the pledge and kept it; a new state of things speedily began to grow up; the sovereign was brought back and offered to be repaid; soon the man and his family were found in the house of God—'old things had passed away, and all things had become new.'"

He was a man of great devoutness of character, allied with more than ordinary prudence, industry, and tact. Though his intellectual powers were far from remarkable, his moral nature was so keen and well cultivated, that it would have made him noticeable in almost any sphere, proving how success in life depends, after all, more on moral and religious elements, which may be cultivated by all, rather than on pre-eminent mental powers, which are the gifts of the few. His private life was beautiful—a kind of realised idyll indeed, so orderly, so composed, yet so cheerful, bright, and unrestrained; and the picture of it we have from his biographer, with his good old mother surrounded by his children, is like some picture from an olden story. And a savour from this home-life is wafted, with his presence, over all that he is concerned in—in the warehouse, on the magistrate's bench, everywhere; making us think of Keble's fine lines:—

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

For money, for its own sake, he seems to have had no ambition, and regarded himself simply as a steward of what he gathered. Pride—purse-pride—was especially hateful to him. His biographer writes: "How often has he said with a feeling almost of indignation at the growing self-indulgence and luxuriousness of the age, 'Oh, it is so wrong to be spending so much upon one's self, when there are such loud calls, and so many ways of doing good with one's money.' Indeed, he seemed to be parsimonious only when the outlay was some trifle which was spent upon himself. The rare combination was found in him of a strong desire to get money, only or chiefly that he might have money to give."

We are not informed what considerations led Mr. Adams to turn from the dissenting associations in which he had been brought up to join the Church of England. It is much in her favour that she drew to her heart such an earnest spirit and noble worker as Thomas Adams, and held him reverently till the end, allowing the cultivation of that fine tolerance and sympathy for others which marked his career from first to last. And the great lesson of his life thus remains for all, without reference to denomination. Bishop Wordsworth has thus right well set it forth in words that are both eloquent and weighty:—

"Let the employers of labour in our cities imitate

these examples. God be thanked we can point with joy to English Philemons in this diocese, *especially at Nottingham* (nor let us forget the noble example of some of our Nonconformist brethren, such as in the factory at Saltaire, near Leeds, where schools and a place of worship, at a cost of £11,000, have been erected for the workmen and their families), who are wisely mindful of these things, and act in a generous consciousness of their unspeakable importance. Let us hope and pray that the time may come when every employer of labour will recognise the truth, that they who enrich him by the toil of their bodies, have a claim upon him for a supply of spiritual provision for their souls."

THE END.

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